

-1Chapter one A Midnight Hello

Harry had been turning in his bed trying to find a more comfortable means of falling asleep. Uncle Vernon's snores could be heard from across the hall so Harry was sure that no one would find out if he sent a letter to his friends. It had been so long since he had heard from either of them and he was starting to feel lonely.

It had been a month since he had defeated Voldemort and yet everyone still treated him like he had to stay in the protection of his Aunt Petunia. He was going to go into his seventh and final year at Hogwarts and he was beginning to wonder what a life without the worries of constant threats and evil was going to be like.

Normal for once, he thought to himself.

It didn't help much that he had been getting constant owls from every magical newspaper asking for exclusive interviews. He hoped that tomorrow, when he turned seventeen someone would finally come get him and take him to get his Apparition license.

He wondered what Ron and Hermione were doing; the thought of them soothed him, thinking it would not be long before he saw them again. They had been through so much with him and he was sure that he would have never been able to defeat Voldemort without them; they each played a big part in it one way or another, even if they didn't realize how much.

His mind wandered to the day where so many lives were lost to the hands of Death Eaters and his almost faded away.

When Voldemort came to him he had been in the common room asleep. It was a cowardly thing to do sneaking up on someone when their guard was completely down. He had sent the Death Eaters to find and distract the teachers and any students who dared get in the way. It was Harry's scar that woke him. This time the feeling had been different, almost alerting him to the danger on its way.

Dean had been going to the common room for forgotten homework and happened to spot Voldemort as he headed towards the

dormitories. It was his scream that caused everyone to wake up with fright. He wasted no time in yelling "It's him, He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named is..." It was all he got to say before he was killed with the killing curse, although by this time though Harry had properly gotten his ground.

When Voldemort had entered the dormitory the whole school seemed to be alerted with his presence; Order of the Phoenix members could be seen through the windows heading towards the school.

With great difficulty Harry had finally been able to get everyone except a stubborn Ron out of the room. He and Ron had been close to the door when Hermione had appeared with her wand up and ready. When she stood next to him, face full of determination it was then that Harry realized the feeling that he couldn't live without her.

His wand had given him a shock bringing him back to reality and in alarm causing him to drop it. He felt panic and knew the sinking feeling meant that was the end of it. Voldemort had tried to do exactly what he thought he would do, seize the moment. Harry wasn't sure if it had been the laugh or the shock Voldemort had upon realizing the amazing Harry Potter had dropped his wand, but Voldemort had hesitated for too long.

It was long enough for Harry to feel Ron's hand on his shoulder and Hermione's grab his now empty hand. It brought forth an energy that sparked some source of wandless magic to Harry. He remembered feeling that he didn't want Ron, his friend who had been loyal, to end up with the fate that now awaited him. And that he did not want Hermione to see the last of her days here. He wanted her to be happy, to be loved, to be ... his.

No sooner had that thought come into his mind, than it had left. He then felt hatred like no other towards the man before him. He had every right to, but this had been different. He wanted him to die, to suffer, to feel all he had made him feel for the last sixteen years of his life. He wanted him to feel the feeling that he had bestowed on many before him, and with that, a ball of energy had been conjured from the depth of this anger.

Purple in color it shielded Harry, Ron, and Hermione from the killing curse that was launched towards them. When it hit the ball it used its negative energy to ripple through the room. It left them unharmed but from the moment it reached Voldemort, his wand turned to ash and he screamed in agony. With every ripple he weakened until he was finally blown into pieces. In that instant Harry had an immense amount of pain erupt from his forehead and he fell to his knees with a light departing from him before everything faded to black.

Harry tried not to remember what had happened. He tried to just put it in the past, but the thing was he knew he was lying to himself when he said he could.

They had lost so many that day. Many students that had not gotten to grow up or adults go home to their families.

When he awoke Hermione was by his side but she was holding hands with Ron. His heart dropped and then went back up as he lay in the hospital remembering the events that had just occurred. There were many others who were there also but thank Merlin everyone was too busy to notice he had woken up.

He was happy to hear that Draco's father had been one of the Death Eaters caught and was sent to Azkaban for life. Not many escaped but it was at least nice to know that the Order was able to get someone for the blame.

Living with the Dursleys had been different this year for Dumbledore had explained to them the situation with Harry and how he had defeated Voldemort. This led only Aunt Petunia to be nicer to him seeing as she was the only one who really understood the whole concept.

All in all Harry couldn't wait to turn seventeen. He had all his clothes packed and ready to leave for Grimmauld Place, which he had cleaned by Dobby.

The only thing that seemed to be wrong was the fact that Harry had not heard from Hermione or Ron.

Sitting up properly he was about to make his way to Hedwig's cage when he heard a distinct popping sound. It was the familiar sound that signaled that someone had just Apparated.

He looked over to the clock and saw it was midnight. What person would Apparate here at midnight...the kind that was up to no good.

Harry hastily began searching for his wand but realized he slept with it under his pillow and it had rolled off into one of the cracks.

He heard the obvious squeak of the first stair and decided wandless magic would be more appropriate. Uncle Vernon could be heard stirring as the doorknob began to twist. Harry's heart began to race and he was about to throw out a hex when a familiar head of brown hair poked inside.

"Hermione," whispered Harry.

"Hello, happy birthday Harry," she said, closing the door behind her and giving him a hug. When she did he felt like he never wanted to let go of her but he knew better.

She's your best friend, he thought.

When she retreated he got a glimpse of her with the moon light. Her hair was brown as ever though not as bushy. She appeared to be wearing muggle clothes instead of her usual wizard robes which brought out her figure.

She looks beautiful; Harry caught himself thinking and tried to shift into friend mode. Then he realized that there were dried tears painted on her cheeks.

"Hermione what are you doing here, are you alright?" He asked curiously.

"Well, I wanted to come and wish you a happy birthday. I knew you were going to want to leave as soon as you turned seventeen ... so I decided that I would get here before you left," she said uneasily, clearly avoiding the other question.

“Oh you’ve come to take me then?” Harry questioned hopefully.

“Yes ... Ron would have come too but ... well, I think it should just be me,” Hermione said sitting on the edge of Harry’s bed.

“Has something happened?”

“Harry, you should get your things packed. The Floo Network temporarily connected this house to The Burrow for only thirty minutes and I think your uncle is starting to wake up.”

Harry froze thinking about the scandal that would be made if Petunia, Dudley, or Vernon had caught Harry with a girl in his room. Uncle Vernon could be heard muttering something as he was making his way up the hall.

Without thinking Harry grabbed Hermione and threw her on the bed. He got next to her and placed the covers over them pretending to be asleep just as Uncle Vernon opened the door and peered inside.

Harry slowly opened his eyes and tried to look as dazed as possible.

“Is something wrong,” Harry said groggily.

“Huh, oh no I ... uh... heard noises...” Uncle Vernon looked at the clock and saw it was twenty minutes past midnight and a look of terror crossed his face.

It was hard for Harry to keep in a smile as he realized Uncle Vernon knew what day it was and was aware Harry could now do magic.

“Goodnight,” he said briskly and closed the door behind him heading back to his room.

For a few seconds Harry just laid there still completely aware that Hermione was under the blanket and that they were incredibly close.

They had always been close before and Harry couldn’t figure why now it seemed to send goose bumps down his spine.

Hermione was now under the covers hiding from Mr. Dursley trying hard not to make any movement that would indicate that she was under them. This proved to be hard because she had to be uncomfortably close to Harry. She was so close in fact that she could smell him. He had a smell she knew to be his but never really appreciated until then. It came to her so naturally that even when Mr. Dursley closed the door she stayed there wondering what exactly it was about his smell she liked.

She felt his muscles tighten under his shirt and thought briskly, that is why I like Quidditch so much.

Wait you can't be thinking these thoughts, not right now. You're with Ron ... even if you two had a fight it still isn't...right, Hermione thought to herself.

She felt Harry's strong hands hold her closer and chose that moment to speak, "Harry we don't have much time." She felt him flinch; it was almost like he had forgotten that she was there at all.

He detangled himself from the blankets and stood up. He quickly helped her out of his bed before she swiftly tried to find everything he needed and throw it into his trunk. Meanwhile he magically arranged it neatly inside but it didn't take them long because he didn't have much to pack. He knew he wasn't going to be ever coming back.

Hermione felt that he was acting different towards her; as soon as she had entered his room she could feel it. Maybe it was all the things they had gone through not too long ago ... or maybe, she let herself think ... he is starting to fancy you like you once did him.

Taking a sideways glance to Harry as they made their way down the stairs she felt like he was feeding her vibrations. They reminded her of when he defeated Voldemort.

The vibes he had sent towards Voldemort had unharmed her but she knew they were out of love.

That was what had finished Voldemort off.

Harry felt eyes staring at him and he quickly turned to see a pair of beautiful chocolate brown eyes full of confusion and pondering. He felt she was reading his mind about how he felt about her and made a smile, as friend like as possible, but for some reason her face fell with disappointment.

No, Harry thought.

She can't like you ... you know that there have been things happening between her and Ron...

Even if she did have feelings for him, he was sure she would never do anything to purposely hurt Ron.

Harry must have felt her staring at him because he turned to look at her. He seemed to be trying to read the expressions on her face. Then out of no where he gave her a simple friendly smile.

It was the same lopsided smile she grew to love so much. She had not seen that smile in forever but this smile was the type he gave to his best friend Hermione not his love interest.

Oh no ... your going on again trying to sort these feelings out, now is NOT the time. Just forget about them and think of how you're going to work things out with Ron.

Harry broke her concentration by putting his hand in the air.

"Oh shit, I forgot my wand," Harry said running back up the stairs and disappearing into his room.

Hermione stood there unsure of what to do. It was quite funny to hear Harry swear because she rarely heard him do it. It was something she doubted she'd ever get used to.

A shadow shifted into the sitting room where she was waiting for Harry.

He can't have come back that fast, she thought as the figure got closer.

Hermione was just about to reach for her wand when she saw it was only Mrs. Dursley.

After making sure her presence was known she slowly made her way up to Hermione.

They stared at one another waiting for the other to make a move.

When no one did Mrs. Dursley opened her mouth to speak.

"I know that Harry is leaving and that you are taking him with you. I am also aware of what you mean to him. It doesn't take a genius to figure out why he keeps so many pictures and letters of a girl who is ...just a 'friend' ...around. I wanted you to give Harry this," She said handing her a package before disappearing as quickly as she had appeared.

Hermione stood there dumbfounded not knowing what to think. What was that suppose to mean? Harry had pictures of me but he also had pictures of Ron. Did he have more pictures of me or had she just assumed something because I was the only girl he ever really opened up to? She wondered.

Harry emerged shortly after and made no haste in throwing in the Floo powder and saying, "The Burrow." He was off in a whirl of emerald green flames.

Hermione looked at the clock and saw there was one minute left before the fireplace would no longer be connected and she too followed Harry out the fire place.

AN: Yeah not so shippy right now, but you have to start somewhere. I promise it gets better.

-1Chapter Two Reaching the Burrow

Harry straightened up and dusted off his trousers. He was glad that he had sent Hedwig off on flight. She would not have liked the fall.

He moved out of the way, and as a disturbed Hermione came through with his trunk she was holding something in her hand.

"Harry, you didn't say goodbye to the Dursleys," Hermione stated.

"No ... I figured that they wouldn't want to really see me go. Why?"

"Well your aunt came down while you were looking for your wand and gave this to me," explained Hermione, handing the package to Harry.

Harry opened it slowly, almost as if it were going to break. He was unsure of the contents inside. A letter fell out; bending down, Harry picked it up:

Harry,

I know living in my house was not the most pleasant of your experiences, but I hope that one day you will be able to look past that and see that I too lost someone-my sister. You looked nothing like her, and that, at times, frustrated me. The one thing I will give her credit for is that she gave you her eyes. I am fully aware that you are now seventeen years old, happy birthday. I knew you were not going to say goodbye, and I am aware that it is my fault. I hope you have a good life in the adult stage that you are entering. Consider this a present for all the years that have gone by. If you ever end up using it, I would like an invitation.

Petunia Dursley

When he finished reading it a ring fell out with a small note attached to the side.

Hermione instantly picked it up and handed it to Harry; immediately shocking each other when they touched.

That was weird, Harry thought as he read the note.

This belonged to my mother. She loved Lily very much, it was intended for her. My mother felt that Lily was happier than I at the time, and that I deserved something good for a change. This is how it came into my possession, even though I never used it. It is your grandmother's wedding ring, and it should have been your mother's. I am returning it to you for your use.

P.S.: Your mother used to stare at it and watch it sparkle many times. She told me she used to daydream about how beautiful it would look on her finger when it was appropriately hers. When you put it on Hermayoni's, it will be.

Harry's heart had skipped a beat. Even though Aunt Petunia had spelled Hermione's name wrong he still knew she had been talking about her.

He felt himself blush, and Hermione gave him a slap on the arm to bring him back to reality.

"What did it say?"

"Oh nothing ... just that she is wishing me a good life, the ring is a birthday present. It was supposed to be my mothers," he said, leaving out the fact that Aunt Petunia had said it was for his use when he was supposedly to marry her.

"Oh, it's beautiful," gasped Hermione.

"Where am I sleeping? I'm really tired," said Harry, avoiding looking Hermione directly in the eyes.

She didn't take her eyes off the ring before saying, "There is a bed in Ron's room."

Hermione handed him the ring, and he walked silently up to bed. Ron's familiar snores could be heard outside the room. Harry glanced back down the rickety stairs, half wishing to see Hermione there with the smile she always had reserved for him. The smile that always indicated she was glad to see him. She wasn't though, so he quietly

made his way to his respected bed and laid down, finally realizing how truly exhausted he really was.

It was then that Harry began to realize, as wrong as it was and as much as he seemed to push out the feeling, he felt something...something more for Hermione than an innocent friendship. Maybe it was the fact that they had shared something no other girl had with him that he knew she was the only one he could ever be truly close to.

The only problem was that Ron probably felt the same way; and not only that, but he also had beaten Harry in figuring it out: he asked her to be his girlfriend.

Harry knew eventually that they would start dating, but he never thought that it would hurt him so much. He was falling in love with his best friend ... and as always he didn't know what to do about it.

He rolled over on his side and immediately fell asleep.

The next morning Harry was awakened by the smell of breakfast.

"Morning, Harry," said Mrs. Weasley, placing a plate of food in front of him. "Arthur's going to take you into the Ministry today to get your Apparition license, so hurry and finish. When you get back, we're going to celebrate your birthday."

"Thank you. How have you been?" Harry asked politely, knowing he was pushing his luck. Percy had been one of the ones who had died the day of the attack.

"Fine. Ron, dear, please bring me the plates that are outside? I need to wash them."

Ron had just entered the kitchen, but he turned to walk away and do what he was told. Ginny came in a short while later, reading a letter. When she spotted Harry, she put it away and smiled at him.

"Harry it's good to see you, it's been what ... two months? Happy birthday, I got you a present, but mum says I have to give it to you at

the party,” said Ginny enthusiastically. She leaned over and gave him a tight hug.

“You lot are throwing me a party? You guys really shouldn’t.”

“Honestly Harry, when was the last time you ever had a party for your birthday?” Ginny had stopped hugging him, but was still far too close for his liking. He didn’t mind it; it just made him feel like she still had feelings for him. He had returned her feelings too once, but now he knew he had feeling for another....

With his luck, Hermione happened to walk in at that moment and spotted Ginny all over Harry.

Through the cluster of red hair, he was able to make out a jealous gaze, but as soon as she was in his proper eye range, she was all smiles.

“Ginny, let him breath he doesn’t have that much time. Your father should be here any minute,” called Mrs. Weasley.

As soon as she walked into the kitchen, she saw that Ginny already had Harry in a tight embrace; it was almost as if they were a couple again.... She didn’t know what came over her, but she felt a strange twinge of jealousy. Her first reaction was to give them an extremely dirty look without meaning to do so. She forced herself to act as if she didn’t care. She sat down and conjured a smile that was harder to do than kiss Draco Malfoy.

Mrs. Weasley had harshly told Ginny to detach herself from him. Hermione had a sinking feeling in her stomach that Mrs. Weasley had seen the look she had given them.

Ron came in with an armful of plates and wished Harry a happy birthday before chatting on the latest Quidditch news and standings.

Mr. Weasley finally made it home when everyone was finished eating. Hermione stood up and said, “Good luck, Harry.” To her horror, Ginny did the same, only her good luck was added with a kiss on the cheek.

Harry's eyes became slightly wider, and they shot up directly towards hers. She wasn't sure if he could see the discomfort in her eyes, but he drew his gaze away when the blush had started creeping into his cheeks.

"Don't worry mate, I'm sure you won't splinch yourself like Seamus, or end up without a..." Ron said starting to laugh. It was clear to everyone what he meant. "Without your 'little buddy' like Malfoy," he said, ending his statement with a laugh.

Everyone in the room chuckled lightly, save for Hermione, who was looking slightly depressed.

"Time to go, Harry. The test begins in ten minutes," Mr. Weasley said, inclining his head in the direction of the fireplace. Mrs. Weasley called Ron and Ginny to the kitchen.

"See you on the other side," Mr. Weasley said entering the fireplace, throwing in a handful of Floo Powder. Emitting a mass of emerald green flames, he stepped into them and disappeared in a flash. Harry wanted to take this moment to talk to Hermione. He still had many mixed feelings, and he wanted to try and get something out in the open to her.

His first impulse was to scream out something; but how was he going to do that, exactly? Hermione I think I have feelings for you and I'm sorry Ron got to you first, what do you think? Even in his head it sounded stupid; it would sound much dumber if he had said it out loud.

He was about to speak when she said, "Look, I know you want to talk, and so do I. I'll see you later at the party. Maybe we could get away and we can talk then."

It seemed fair enough; she knew him better than he thought. He stepped into the fireplace and was about to leave when Hermione did something unexpected; she leaned in and lightly kissed him on the lips. It was soft, warm, and friendly; with some hidden meaning. Harry felt there was much more desperation in it. He moved to kiss her

back properly, but she had started to move away from him. He was left there opened mouthed and astonished.

“That’s a good luck kiss. I hope it does you well,” she went scarlet before turning on her heel and disappearing.

Harry had Flooed to the Ministry and smiled. He knew fully well she was trying to compete with Ginny with that kiss; even though she could pass it off as being nothing. He felt she had some feeling deep inside of her as well. Butterflies started form in the pit of his stomach. She kissed me on the lips. I can’t believe she kissed me...

He tried not to think of it; Ron soon came into his head and guilt soon took over. Later, he thought, think about this later ... right now you have an Apparition test to pass.

-1Chapter Three At the Ministry

Mr. Weasley had been giving Harry advice on how he shouldn't be nervous about the test, how it's very easy unless you don't concentrate hard enough, and how he failed his first test and so on and so on.

All it did was make Harry more nervous than he already was; so he decided to dwell on what he shouldn't be dwelling on in the first place.

Okay, don't try and avoid the subject, he told himself. You have a very strange attraction to Hermione, and you know it's wrong. But why is it the more that you shouldn't know the more you want to?

It might have been the fact that Ron had actually gotten something that he could not have. This made Harry feel even guiltier.

How could I even think of taking the only thing Ron beat me at away from him? But then that would mean that I actually could. This would have to mean that Hermione would have the same feelings for me and be willing to be with me instead of Ron. Wow, your mind sure has run wild with you.

He knew his feelings were true and they were growing more with each passing day...but what about Hermione's?

What if he had read her signs wrong, and when he went to a move...she got offended and never spoke to him again? He needed her, and he would much rather have her as a friend than nothing at all.

The only thing he could think of was to wait and see what Hermione was going to tell him at the party.

"So here we are Harry, when you get out I'll wait in front of the fountain in the front, alright?" explained Mr. Weasley, catching him off guard.

"Yes, Mr. Weasley," said Harry absentmindedly. He could relate to how teenagers felt when getting their driver's licenses for the first time; knowing you wouldn't have to ask your parents to take you

everywhere... It was a new sensation of freedom. He would be able to get any where in the blink of an eye, and save a hell of a lot of time.

He had just dropped Harry off and was headed down the corridor. He knew that Harry would pass the apparition test. After all, he was Harry Potter. As much as Harry didn't like to admit it, he was much more powerful than he thought.

Everything seemed to indicate a normal day as he walked down the corridor, greeting many people he knew, and nodding politely to those he didn't. It had been this way until the precise moment that he reached the fountain.

There was a loud explosion; he quickly ducked behind the golden statues, drawing out his wand from the waistband of his trousers.

Hooded figures emerged from thin air. "Death Eaters," Mr. Weasley spat the words out of his mouth in disgust.

There's so many of them here, he thought. Most of them had been caught when Voldemort had fallen. As they appeared in throngs, he was instantaneously proven wrong.

He kept his position and was looking for the right time to fire a spell at these intruders; however, a voice made him back down. He felt it was best to listen to the conversation before acting on instinct.

"They found it; it was in the section of the new prophecies ... the only thing is that some of the words seem to be missing ... Narcissa is headed this way now, she's the only one who's heard it as far as we know."

Their voices scattered off as the Aurors began to send spells their way and Mr. Weasley chose this moment to lunge out and stupefy both Death Eaters on the spot. Being outnumbered in his position in the room, his best chance was to duck back behind the fountain once more. At that moment Narcissa could be seen emerging from the depths of the corridor that led to The Department of Mysteries.

Harry was in an extremely good mood. He had passed and with flying colors at that. Apparently, the only person who did it that fast was Albus Dumbledore himself. He couldn't wait to get back to The Burrow and share his good news with everyone. They would automatically know as soon as he popped into the living room of The Burrow just in time for his birthday party that everyone had been planning all day. He let himself think that things were really starting to look up, going into his final year at school, with no Voldemort to worry about at all.

The lights began flashing on and off; a siren could be heard in the distance. He knew something wasn't right, his gut told him so.

There goes my peace and quiet, Harry thought. It was all he could think about as he ran down to the fountain where he was to meet Mr. Weasley.

When he finally reached the main level nothing looked the same. There were vast amounts of dust and wreckage everywhere. Ministry personnel were yelling and practically flying in every direction; it reminded him of the Quidditch World Cup; he instantly pulled out his wand. He could make out Mr. Weasley cornered behind the fountain.

He was about to make his way over to him when someone shouted, "Harry Potter's here! He's in the building!" He knew it was a Death Eater by the tone of fear in his voice.

Some of the Death Eaters began to Apparate while others turned their heel on him.

"Expelliarmus! Impedimenta! Stupefy!" He yelled immediately as the Death Eaters who had been advancing on the Aurors turned to him.

Each spell had hit one of the Death Eaters; Harry had narrowly missed one being fired at him.

He was ducking, dodging, and firing spells as he subconsciously made his way over to the fountain. He was still shouting spells when Mr. Weasley grabbed him by the collar and roughly pulled him down.

“It’s not that we don’t appreciate it, and even though your spells are hitting many Death Eaters, we would like to keep you alive. Remember they are using killing curses and you are merely stunning them. One false move and you’re gone. I see your bravery, but at this position you have to realize it is all of them against you and me. And that is good for no one,” said Mr. Weasley seriously.

Harry knew fully well that Mr. Weasley was not being a coward by hiding behind the fountain, and he had a point in the fact that they were greatly outnumbered because help was on the far side of the level.

Harry was anxious to keep fighting; he squinted through the gaps of the statue of the house elf trying to calculate how far his spells would fly.

Mr. Weasley pushed Harry’s wand downwards and shook his head in disapproval. “Stay here Harry. Whatever happens, I need you to stay put,” said Mr. Weasley, preparing to go back into the battle.

“No, I’m not going to stay here and let you go in there by yourself!” Harry yelled scrambling to his feet.

“I don’t have time to argue with you, she is about to Apparate,” Mr. Weasley said impatiently. He turned around, took a deep breath and left Harry’s side.

Harry looked over his shoulder towards Mr. Weasley, and made out a face he recognized: Malfoy’s mother.

Malfoy’s mother ... what would she be doing here? Had she had no sense after her husband was sent to Azkaban? Harry finally realized that Mr. Weasley was going to try and stun her, but from his view he could clearly see that he was going to be unsuccessful.

His eyes widened in horror seeing a Death Eater raise his wand towards the unsuspecting man who was now in range to cast a proper spell.

Harry dove out of where he had hiding and launched himself out to Mr. Weasley knocking him over as someone shouted, "She's got it, get out."

The Killing Curse that had been meant for them had blasted a great gust of air past Harry's face. His body came into contact with the stone floor with Mr. Weasley by his side.

Harry's intuition was telling him to get up, and turn to face the man who had almost killed his best friend's father. But there was no one there, for the Death Eaters had vanished.

Dazed Ministry officials were filing in and taking away the few unconscious bodies that now lay on the ground.

"Harry," said Mr. Weasley in a shaky voice.

Harry turned around wand still out and ready for anything, he then noticed Mr. Weasley had not gotten up from the floor and that a few yards away from him lay the lifeless body of Narcissa Malfoy.

As if things couldn't have not gotten worse Draco Malfoy had chosen that moment to make his entrance.

His eyes darted from Harry's wand to his mother, and Harry instantly knew he was thinking that he had done it.

"Potter, you've killed her! You're going to pay for this! My father's in prison, and now you've taken the only thing that I have left!" Draco yelled in an angry cry. He quickly started to advance towards Harry, pulling out his wand, but was stopped by a nearby Auror.

"Take him to the Juvenile office and have him calmed down. He's fuming," said the man to his colleague.

"Malfoy, I swear this isn't what it looks like ... I just ... it wasn't me!" Even though he did not like Malfoy, he could sense his sadness. And Harry understood what he was feeling; he knew what it was like not to have a proper family, and now Malfoy would now know too. This was a fate he wished upon no one.

“No!” Malfoy’s angry cries could be heard as he was being dragged off “Let me see her, let me check to see if she’s alright!”

Mr. Weasley put his hand on Harry’s shoulder, “Harry, I think it would be best if we get out of here and let the Aurors straighten out this situation. You will be back for questioning and such later but I think-”

Harry didn’t have a chance to finish. He had already moved away and Apparated to the place where he hoped a lovely pair of arms would be to greet him.

The last thing he heard was Malfoy saying, “Sure, leave you coward, just dissa...”

-1Chapter Four Questions

There was a lot of mayhem going on at the Burrow when Harry arrived, so much that no one noticed him. He quite liked this and was hoping to slip away before any one did.

That was until Mrs. Weasley's voice shouted. "I heard someone Apparate; Ginny check to see if it is an early guest."

Ginny came into the room before Harry had a chance to hide and did the one thing he hope she wouldn't.

"Harry, what happened?"

Hermione had been in the hallway, magically putting up decorations, but at the sound of Harry's name her head shot up from where she was. She gasped and her face looked scared. Her hand flew up to her mouth and she dropped everything she had been trying to put up, including a glass object she had been attempting to hang.

"Well there was a problem at the Ministry; don't worry your dad is fine..." Harry was cut off by the Weasley family (excluding Percy who sadly died in the fight with Voldemort) and several guests he did and did not recognize who were all swarming towards him with questions.

Hermione, who was the one person he wanted to talk to, had stayed behind and he could see her worry all the way from where he was standing.

"Who was it, was it the Death Eaters?" Bill asked anxiously.

Fleur who had been standing next to him asked next, "Zid they vind anying else avout Durmstrang?"

"Yes it was the Death Eaters." Harry was only allowed to say those words before he was so bombarded with questions, he could not think.

What on earth does Durmstrang have to do with anything, and how do they expect me to answer all these questions at once?

Where is Hermione? I don't see her...man do I need to be with her now. I need to get out of here...great idea, Harry, but in case you haven't noticed you don't have anywhere to go.

Go back to the Ministry; Mr. Weasley said that they were going to need you for questioning. Surely by now they would have gotten Malfoy away from his mother's body, he thought.

Finally there was an opening made and a very confused Hermione was standing where he had last seen her. He made his way towards her, completely oblivious to the chaos around him.

As soon as she had seen Harry she knew something had happened, even though Ginny had just pointed it out by asking him. Harry had come back not the nervous, yet somewhat happy, clean, unharmed boy who had left the Burrow three hours ago, but with clothes slightly torn and a bloody lip. Clearly by the way he was standing, he also had injuries that could not be seen by the naked eye.

When all the people who were helping decorate for the party had surrounded him, she stood back. She wanted to know what was going on as much as the next person, but it was like she could feel Harry's suffocation just by looking at him. Or was it just her, she wasn't sure.

All she seemed to be able to do was hop back and forth trying to get a glance of him.

Even with all this commotion, she clearly could hear Harry speak. It was strange to her, because people were talking and yet his voice still could be heard as clear as a bell in her head. That wasn't as strange as the fact that everyone was still talking because if he really did say something everyone would have shut up at least until he finished.

I must be imagining things, she thought.

But then he spoke again.

Where is Hermione? I don't see her and I need to be with her now. I should get out of here before things get worse.

His voice then cascaded like bad reception and all she could make out was Ministry, and Malfoy's mother's body.

In her state of thinking, she failed to notice Harry had started to walk towards her.

"Hey...uh... I'm going to go to the Ministry really quick and sort some more things out, because I don't have as many answers as I know they would like to have me answer.

Make an excuse for me," Harry said staring at her with his eyes. His eyes were always her undoing, she couldn't say no to them.

God she looks so good when she's worried, I just want to kiss every inch of that beautiful face and...

Hermione blushed at Harry words. Did he just say I was beautiful and that he wanted to kiss me? No he didn't say that. His lips weren't moving when he said it. Am I... is it possible he was thinking it and I... am reading...his thoughts?

Her head was spinning and it took two seconds for her to realize Harry was still standing there waiting for an answer. Since she hadn't said anything he connected his eyebrows in uncertainty.

"Go, get out of here... what are you waiting for?" Hermione said, feeling a sudden wave of desperation to leave hit her.

She was sure that was not her own feelings because she was in no rush to leave anywhere. Harry was...so on top just having read Harry's mind, she was feeling his emotions. What in the world is going on? she thought.

Harry hadn't hesitated and was gone the next second.

Hermione's legs felt weak, no, her whole body did.

Everything around her was starting to spin. She got so dizzy she fell to the floor with a loud thump. Ron came rushing towards her, as things started to straighten out.

"I'm okay," Hermione said as Ron helped her to her feet.

"Come on, go lie down," Ron said taking her by the arm and leading her to Ginny's room. A flash of red hair came across Hermione's eyes.

"What did Harry say, where was he going?" Ginny stopped abruptly in front of Hermione and Ron. She knew Ginny; the look on her face was determination. The only way to get her off her back would be to tell her the truth.

"He said he had to go back to the Ministry but that he was going to be back soon to explain everything." Ginny did not move from where she was only stepped forward.

"That's it, that's all he said? He just pops in here and gives us all a right good scare before pop, disappearing again leaving us all worried." Ginny's voice was cold and her tone about Harry was much different from the one she had used in the kitchen this morning.

"Well maybe if he hadn't nearly suffocated with you trying to make him answer your questions he would have.

But you can't blame him; he was hurt. Didn't you see the state of him? He was bleeding and all you can think of is how he was being selfish by not giving you enough information!" Hermione yelled out, taking a step up to Ginny, while Ron held her back by the arms.

He knew perfectly well Hermione's temper was not something to be messed with. Hermione was unaware that everyone was watching her insult to Ginny and that she had insulted them as well.

"Don't try and make it seem like you are the only one who cares about Harry! I did notice he was hurt but my father is at the Ministry right now. Everyone in this room, excluding you, would like to find out how he is and what happened to cause this horrible interruption in our lives!" Ginny was now growing redder by the minute.

"One of the first things that Harry did was told you that your father was alright so don't try and put him into this. You just-" Hermione was cut off by Fred who, in the loss of his brother in the final war, had grown extremely serious.

He still ran the joke shop, claiming it is what George would have wanted him to do. He still came up with some clever ideas that he said would come to him in dreams from George.

"Look, I don't know about you but I am sick and tired of all this fighting. Hasn't fighting You-Know-Who been enough for the two of you, or do you want to start another one right here? In my opinion you're both wrong, Ginny for demanding so much from Harry and Hermione for confronting Ginny about this. We are all worried, but this is only going to make us feel worse."

Ron softened his grip on Hermione and Ginny crossed her arms in defeat. Fred was right and they both knew it.

"We all came to have a good time and celebrate Harry's birthday. I don't think this is a very good way to help him celebrate," he finished leaving everyone in their place. A silence overcame the crowd, and Mrs. Weasley had begun sobbing in the corner.

"He's right. We should get back to the decorations, and when Harry comes back if he feels like celebrating we will. If not, we have to accept that. Remember guys he has been through a lot, and he did defeat a very evil wizard. He deserves so much more than us standing around bickering about him." This time it was Ron that had spoken.

Ron such a good friend and he is so loyal to Harry, Hermione thought.

Everyone around nodded in agreement and, Hermione was embarrassed for her overreaction to Ginny's words. She looked down at her hands and found them shaking, anger made its way to her chest. She didn't know what to do; there was no explainable cause for her reaction. Her movements were becoming irrational and violent. Her chest tightened when she bawled up her fists in hatred. There was so much emotion she could not fight it.

Ginny must have sensed something was not right because even she backed away. The living room started to move, like an earth-quake was passing through it. Everyone looked around, as it was clear to them what was causing this burst of energy.

Hermione was paralyzed; to her these reactions were sudden and unexplainable. Fleur screamed in fright, latching on to Bill for support. Nothing she did made her stop what her body was doing. The feeling that was passing through her was one she had not felt in her life, and she was most certain that it wasn't her own.

"What's going on? Someone stop her!" Someone in the room had yelled this out to Ron, who was standing dumbfounded staring at Hermione.

He was trying to keep his feet on the ground, and he could barely manage that. Hermione was shaking so powerfully he didn't know what to do. Nothing better crossed his mind but he spun her around and forced his lips on hers. He thought that this distraction would make her outburst of magic subside.

This clearly was the wrong choice because as soon as their lips touched, sparks shocked him and caused him to jerk his head back, losing his balance. He stumbled and fell back without much harm.

"Ow!" He yelled touching both his lips and his behind. The anger Hermione had felt had doubled when Ron had kissed her, and now out of nowhere another came full force stabbing at her insides. Ron cautiously got up; he was only a few feet away. His second mistake was thinking if he held Hermione in his arms she would calm down. He grabbed her arms and pulled her into a tight embrace.

The glasses around them started to shatter. Hermione looked, if possible, more enraged in Ron's arms; her eyes were yelling hatred to his.

It was more than Hermione could take. She could feel that her body was growing weaker and weaker. The sounds around her were

growing fainter and the light had vanished from the room and before her eyes.

The anger had been so strong that it had overtaken her and she had passed out, in the middle of where she had been standing.

When Harry arrived at the Ministry, there were still a lot of people moving bodies and questioning Death Eaters on the spot. It was like one big crime, except he immediately knew he was not supposed to be there.

Mr. Weasley and Kingsley Shacklebolt were talking as two Aurors levitated Narcissa's body.

Harry was about to Apparate to the Burrow's backyard when he heard his name and froze.

"Harry has a major plot in this and he doesn't even know it. The best thing is to keep him from this knowledge and let nature take its course. You do know that it won't if there is constant interference," Mr. Weasley said.

"I know, but I believe they will either try to hurt her or use her to make him push her away..." Kingsley's words were barely audible now and it was then Harry realized just how truly far they were. He could not figure out how he was managing to hear them from where he was standing.

What was this about her? Who were they talking about? he thought to himself.

Kingsley started to move in his direction, still oblivious that Harry was there, and Harry had a rush of panic knowing he was not supposed to be there at all.

He was confused and unsure what it all meant but decided by the state of things to put it off. He was going to get to the bottom of this later. For the second time that day he turned to leave but something caught his eye.

It sparked even with no light to cause it to do so in such a manner. It was lying close to where Narcissa Malfoy's body had been but was in the shadows where no one seemed to notice, except Harry. He wondered why, and had an urge to go pick it up.

It hypnotized him, glowing brighter with each step he took towards it. His heart began to race and the noise from the rest of the world had been shut off completely.

Without even glancing around to see that no one was looking he reached down and lifted the sphere from the floor. He rotated it until he spotted writing. It said, 'Harry Potter and Hermione Granger, Draco Malfoy and Ginerva Weasley.' His memory suddenly jogged, reminding him of his previous excursion to the Ministry. Then he realized just what he was holding in his hand. It was a sphere that held prophecies, like the one that held his about Voldemort.

A hand on his shoulder startled him and distracted him long enough to have the object removed from his hands, by none other than Dumbledore himself.

Why would a prophecy sphere have my name on it, and what do the others have to do with anything? Harry thought.

He was even more confused, and as starting to get angry. He felt like he was back in his fifth year when everyone had been keeping things from him for his own good. Look where that got them all; it ended up being Dumbledore's worse mistake that year. Surely they wouldn't do that again. He tried to regain his control that he knew Dumbledore could see and feel clearer than glass.

"Harry what brings you here?" he said with casualness as talking about the weather.

"I... uh... I found that ... why does it have my name on it," Harry said. At this point in his life, he was no longer afraid to ask questions.

"That, I promise you, you will find out when the time is right," he said with a smile and twinkle in his eye.

"Harry what are you doing here? I thought you were going to go home," Mr. Weasley said surprised.

"I went to the Burrow but everyone asked me so many questions I had to leave. Then, I came here and found this prophecy." Harry noticed Mr. Weasley wince and turn to call Kingsley to him.

"What is all this about, Professor? Please don't treat me like a child," Harry said, in the deepest voice he could use without sounding like he tried too hard.

"Do we have an office we may enter to speak unheard?" Dumbledore asked motioning for the other two to follow. Kingsley looked at Mr. Weasley and shrugged. They must have not agreed with Dumbledore but were not about to argue.

"My office is empty, we can go there," Kingsley said leading the way.

It was small but Harry didn't care if he had been lead to a broom closet as long as they all fit well enough for him to start getting answers.

Mr. Weasley shut the door and muttered 'Silencio' before sitting down at the far end of the desk.

"Ok, now someone tell me why the Death Eaters are attacking again and why here," Harry said demandingly.

"Whoa Harry, calm down, we ourselves don't know all the answers," Mr. Weasley replied.

"I'm not even sure how much of what we do know that we can disclose to you. We have already discussed some of it to Dumbledore after your departure; I will leave it up to him to decide how much is too much," Kingsley said conjuring a chair and sitting on it.

"I think that we are well past playing don't tell Harry he may not be able to handle it by this point. Honestly..." Harry said, his temper rising. He was not going to be treated like a child, not now that he was already seventeen.

Dumbledore nodded his head indicating that he agreed with him and to be patient, which was hard because at that moment he was a little away from yelling. Dumbledore had opened his mouth to speak when a knock came at the door.

Kingsley got up and opened it and Lupin walked in, not accompanied by Tonks.

"Sorry to interrupt but I have a message to give to you," Lupin said eyeing Harry with confusion.

Dumbledore nodded and stood up to talk to Lupin, while Harry was left to dwell.

When they were finished Lupin did not leave. Harry watched the Headmaster go back to his chair and open his mouth to speak once more.

"First off, Harry I want you to know there is a reason other than we don't feel you are capable of dealing with these things that we exclude information from you. This time it is not about maturity or worthiness, it is about the way things are."

Harry gave a sigh only half believing what Dumbledore said to be true.

"Ok."

"We, excluding a few others, are all that was left of the Order so we don't have many reinforcements as neither do the Aurors in this Ministry who as you saw were greatly outnumbered."

"We," Harry said raising an eyebrow.

"Yes, we, you included. I think the reason that the Death Eaters came here tonight was to get the object you so kindly found. Narcissa was supposed to Apparate away with it; in fact Remus has just informed me that the Death Eaters thought she had already left."

"Yeah I remember right before it happened, someone yelled she's got it, get out or something like that," Harry said recalling the events.

"When the spell hit her and she collapsed they must have thought she Apparated and they did the same as was the plan." Dumbledore was the only one speaking or making any noise of life at all; it made Harry shudder.

"But what was she after?"

"The sphere you picked up is indeed what you thought it to be. It is a prophecy, but it is one that hasn't even been made yet. It is not entirely accurate but it does give a good sense as to what it is about and who will receive that prophecy. It can only be calculated within the year of when it will be made. This new magic was only just discovered due to top secret projects that were being done in The Department of Mysteries."

Now I understand - they must have just discovered this and the Death Eaters must have wanted to get their hands on what was inside, Harry thought to himself wondering what else in The Department of Mysteries they must have.

"The sphere you noticed is different because the thing itself is different from an already made prophecy. This is because someone can alter his or her destiny and then the sphere will no longer be of any use and will simply explode. Another major difference being that anyone can pick these future predictions up and read them, they however will be different to each person but will always be missing... pieces."

"Well then why don't I just hear it as it is about me," Harry began deliberately forgetting to mention the other names he knew to be on there too.

"That is where it comes down to that you cannot know what is in this prophecy until it is told to you, if you were to listen to it now then that would be changing destiny, as I will call it. It cannot be destroyed if that is what you are thinking. It must stay intact until the prediction is told to you in the way it should and then it will change by itself into the rightful words and characteristics that it should have."

Everyone was quiet and Harry had the oddest feeling that everyone in the room had already heard a piece of it.

"Ok I understand, but why would they want it?" As soon as the words left Harry's mouth he knew he wasn't going to get a straight answer.

"Unfortunately that falls into the same category of; you are not supposed to know what is in it. But if I am not mistaken I also trust you saw the other names that were on it?"

Harry nodded his head urging Dumbledore to finish with rest of the explanation.

"They are involved as well. The names written in bold are the ones who will hear the prophecy and the ones slanted are those who it will be about. Now Harry I am sorry but I must ask you not to push this anymore."

"Great. So we are done with one now we're on another...will this ever end or is my life going to be predicted the entire time?" Harry said starting to feel his temper raising. Dumbledore motioned for Mr. Weasley and Mr. Kingsley to leave. Once they had gone, Lupin once again cast the Silencio Charm and Dumbledore spoke.

"I know it must be hard for you and I cannot tell you that things will be different, but maybe the things you are thinking are bad things won't be so bad after all."

"No, that's because you already heard it. You don't take me for a fool, do you? You understand that I just really want to be normal. I thought things were going to be regular but I was wrong!" Harry said rising from his seat and pacing around the room.

"Harry, in ever generation there is a person who gives us hope and a person that gives us fear. It will probably be like this for the rest of time. Just because I defeated an evil wizard many years ago didn't stop a new one from coming into power. Voldemort came stronger than any before, until you. How long do you think it will be before a new threat arises and the balance is once again in the middle?"

Even though he made sense Harry's blood was still starting to boil.

"But why do I have to deal with this all over again? I mean, I got over one and now another, give me a break!"

"Harry, I never once said you would have to deal with another and again you're thinking this is a bad thing. Believe me when I say it is not."

"Then why would they be after it?" Harry said trying to catch Dumbledore off guard.

"I told you, we cannot pursue this any further," Dumbledore said in a 'that's that' voice.

"Now that you have been told what you need and I'm sure there are no more questions that the Ministry needs from you, you are happy to return to the Burrow where a nice little party awaits you I'm sure," Dumbledore said giving him a wink before leaving the office in a hurried pace. Harry watched his back walk away and stared at it with the feeling of unfilled solutions.

"Take a breath," Lupin told Harry. He had completely forgotten he was there.

"How's Tonks?" Harry asked to ease the air. He didn't know of what more to say, especially with his mind wondering around on more important things.

"She's good, been dealing greatly with me and my lunar problem actually."

This made Harry smile, but it faded too quickly.

A voice could be heard coming from the hallway. It was one he automatically recognized but hoped he would not be hearing so soon.

"Snape," Harry growled.

He entered the room with none other than the Minister himself.

-1Chapter Five Explosions Explained

"Like I said before, I really think we should consider just how much more this is going to go," Snape said to Rufus Scrimgeour.

"Harry... what brings you here," the Minister of Magic said to Harry. Clearly no one wants me here. What a lousy birthday I'm having, Harry thought to himself.

"He's causing trouble again, I presume. It is, after all, his favorite thing to do. I wouldn't be surprised if this whole ordeal wasn't his fault. He causes problems everywhere he goes Minister and always seems to wiggle out of the punishment--as I have explained to you before." Snape eyes darted to Lupin but held the same amount of hatred in them.

At least he didn't look at Harry worse than he did with Sirius.

Sirius how I miss you, if you were here you would defend me, Harry thought.

"Now Mr. Potter, you are now a fully capable wizard. No one needs to defend you anymore."

Harry instinctively closed his mind and made sure that Snape would not hear anymore of his thoughts.

In the past year he had taken Occulmacy with Dumbledore and was fully capable of stopping Snape from entering his mind. He had simply forgotten and had let his mind rest; but now being aware of things again he was not going to give Snape the luxury of being able to read his mind.

"Now, now there will be none of that nonsense here. There is no proof whatsoever that what happened here today was Harry's fault. And even if he was to have been the reason, he did not force the Death Eaters to come here, did he? However I must ask Harry that you be more careful and try to stay out of trouble. I am not Cornelius Fudge and I will listen to what you have to say but will not give you any leeway just because you are the Boy-Who-Lived," the Minister

ended with a glance to Snape, who seemed somewhat pleased with himself.

“Harry never asks for anyone to give him leeway, and when he has gotten into trouble, there was usually a perfectly good cause and it did well. Look at how he saved the Sorcerer’s Stone and then the Chamber of Secrets. Things like that usually paid off, and he never meant any harm,” Lupin said facing Snape.

“Oh yes, but you fail to mention how he almost got killed looking for Sirius, the escaped convict. How his name in the Goblet of Fire led to the return of Voldemort, and how he led a bunch of teenagers into the Department of Mysteries. All because of his people saving thing, no good it did because it ended up getting someone killed. Not that Sirius mattered, he was after all a worthless, pathetic excuse of a human; he did the dementors a fav...”

“SHUT UP, SIRIUS IS INNOCENT AND YOU KNOW IT. DON’T TALK ABOUT HIM LIKE THAT!” Harry yelled raising his wand towards Snape, not caring who was in the room.

Snape’s eyes showed fear for only a matter of seconds, and then his face contorted into a smile.

“Stop this right now,” the Minister said, getting in front of Snape. He was blocking him from Harry’s wand.

“You are lucky I don’t arrest you for threatening him, but seeing as to he provoked you I will only ask you to leave.”

“Harry, come on, put you wand down,” Lupin said trying to calm him down.

“You see, Minister this is exactly what I was telling you about, he has a bad temper and if I were you I would lock him in an asylum in St. Mungo’s. Clearly his fight with Voldemort must have left him with serious damage to his brain, or maybe he was just born this way. Maybe it has to do with genes, you know his father-” Snape didn’t have time to finish his statement.

Lupin sensed Harry's anger, as the room started to shake and things were dropping from the walls. Remus yelled, "Expelliarmus!"

When Harry became disarmed, he became angrier than before. Without thinking twice he lifted his hand and yelled, "Bambarda!"

Snape was sent flying into the wall across the room, knocking him instantly unconscious.

Harry looked to the Minister and gave a look clearly saying, go ahead punish me, see what happens to you.

"Sorry Minister, but Severus provoked Harry and I don't think you want more trouble, so Harry and I will be leaving now," Lupin said heading out the door. They left a very scared and bewildered Minister behind who did not try and stop them.

Harry was still fuming and an image of Hermione came into his head. She was the only one who could really calm him down and she was nowhere near him now. All the same it was all he could do to keep himself from nearly passing out in anger.

How could Snape be so stupid as to say anything like that in front of the Minister or Lupin? Every time he made smart remarks like that we had always been alone. Unless he wanted you to blow up like that, he was probably trying to prove his point.

Now everyone is going to think that you are crazy just like in Fifth Year, Harry thought to himself.

"Happy Birthday Harry, I know this day hasn't gone to well for you, but I know your party will help you forget it all. Still, you are now an adult, and I must stress how incredibly immature that was. If you would not have been of age I'm not sure the Minister would have let you get off that easily. Just so you know he was too much in shock to do anything which is why I took advantage of the situation. He is not the type who will give you leeway like Dumbledore and myself," Lupin said looking at a big clock. It looked like a good couple of spells had hit it but still worked.

“Good, you have only been here for ten minutes.”

Harry turned around and checked the clock.

“Uh...Lupin I don't think that that clock it working right, I know I must have been here for at least an hour.”

“Oh, about that, you see it is a new experiment that the Ministry is using. It can only work on the things inside the building, but it slows time down. Well, to be precise, it speeds us up, so that they can work faster and clean things up to get back to normal. And partly so that the media doesn't get here before they are ready. It was activated about the minute I arrived. So in reality, you have only been gone for ten minutes.”

“Oh well, I guess I'd better go, everyone seems so eager for me to do so,” Harry said, and without another word he Disapparated.

He was dreading going back to the Burrow, but the thought of a party kept his hopes slightly up.

The scene upon which he arrived was entirely different from the last one. People were no longer putting up decorations but fixing glass and broken items everywhere.

Without a word to anyone he went straight to Ron's bedroom and got clothes to take a shower. This time no one noticed him and he felt a shaken atmosphere in the room. He however did not want to know what happened; he had too much on his mind to think straight. A nice, long, cold shower should fix him right up.

“Hermione, are you ok?” It was the first thing she heard since she had passed out.

“Harry,” she said groggily.

“No, it's Ron,” he said in a hurtful tone.

"What... what happened?" she asked sitting up from her bed.

"I don't know. I was hoping maybe you could tell us. I'm sorry for the way I acted, by the way," Ginny said sitting next to her.

"I...don't....remember," said Hermione, lying. The truth was she did remember everything, from the glass shattering, to Ron kissing her enraging her even more. She did not, however, feel like trying to explain to them why she had acted this way when she was unsure herself.

"Oh well... you sort of shook the living room and... and bloody hell Hermione, you shocked me when I kissed you. It threw me back, and then you just blacked out."

"I'm sorry. I really don't remember any of it," Hermione said getting up from the bed.

"It's been a long day, and we should just go back to getting the party ready for when Harry returns," Ginny said leaving.

Hermione got up to leave as well, but Ron caught her arm.

"We really need to talk." He looked serious but Hermione doubted he would do anything irrational like break up with her.

Even though you would be happy because then you could be with Harry, no wait you can't think like that you're with Ron, stop it. Stop thinking of Harry, you don't even know if he likes you so how would you know if it would be worth it.

But I heard his thoughts. He thinks I'm beautiful and he loves me. Ok Hermione, just because he wants to kiss you doesn't mean he loves you, your mind is running away with you. Oh why do I have to get these feeling now that I'm with Ron? Hermione thought kicking the bed.

"Hermione did you hear me?"

“Oh...yes uh...yeah you’re right, but do you think that maybe we could after Harry’s party.”

“You know he is not the only thing in the world. You don’t have to revolve yours around him,” Ron said growing the family trait of red in the face.

“Ron, please don’t start this again. We already fought last night about this. You’re jealous, I know, but remember he is my best friend, and was before we got together. I’m not going to change it just because you suddenly feel every male in the universe will take me away,” Hermione said.

All you’re doing is pushing me closer to him; she didn’t dare say that out loud because she knew it would provoke another fight.

“I don’t think that Harry will take you away from me. He wouldn’t do that and I know you would not betray me. It’s just not you, the problem is like I said last night, I’m your boyfriend, so please stop putting me second.”

“I think it is a habit from last year because I was so worried about him and Voldemort. But you saw how Harry showed up, how can you expect me not to be worried or to put you second when he needs it more than you do.”

“Never mind,” Ron said in an I’m-never-going-to-get-my-point-across tone. He left angrily out of the room, leaving Hermione behind to dwell.

She took a deep breathe and sighed. She wished Ron would not act like that. Come to think of it, she wasn’t sure what she was still doing with him.

Oh yeah sure, be the one to break his heart, make him really feel like he is always going to be second best, behind Harry, but it’s not like that at all. He was never supposed to be Harry’s shadow, but that’s what happens when your best friend is the-boy-who-lived, Hermione thought.

But she didn't like Harry because he was famous; she liked him because of him, being Harry. She knew she was stupid for staying with Ron, but she thought that if maybe she could get past the fighting that he may be a great person to have a relationship with.

I have to get these feelings for Harry out of my head. It will completely ruin Harry and Ron's relationship and that is the last thing I want to do.

Downstairs everyone had progressed wonderfully; the only thing that was left to do was waiting for all the guests and to let the food finish cooking. Everyone was still a little uptight and they all seemed to be waiting for Harry to pop back in like he promised.

Harry had taken the longest shower he could remember, and changed into an outfit he had bought at Hogsmeade not too long ago, but had never worn since he didn't go anywhere.

It was a pair of dress pants and a silk, dark, blue button up shirt. He also wore a belt for once not because he needed it, but to complement the outfit. It looked like muggle clothes and felt like it to, the only difference is that these clothes changed to fit the wearer perfectly, not too tight and not too loose.

He had read in Witch Weekly, he had been receiving it for free as a bribe to do an interview, that a potion similar to the muggle thing called gel would work wonders on any type of hair.

He had to take their word on because he hadn't tried before now.

It took a lot but in the end it worked. He had finished half the bottle though and it was a bit expensive, not that he didn't have any money. It was just that if he were to use it every day, he would have to stock up a lot between visits to Hogsmeade; and he didn't quite like that idea very well.

Once he felt he was ready he went down to the hallway and waited to hear if it would be a good time to enter or not.

“Hermione, dear, it is quite alright. If you do not stop you will never be able to get ready for the party. Go upstairs now, I don’t want you to come down until you’re all girly and swirly,” Mrs. Weasley said.

“What, girly and ... never mind... ok, I’ll be down in ten minutes,” Hermione said. She was making her way toward where Harry was hiding.

“Ten minutes, oh come on you have to take longer than that on yourself. Don’t you want to make Ron’s jaw drop,” Ginny said accompanying her towards the hallway.

Harry’s insides turned with the very thought, and he felt a flash of jealousy hit him. They were headed his way though and he knew if he Apparated they would hear him, so he hid in the nearest room. With his luck, it happened to be the one they were entering, so he only had time to hide behind the door as it swung open.

Ginny entered first and then Hermione, who stopped suddenly, and her back tensed up. The hairs in the back of her head rose. If she turned around he would be seen, so he made no hesitation in making a swift exit just as Hermione turned around.

He went back up to Ron’s room and tried to think. It was the only place he could go to think for a long time about the day’s events.

The roof, it’s perfect. No one will hear me Apparate and it will be close enough for me to know when to make my appearance, he thought.

She could have sworn she felt him. Even though she had never felt Harry before she knew what it was. As soon as she entered the room she sensed it, but when she turned around there was no one and the feeling had disappeared leaving only a confused Ginny to question her.

“Are you ok?”

"Yes it's just I could have sworn I ... anyway what do you have planned for me."

"What makes you think I have anything planned," Ginny said giving her a not-so-innocent grin.

"Why else would you follow me here and insist I take longer unless you had some sort of idea," said Hermione knowingly.

"Well I do know how to make someone's jaw drop, much like what you did in fourth year but never repeated."

"Whose attention are you trying to get, Harry's?" Hermione asked feeling her throat fall to her stomach when she said it.

"Yeah, well, so what if I am? You are so pretty though, if I looked like you I wouldn't hide it. I know just what will have my brother begging for you to kiss him by the end of the day," Ginny said getting a book out from under her bed.

What if I don't want your brother to be the one I end up snogging you think it will still work. Granger, that thought is not supposed to be in your head, remember, Hermione thought to herself.

Ginny worked her magic and Hermione picked out a nice dress that was not too long and not too short with short sleeves and was white and gold. It was the most covered outfit that Ginny had chosen for her to wear. Once both girls were ready they both made their way to the party that now was only missing the guest of honor.

"I forgot to put on my earrings," Hermione said doubling back to the room as Ginny entered the party.

When she got her earrings and made her way back she stopped at Lupin's voice talking to Mr. Weasley.

"If I'm back, he definitely should be here already. Do you think he will even show," Mr. Weasley said in a whisper that Hermione barely heard.

“I’m not sure; he left the Ministry in a right state, claiming that he was going to come here. You should have seen how angry he got with Severus when Dumbledore had left the room. Things started shaking and he used wandless magic to throw Snape across the room. I swear I have never seen so much power come from a person at that age,” Lupin added.

“Lucky he does or he may not have defeated Voldemort. I tell you this new prophecy has me twisting my hairs. It’s hard enough knowing when you see one another trying to fight the inevitable, especially with one of my own right in the middle. But I know better, I just keep my mouth shut and-”

Mr. Weasley was cut off by a stressed Mrs. Weasley who was headed upstairs to change her clothes after Fred had accidentally given her a classic flower that squirted ink out to anyone who smelled it.

Hermione listened at the door until the footsteps grew fainter and she was sure there was no one in the hallway anymore.

So Harry had gotten upset at the Ministry and had the same affect I had at the Burrow, she thought.

It didn’t take long for her to put two and two together; as she realized that she had felt the intense emotion that Harry had at the same time. But why? It reminded her too much of the connection that Voldemort had with Harry, and she decided she would tell the Headmaster when he arrived at the party, too.

What did Mr. Weasley mean when he said one of his own was right in the middle, Hermione thought. This day was starting to get more confusing and frustrating by the minute.

She made her way back down the stairs. Everyone had already made their way outside, as drinks and food were beginning to be served. Hermione was the only who hadn’t made it out so far.

AN: hope this made some kind of sense; I expect you won't really understand everything until the later chapters but I hope you liked it. Thank you.

-1Chapter Six A Stolen Kiss

Harry began to notice that all the guests had filed out and decided that this was as good a time as ever to show up. He Apparated down in front of everyone and it took them a while to register that it was him.

“Happy Birthday Harry!” Many voices yelled this out at once, as he was passed around the group being congratulated on passing his Apparition test.

His eyes however started scanning the area for Hermione and it wasn't until she was right in his face that he saw her.

He did the one thing that he told himself he wouldn't; his mouth came undone and fell open at the sight of how beautiful the creature before him was.

“Harry you look...handsome,” Hermione said blushing; their eyes locked for a minute and it felt like the entire world around them seemed to fade.

“And you ...you look...for lack of a better word...beautiful.”

More beautiful than I have ever seen you, you even give the Yule ball a run for its money. Ron's so lucky, what I would do to have you, Harry thought to himself.

All the color in her face directed itself upon her cheeks; it was quite a scene to watch. If Harry didn't know better, he would have said she had just read his mind.

Her gaze went to her feet; she seemed no longer to be able to keep eye contact. She looked back up to him and he willed her to feel all that he felt. To be able to see in his eyes the struggle he was having inside his heart and soul for her.

Her eyes answered back giving him a feeling of understanding radiating off her very skin. And then at that moment...Ron came in and interrupted the whole thing.

"Hey, I bet you didn't think that Dumbledore would show up. Actually there are a lot of people here we don't even know, but I guess that is what happens when you throw a party for a famous wizard."

"Ron, how many times do I have to tell you not to say that in front of me," Harry snapped at Ron. It was the perfect excuse to let out the anger he felt towards him in disguise.

"Fine, alright, I won't say THAT anymore I'll say THIS."

"You know what he means," Hermione said in the same tone Harry had used.

"What's up your arses? I was only joking." Hermione gave Ron a look of frustration and rolled her eyes heading off in the other direction. Harry had to be cautious not to stare at her behind while she walked away.

He might have feelings for her but he wasn't going to make it obvious, especially not in front of Ron.

Besides I'm a gentleman...awww who am I kidding I know I wanted to look, Harry thought laughing.

Ron had reminded her that she needed to talk to Dumbledore. Not to get anything mistaken, she greatly liked the idea of being able to read Harry's thoughts and feelings. It was just that it scared her.

What if she couldn't control it? What if one day when Harry became upset again she ended up hurting someone? The risk was too great for her to take.

Dumbledore had been sitting next to a fairly large tree; leave it to him to be strange and mysterious.

"Hello Miss Granger, I was beginning to wonder when I would be seeing you," Dumbledore said in an all-knowing voice.

"Oh... well...professor I just wanted to tell you something... you see I couldn't talk to Harry or Ron about it and I knew you would be the perfect person to ask this sort of thing to. I have read about it in books but...well they all seem to say bad stuff about it and..."

"You thought if there was indeed a bright side to all this, I would know about it. Also, seeing that you do not have a library to set back on as a falter, I'm the alternative."

"Uh...yes, well I think the first time it happened was this morning, but I would only hear bits, and pieces. I thought maybe there was something wrong with me, and maybe that it would go away. The longer the day went on, the clearer and clearer it became. It isn't a problem or something that I dread... I have been reading Harry's thoughts. I have even learned to control it a bit. I only hear it when I choose," Hermione said feeling a great lift coming off her shoulders.

"Is this all you wanted to tell me?"

"No, it's also that... I feel his feelings... well more like when he feels a strong emotion and that I definitely can't control. It reminds me of the connection that Harry had with Voldemort..."

"Well Miss Granger, Voldemort was a very evil man who was trying to kill Harry and use what was in his mind to turn it against him, possess him even. I'm quite confident that you would never do that in any way. Personally, I think this gift or curse, whichever you feel it is, has occurred because now that Voldemort is gone it has been redirected to the person who he felt the second strongest emotion for. You said that it started today; very peculiar that it should occur on his birthday. Unless it is suppose to happen when you both become of age."

"What exactly are you implying professor?" Hermione asked in a confused manner.

"I think the real question is what are you implying?" Dumbledore smiled, giving Hermione the feeling she knew something that she didn't.

"I just want to be safe. I guess what I am saying is, since I cannot find the answer myself and frankly I know I won't be at peace, unless I know-"

Hermione had clearly changed the subject, being too embarrassed to answer the question.

"Unless you know that there is nothing to worry about and someone like myself assured you so... you are looking for me to say it with my own words that it is normal."

"Yes," Hermione said in a small voice. No one beside Harry had ever been able to read her like a book herself.

"I have to say that it is not normal but perfectly fine nonetheless. You do not, Miss Granger, have to for one moment think that this is evil or a curse. I think though that you should not disclose this information to anyone but yourself and Harry. People may not like the idea very much." Hermione gave out a sigh.

"You mean all the girls that like Harry," Hermione said blushing crimson. She looked at the wall and tried not to look too disturbed.

"No, I meant a certain redheaded boy. I do not feel Harry would turn his back on you if he were to find out, but I must impart upon you that he is already balancing too much on his shoulders to have to deal with one more precaution. I believe that this gift is defenseless against Occlumency. Only you would be able to know what he was feeling or thinking, even if he was trying to shut out the rest of the world. Of course by the time he figures that out he may learn to shut you out when he pleases. Either way, he may not deal well with this, seeing that he has always tried to keep his emotions to himself."

"What do I do about them though; I can't control it when he gets really angry."

"In time you will learn to, just as you have with his thoughts," Dumbledore said, looking up at the stars.

"Do you think that it will last long?"

"It can last a lifetime or it can last only for today, I'm not sure. May I also be the one to tell you that you will have an answer sooner than you think. Now, I think Harry will disclose some information with you that will leave you to ponder, as it did him. Remember, when it is your time to know you will, if you can figure it out. I cannot answer anymore questions about this, so I'm assuming you are finished." Dumbledore's tone was not mad but Hermione was sure he would not say anymore on the matter.

"Thank you professor, for hearing me out," Hermione said about to turn and walk away.

"You know I will always be here to listen if you ever need to talk to someone besides those two and know I will try my best to understand." Dumbledore's response caught her off guard. He talked like he knew what she was going through and the struggle she was having inside of her body and heart. Somehow she could not get the guts to say it out loud though.

"I know — thank you professor. I had better get back to the party; the entertainment has almost finished."

"Great party - I fancy eating a few crackers before I leave." Dumbledore was in a sense sitting there before her, a different person. Not the first year dumbfounded sense he left you with or the second year understanding. Not the third year mysteriousness or the fourth year scary. Fifth year he looked tired but he had much of their respect. The sixth year had taken such a toll on him no one thought he would last much longer. Now he was older than ever but with a smile on his face, one that was not marked with uncertainties, but with happiness and peace.

Hermione made the mistake of looking down at her shoes and looking back up. He was gone; Dumbledore had disappeared. Hermione looked around. There was no sign of him and she didn't

even hear a struggle. There where he sat lay a stack of crackers that had a note attached to it. She picked it up and it read: try them; they were pretty good to me.

She smiled; leave it to Dumbledore to make a quiet exit.

She returned to the party that had a play going on at the moment to entertain the guests.

His party was turning out to be so much fun. All his friends that had survived from Gryffindor had shown up. There were many respectable wizards around, but he didn't see The Minister anywhere. All the lights started dimming, Fred told everyone to sit down and not to get up.

"In a moment it is going to get so dark that you won't be able see anything. It will be the after effect of the spell that I have enchanted to the sky so only we see the fireworks display."

Harry spotted Hermione in the crowd. She was almost right next to him, but a couple of people had been blocking his view of her. Her eyes were squinted and her head was slowly moving. Ron was helping his brother. If she were looking for him, he wouldn't be hard to spot.

Getting closer, he saw her back tense like the time that he was hiding in Ginny's room.

"Harry, where are you?" Harry's heart skipped, she was looking for him. He couldn't resist a smile.

"I'm right here." He gave a little laugh seeing her jump with fright and turn around.

"Harry, you scared me!"

"Why were you looking for me?" asked Harry, adverting his eyes to her lips and back up.

Don't look at them they are evil. They are two evil lips teasing you, tempting you to take what you cannot have. Don't look at them and there will be no chance that you will kiss her dead on the spot, Harry thought to himself.

She inhaled a large amount of air.

"I...wanted to..." She was nervous he could tell. She avoided his eyes; she did this when she was extremely embarrassed or didn't want to say the truth. Her eyes were becoming barely noticeable because the light was nearly gone now.

Harry looked down at her lips and he unconsciously leaned forward a little. When he realized that he was staring, he looked into her eyes to see if she had noticed. Her eyes however were not there to greet his, they were directed upon his very lips.

He stepped forward and was going to whisper something to her because he thought it would be the perfect excuse in case she rejected him. Very slowly he leaned forward, even with the darkness that was overtaking them he could see her breathe become faster as well as her heartbeat.

He turned to her ear and whispered, "Hermione..."

He couldn't get another word to come out of his mouth; his voice had given out on him.

The darker it became the closer he moved, and right now he was only a breath away. He wanted to kiss her; she had heard him. She felt his inner battle to look up with friendly eyes and push his feelings down, or to do what he had been craving to do for a while; to not think and experience something he would never forget.

She didn't know how she did it to stay straight, his lips were only a couple of inches away and she felt her knees wanting to give out.

She shook when he redirected his aim to her ear, her shaking was mildly visible but she could feel it vibrating in her whole body.

He skimmed the side of her cheek, and that was enough to undo her.

She couldn't take it; he whispered her name. It rolled off his tongue so sweetly and seductively at the same time. She couldn't stop herself.

He met her right in the middle and their lips locked. They tasted wonderfully, but she wanted more. A warm feeling had spread through her body; her hands wrapped themselves around him pulling him closer to her.

One of his hands in turn, was placed on the side of her face and the other around her waist.

In the background, Ron had made a comment that they were having difficulties and that the fireworks would be up in a minute. Harry and Hermione were too wrapped up in each other to hear.

In those seconds nothing mattered. Not that Harry had to feel guilty or Hermione had to feel confused. She was the only thing that could ever do that to Harry. It didn't matter if she was with Ron, she felt complete.

He licked her lips asking for permission to enter, this being more intimate so he was patient, but that didn't last long. She was only too happy to accept him in; each person explored the new territory they were treading on. Hermione moaned as Harry's hand touched the bare skin of her waist.

Harry's mouth vibrated in her as she felt him start to moan as well. She felt his ache; he had wanted to do that for so long she could feel the relief sweeping through to her bones.

It was a sweet and nice kiss and they had been at it for a full minute before a fire-works display shot into the air with an ear splitting shriek.

They both looked up startled and disoriented from the intense moment they had just been in.

Happy Birthday Harry was written in the sky and the audience applauded. Music was erupted in the background and the light was returning to normal.

Both aware of their inappropriate distance to one another, they split and fixed themselves accordingly.

"Harry..." Hermione began a hint of fear in her eyes. Her breath was still trying to catch up with her so her voice was a bit off.

"I know I kissed you. I stole a kiss from you and I'm not going to give it back. If you like I will put it in my heart throw away the key and keep it from everyone's eyes but mine. I will not forget about it, you can not make me."

"I wasn't going to ask you to." Hermione sounded hurt, but before Harry could respond Ron and Ginny had come up next to them.

"Wasn't that great, it's the same stuff from fifth year, you guys remember with Umbridge..."

Ron's voice trailed off thinking of George. Ginny saved the moment by saying that they should get to sleep early because tomorrow they had to go to Diagon Alley to get their school supplies.

"But there is still a lot of food," Ron said protesting.

Hermione felt tired and she would have loved to go inside with Harry to fall asleep in his arms. Her mind wondered off in the kiss and Ron talked about unimportant things while fixing a plate of food.

"Hermione, hello, are you there?" asked Ginny, snapping her fingers in front of her face.

"Huh...oh yeah... what."

"My mom just told us to go to bed," said Ginny impatiently.

His eyes were magnetized to Hermione and the kiss they had only made it worse. She had a gloomy look in her eyes like she was daydreaming. Ginny snapped her fingers in front of her and said that Mrs. Weasley had told them all to go inside. With one last glance to Harry she stalked off into the place he knew he couldn't follow.

She was so beautiful to Harry. Ron, sad to say, was more in love with food at the time to notice any strange eye contact between the two. But he had a good heart and Hermione knew it.

Harry and Hermione now had a secret. This secret Harry knew she would let burn in her heart as long as she could help it. She had a guilty conscience that wouldn't let her keep the secret in most circumstances, but in this one her heart and soul tugged the other end making it that much harder to escape.

Harry knew eventually it would, but for now he had at least a good memory keep him happy for days. This day isn't turning out so bad after all, he thought.

All their guests began to leave and they said their last goodbyes and Harry was determined to stay and clean up since they did throw him such a wonderful party. But Mrs. Weasley would have none of it; she pushed him off upstairs and warned him if he didn't stay she was going to stun him.

Ron didn't need telling twice he was dashing up two steps at a time when Mrs. Weasley called, "Ronald Weasley! And where do you think you're going?"

Harry gave a laugh watching his best friend sulkily walk down the steps.

"Why doesn't Ginny have to help?" he said in a muffle.

"She is helping; right now she's sorting out presents."

"Presents!" Harry and Ron exclaimed in unison.

"Yes, presents. Now I don't want you to go in there and bother them," she said looking at Harry. She then turned to Ron who tried to act like that was the last thing he was thinking of doing.

"Now! I mean it! The only reason we didn't do it at the party was because there were too many and I'm sure Harry didn't want to be embarrassed in front of them. What if someone sent you something you didn't like? You would be on the spot forced to say you liked it." Harry actually understood what she meant and was grateful.

"The best part and we have to wait till tomorrow," Ron said, being pulled out the door by Mrs. Weasley.

Harry went to Ron's room only glancing at Ginny's door twice along the way. It wasn't presents that he wanted behind those doors, it was Hermione. Harry began to replay his now favorite scene in his head over and over again. It was a nonstop movie playing that deprived him of any sleep.

He was still awake an hour later when Ron strolled in the room. Finding Harry awake he began to talk about potential ideas for what the presents might be.

"I think someone might give you a broom," said Ron hopefully.

"I already have a broom why would I want another one?"

"So, you can give it to me." Harry laughed.

"Go to sleep Ron; we have to wake up early tomorrow."

"Fine," Ron said reluctantly.

Harry's mind began racing. He had betrayed his best friend by kissing his girlfriend. How could he, how could he sit here and act like nothing had happened?

It was tossing in his conscience and he knew that Hermione would want to talk about it. They were supposed to talk at the party and ended up snogging - what might happen next time they tried to talk?

He decided the best plan would be to let Hermione decide. She always made a good decision even if it wasn't the one you wanted.

She looked spectacular today; if I had only gotten to her sooner I wouldn't be in this mess now. She's driving me crazy and in a good way but still. It's like she's crawled in my head and planted little Hermione bugs that are now running amok in my brain, that's how much I can't stop thinking about her. Go to sleep Harry, and stop thinking about her. You know damn well that kiss is the one and only thing you will even get from her again. She will probably tell me off for doing that to her tomorrow and go back to being with Ron. She enjoyed it, I know, but I probably confused her more than ever. HOW COULD I DO THAT! I probably screwed up our friendship for sure, way to go Potter you defeat the most powerful wizard of all time and you can't even keep the girl you love close to you. All I know is Ron had better get his act together. You better make her happy or I'll deal with you myself.

He thought of his stolen kiss and his promise to lock it in his heart and throw away the key. He wasn't stupid - he knew Hermione wanted this even before she discussed it with him, so he did just that. Thinking of the stolen kiss that still tasted sweet to his lips, he rolled over and fell asleep.

"Why didn't Harry open the presents at the party," Hermione said picking up the first box.

"Mom says you're the smartest and know about a lot more spells than even my dad, so she thought you should go over them with me. Ok, you have to do most of the work but mom wants to make sure nobody sent anything with-"

"Dark magic in it. Okay, here's what we are going to do - you unwrap it with caution and I will check for Dark Magic."

Both girls set off with their duties; the whole room was full of gifts with no room to walk.

“So, what are we going to do with all the gifts after we are done with them? There isn’t room anywhere to sleep,” Hermione said, testing the first of the stash. It was a snitch with the signature of all the players of a Quidditch team. Hermione didn’t really care to see which one.

“Mom said it would be nice to move them into the living room so when Harry wakes up for breakfast he will see them. What did you get him?”

“I couldn’t figure out what to get him, so I got him a robe of silk with a gold pattern stitched into it. The color is the same-”

“As his eyes, yeah, I reckoned he had enough clothes like that so I got him black ones,” Ginny said cutting her off rudely.

“I don’t think black is his color,” Hermione said playing it at her game.

“I got it because I like that color and I wanted to see him wear it. I had money saved up and I couldn’t think of something better to spend it on than Harry.” Hermione’s temper was starting to get the better of her.

“Ginny, do you like him, I mean really like him?”

Ginny eyed her suspiciously before adding, “I like him Hermione, just not in the same obsessive crush way I used to. I’ll put it this way - I’m giving it a try. My eye is on him and if things don’t flow, I go with the next thing that catches my eye. I’m not going to be upset nor have my feelings hurt because he loves someone else.”

“He loves someone else,” Hermione said, trying not to scream. She was holding a broom in her hand but wasn’t paying to much attention to it.

"Yes, haven't you noticed," Ginny said with a smile on her face. She loved knowing something that Hermione didn't.

"No, I haven't. What gave you the idea?"

"It is so obvious. He looks like he's in love and he acts like he's in love. His mind is always elsewhere and his eyes glisten when he is thinking about her. When he looks at me, he looks nothing like that. I can just tell he loves another. Do you know who it could be?"

Hermione set the broom to the side and blushed, "No, why would I know?"

"Because he tells you everything," said Ginny, as if the answer was obvious.

"He does not tell me everything, but I wish he did. It would be so much easier for him if he let out all those feelings he has inside, if he would."

"Maybe he thinks that that you won't understand because you're his best friend or you're a girl," Ginny said in a voice that gave away she was jealous.

She could be right; he may think I won't want to be his friend anymore. We need to talk and set some boundaries, but if we both behaved I don't see why we couldn't be friends. Oh yeah, like everything hasn't already changed. If you wanted to you couldn't kiss Ron in front of him because you know he would be watching and hurt inside. This is getting too complicated. All I know, is I do not want to stop being Harry's friend.

No, I want to be more than just his friend...

"I know I may have no chance but I have to try there's nothing wrong with trying."

There is to me, Hermione thought.

"Yeah, I guess not." Hermione's mind wondered back over to Harry and she wondered what he was doing and if he had fallen asleep yet.

She reached out willing to feel him from the other room and when she found him she invaded him. She had made a silent agreement with herself to only use the new power she had with him to help him. This didn't qualify so she was going to pull back in when she felt he was thinking of her.

She smiled; he really couldn't stop. At that moment she was all that was on his mind. Then she heard him think: She looked spectacular today; if I had only gotten to her sooner I wouldn't be in this mess now. She's driving me crazy and in a good way but still. It's like she's crawled in my head and planted little Hermione bugs that are now running amok in my brain, that's how much I can't stop thinking about her. Go to sleep Harry, and stop thinking about her. You know damn well that kiss is the one and only thing you will even get from her again. She will probably tell me off for doing that to her tomorrow and go back to being with Ron. She enjoyed it, I know, but I probably confused her more than ever. HOW COULD I DO THAT! I probably screwed up our friendship for sure, way to go Potter you defeat the most powerful wizard of all time and you can't even keep the girl you love close to you. All I know is Ron had better get his act together. You better make her happy or I'll deal with you myself.

This made everything so much harder to deal with. She swept out of his mind and back into hers. She must have been halfway done before his voice echoed in her brain causing her to jump in alarm.

I can't believe I am thinking such foul things about my friend. Well, at least no one can hear me or they would really think I'm a traitor. I am loyal to Ron, and I want to be so much more loyal. Hermione is one subject that can't be touched when it comes to being a good friend. I mean Ron... he loves her, I can tell, but he loves the idea of Hermione. Look at when he first came in my mind was set on her and his was on MY PRESENTS. I was so entranced by her beauty and he was by the food. That is what makes our love different from one another for her...

It drifted off, leaving Hermione to ponder what she had just heard.

Two hours later, they finished with all the presents and put them in the living room, before heading off to sleep.

While in bed, Hermione whispered, “what am I going to do?”

Then she drifted off into a dream, about Harry no doubt.

AN: My chapters are getting longer and longer, but I hope you like them like that. Tell me your favorite part please. Thank you.

-1Chapter Seven Talking

Harry woke up to an excited Ron, who was shaking him violently.

“Harry, mate you have so many presents, more than I ever got in a lifetime,” Ron said when Harry’s eyes had finally opened.

“Ok, let me freshen up, and I’ll be down in a minute,” Harry said, rubbing his face and putting on his glasses.

“Alright, but hurry. We only have a little bit of time to eat ‘cause we have to go to Diagon Alley, remember? Mom says our school owls should be arriving soon.” Ron exited the room.

While Harry was in the bathroom brushing his teeth and washing his face, he began to think why he was dreading today so much.

As if yesterday wasn’t enough chaos for his brain, he was going to go through even more today.

It will probably be like this for the rest of your life, he thought, as he rinsed his mouth with water.

Once downstairs, he saw what Ron had meant. There were unwrapped gifts everywhere and were even assorted by groups. Harry figured that was the work of Hermione, right after she had gone through to make sure there were no dark spells on them.

Each person got up and gave their present from the pile, (if they could find it) to Harry. They were the only presents he got to unwrap. Ron had given him a shirt that said:

Quidditch is all about balls and where you put things.

Beater’s Job is to hit on the ball as hard as possible,

Keeper’s Job is to make sure nothing goes in the wrong hole,

Chaser's Job is to put it in the right hole,

Seeker's Job is to have it end up in your hands at the end.

"I have it bewitched so that when an adult looks at it, it says 'Quidditch isn't just a sport, it's a way of life'."

"I love it thanks," Harry said laughing.

Mrs. Weasley came next and gave him a sweater that had an H on it.

H for Hermione, where is she anyway, Harry thought looking around to find her.

She had been sitting at the table eating breakfast and blushed scarlet when he looked her way. She had an odd habit of doing that whenever he thought things like that about her.

Fred had sent an assortment of goods from his shop, things that were not made available for sale to the public yet. Charlie had given him a pair of Quidditch gloves made out of dragonhide, and Ginny gave him a pair of black robes. They were too much like the school robes, but the thought that she had gotten him something made up for it all the same. Bill and Fleur had given him a watch that tells the time and is supposed to tell what you or someone around you is feeling depending on which setting it is on.

The last person to get up and give him something was Hermione. He was most eager for this present but could not show it in front of everyone.

She had gotten him a book called, Powerful Spells That Take Powerful People To Do Them.

"They are all good spells. Half the book concentrates on defensive spells, and I thought it would be good for you to learn a few for your Auror training, when you finish school. There is a chapter in there dedicated to wandless magic that I think even you will find interesting," said Hermione calmly.

"Thanks Hermione." Harry was lost for words.

' Thanks Hermione?' What kind of a reply is that? She was the only one who thought to give you something you might need instead of something you wanted. If she chose this book for me it should contain a lot of things useful for my training but how can I show her how I really feel without making the others feel bad?

She smiled at his reply nonetheless and he felt that if she was satisfied with that he was happy.

He was completely unaware that she had heard every word he thought.

"There is also this," she said, getting out a wrapped gift from behind the chair.

"Another one?" He was so excited the words came out a bit high pitched. He didn't mean to make it sound like he didn't want anymore, it just came out that way.

"If you don't want it, I'll take it back and-"

"No, it's not that, you really didn't have to get me two presents. I would have been satisfied with just one or none at all." Harry felt like a complete idiot sitting there.

She only smiled at his nervous attempt to fix his error.

Maybe all may not be lost after all, he thought. She handed him the package she held in her hand and everyone was waiting to see the contents inside. Unwrapping it cautiously, he was vaguely aware that all eyes were on him.

He took out a robe that was made out of silk; it ran through his fingers easily and felt wonderful. He touched the gold that was stitched in lightly, and wished he could give Hermione a hug.

"That good, huh Harry," Ginny said ruining the moment.

"Damn, I can't wait to see what she's going to get me for my birthday," Ron said pulling Hermione towards him. She sat down next to him, while her eyes looked at Harry's in approval and apology.

Don't give me that look. I can see you don't really want to sit there...so close, he thought. He nodded slightly so only she could see.

"The owls are coming," Ginny said, jumping up and startling everyone. She must have been excited because she was getting her O.W.L. results.

One single owl came swooping down and dropped a letter to each of its owners. It accepted a couple of treats from Ginny before departing out the window.

Harry opened his without much excitement. He was reading down the list of required books when Hermione gave a small scream.

"I... I didn't realize... this year... I've been selected Head Girl," Hermione said quickly,

glancing over to Ron to see if he had gotten Head Boy as well.

He lifted his head from the letter he was reading and shook it; the letter seemed to intrigue him for he got lost in it once more.

Hermione had continued reading the privileges that were to come from her being Head Girl.

Harry had been watching her, feeling an overwhelming pride strike him. He never doubted Hermione would get Head Girl, but Ron not getting Head Boy was a bit of a shock.

Who else would be in line to get it? Surely not Malfoy, he thought angrily.

Hermione was practically glowing; she emitted an aura as she danced around in pure joy. Her eyebrows however almost connected in a confused manner before she was done reading the letter.

“What is it?” Harry asked, startling her.

“Oh ... it says here I get to have my own small common room, that I will share with the Head Boy and that my room will be located right next to his. It also says that in the room, there will be a bathroom that connects both rooms, but that it will have passwords so I won't be able to enter his room and he won't be able to enter mine... etc....uhh apparently it is a huge bathroom.” She was now skimming to what she must have thought the good stuff was.

“My room will have a King-sized bed that will accommodate that of a Girl's room, but I am welcome to make changes...there will be a fireplace that can be used to Floo...they trust me enough to not abuse this privilege being I am Head Girl. It is magically protected so only the Head Boy/Girl can use it...we are allowed to leave five minutes early from each class and ten for lunch. Our curfew is a maximum of one o' clock in the morning; we will also be in charge of...” Hermione made a noise indicating what she was reading was stuff she already knew.

“Wow, sounds like you are going to get to see a lot of this person,” Ron said with disappointment in his voice.

“Yeah. Hey, it says here they are giving us shortcuts that only the Headmaster knows. They are to get to places quickly like... the library, the Quidditch pitch and the Kitchens...” Ron's eyes widened at the word kitchen as it left Hermione's lips.

“Now I am beginning to wish that I had never given up the position. I never thought it was going to be like that. Instead of being able to have a nice little mini-home together you're going to be in there with another guy.” Ron's tone was a bit jealous.

“You gave up the position. Why?” Harry asked, surprised by the remark. Ron must have known as much as he did that Hermione was bound to get Head Girl.

"It was before you and I got officially together Herms." Hermione didn't seem to like this nickname; she kept contorting her face similar to when you eat something sour every time Ron said it. Harry made a mental note never to call her that.

"Harry, you know how you defeated V-Voldemort the last week of school. Well, the last day of school, Dumbledore had come up to me and told me he wanted to talk about my future. Now that there was nothing in the way to cloud my decisions, he asked what I planned to do after graduation." He paused to catch his breath, Harry and Hermione beckoned him to continue. Once he caught his breath he did.

"I told him before I thought about being an Auror, but after all the fighting we did with V-Voldemort I felt like that was enough to last a lifetime for anyone. Then I told him I thought about going into The Ministry like my dad, but I felt it was way too corrupt for my likings. So, I had finally decided that I was going to try my best to play Quidditch professionally."

Harry resisted an urge to laugh, leave it to Ron to want to be rich and famous.

"He told me that since I was chasing that career, I should be Quidditch Captain. I thought that you should be the captain and told him so. I really thought you would get it, for sure, because you're like a hundred times better. Dumbledore agreed with my decision, and he said that it would be a lot easier for me to get recruited if they saw the captain title on my file. He said that you would understand because you wanted to be an Auror and they don't pay too much attention on your extracurricular activities, unless it involves some sort of DADA-like dueling and such. I couldn't help but say yes, sorry mate."

"That still doesn't explain why you declined to be Head Boy or why you didn't tell us," Hermione said frustratingly.

"I'm getting there Herms, you of all people know you can't jump to the ending without reading the beginning and the middle," Ron said trying to sound intelligent, but only got a pillow thrown at him by Ginny.

“Hurry up, Ron.”

“Ok, ok... the reason I didn't tell you guys is because he told me not to until we got our school letters. He said he was only doing this to know that his decision was the correct one. However, the Ministry didn't approve of him letting a pupil make a decision that should be made by the Headmaster only. So, basically I should keep it a secret and no one else would find out until they got their letters. Since my situation was a bit complicated, because of Harry, he thought he should ask me and let me decide what I thought was best.

“He also told me that he was planning on making me the Head Boy, if I thought I would be able to handle both Quidditch and Head Boy duties. At the time, I didn't think about that you would be Head Girl, Herms, and all I could think of was all the work I was going to have to put into it. On top of studying for N.E.W.T. tests, I didn't think I could handle all of it at once. Since I needed Head Boy less I asked Dumbledore to give it to someone else.” A silence came over the room.

“Congratulations on becoming captain, I hope you will pick me to be on your team,” Harry said breaking the silence.

“You're not upset that you're not captain?” Ron asked, with his face lighting up.

“No, not really. I think Dumbledore was right; you do need it more than I do, and I don't really care. It's all the same to me as long as I get to play.”

“Harry, you do know that I am not going to ask you to try out? You already have a guaranteed spot as Seeker.”

Mrs. Weasley came in after hearing all the commotion the boys were making. She went from hugging Hermione on her Head Girl position to promising Ginny something from Diagon Alley for her great scores. Then to Ron, saying just because his brothers had done great things before him, it didn't mean it didn't swell her with pride to know her son had gotten Quidditch Captain.

Harry, who had gotten so caught up in their previous conversation, had not finished reading his school letter but thought he would take it with him and figure it out when they arrived. Shoving it in his pocket he tried not to look too disappointed.

Here everyone was being congratulated on something they achieved and he was the only one who didn't have a single thing to show for it.

My purpose is gone, I defeated Voldemort and now I am useless, he told himself.

He did not notice Hermione staring at him, saddening upon hearing those words. She began to get furious at him for ever thinking that.

Harry knew what he had to do; he had to show everyone that he just wasn't good for just beating Voldemort, that he could still do great things. There he made a promise to himself to try his best to exceed in everything from class-work to Quidditch. He was going to try and even beat Hermione to answer questions. Right now, he had to wait for Mrs. Weasley to turn to him and make matters worse.

Hermione came to Harry's rescue before Mrs. Weasley could properly ask Harry what achievement he had done, by saying that it was almost time to go and the boys hadn't even eaten.

While the girls went upstairs to get ready, the boys gobbled down breakfast. Since the house was now empty from the birthday guests; this made it much faster to do things like take a shower. Since they were going to Diagon Alley, everyone had left home, including Bill and Fleur.

The girls took longer showers, so they were ready to go at the same time the boys had finished getting ready.

"Ron, your father asked you to move the presents with Harry when you get back. He also said congratulation and told me you could have one thing from the Quidditch Supply store," Mrs. Weasley said before Flooing out.

“Hey Harry, look, you did get a broom and not a bad one either, it’s a Nimbus Two Thousand but it doesn’t match your Firebolt,” Ron said, grabbing Hermione by the hand to guide her through the maze of gifts.

Harry’s jealousy was swelling in him like a balloon watching the way Ron’s hand was so entwined with Hermione’s. He lost control and a stack of presents went tumbling to the floor next to him with a crash.

Ron’s next reaction didn’t make it any better. He jumped with fright and positioned himself closer to Hermione. Any closer and she would be in his arms.

“What was that? Did you do it,” Ron said pointing not in Harry’s direction but next to Hermione.

The crash that had been heard, was not from what he had dropped, but what had dropped next to Hermione. It was glass, but Hermione fixed it quick enough and Flooed out as fast as she could without another word, leaving two confused boys standing behind.

“I tripped and then I accidentally flung something trying not to lose my balance. It must have knocked the glass over,” Harry said lying. He had no idea why they had fallen, especially next to Hermione. He knew no matter how jealous or angry he was, he wouldn’t do anything that would endanger her physically. That was one of the reasons why he tried not to get so close to her before Voldemort. He didn’t dwell on that much longer before Apparating to Diagon Alley. Ron had apparently Flooed but Harry didn’t fancy it much, Apparating was faster.

“Harry, Mrs. Weasley said we can all go our separate ways to buy what we need but to meet her at the Quidditch Supply shop later, when Ron arrives, so he can get his reward and we can leave. We have three hours.” Hermione still had a bit of soot on her face and Harry thought it only made her look more beautiful. She smiled and that made him smile.

“Hey, Sweetheart,” Ron said coming out of nowhere planting a kiss on Hermione’s cheek.

Sweetheart, I don't think she like being called that either. Ok, reminder, don't call Hermione that ever and definitely don't call her Herms, her face looked even more sour when Ron said that, thought Harry.

Harry was going to have to get used to this. 'Getting used to it' didn't mean he had to like it or to look. He had found when the situation arose, that his shoes could fascinate him and he could stare at them forever.

After Harry got money out of his vault, he met Hermione and Ron at the bookstore. Ron was currently trying to sweet talk Hermione into going to have an early look inside Quality Quidditch Supplies and it wasn't a pretty sight.

"Oh sweetheart, can it just be one second," Ron pleaded giving her a very funny-looking puppy face.

Harry was the only one to see the discomfort in her eyes.

"Honestly, Ron! Can't you just go by yourself? I'll be fine, don't worry about me, look Harry's here," she said, with her face lighting up at the sight of him.

"Harry can come with me," Ron said happily.

"I would go Ron, but I have to get my books and we only have two hours. I still need supplies for potions and a refill on ink and quills. I also need some food for Hedwig but I promise I will go when I finish," Harry said taking out his school letter.

Ron didn't like the fact that he had to go by himself but his mum was getting his books. He had already gone to get all his extra stuff, so he had nothing left to do. Having no alternative, he grabbed Hermione's hands making her face him. He brought both hands to his chest with his and told her he would see her soon. He kissed her a little to close to the lips than Harry liked.

Shoes, shoes, laces, patterns, floor, and wall, Harry told himself.

"I wonder if mum would consider buying me a new broom," Ron said talking to Harry now.

"Why don't you just have the one I got for my birthday," Harry said, glad that Ron's hand had let go of Hermione's.

Ron got his famous red in the face and said in a small voice, "Are you sure?"

"Positive, I don't need it and it will go to waste because I'm not planning on using it."

"Thanks so much Harry, you really are the bestest, greatest friend anyone could ever have." Ron beamed as he left the shop; actually it looked more like he was floating out. It was obvious Ron was extremely happy and why wouldn't he be? He had been made Quidditch Captain, and he had a beautiful girlfriend as he was entering his final year at Hogwarts . He was getting a new broom plus whatever his mother rewarded him. In his mind, he had great, loyal friends. One of those friends, who he thought loved him with all her heart. Life was perfect for him, this might be one of the few times Harry envied Ron and wished to trade places with him.

Harry was beginning to understand how hard it would be if Hermione left Ron, and they started to go around publicly. Right from the start, he could see the redhead falling in love with her. If he was Hermione, he wouldn't be able to break Ron's heart, either.

So there goes my hope of one day being with Hermione, Harry thought sighing.

Avoiding the subject, he pulled the letter out of the envelope he had been carrying in his hand, and absentmindedly tilted it. Since he was not expecting something to be inside, it came to his surprise when something fell out. Hermione picked it up and her eyes widened. She gasped her hand flew over her mouth and her eyes were reading, this is getting complicated.

She handed Harry the object and he had to stop himself from imitating her actions earlier.

It was the Head Boy badge. He flipped through his pages until he found what he was looking for, his acceptance letter for HB.

Harry,

Mr. Weasley has kindly declined my offer to be Head Boy next year; therefore I have the spot available. You may be thinking that I should choose someone who is already a prefect to be honored with the position but I must insist that you be the one to take it. After all I was going to select you a prefect your fifth year but thought you had too much on your plate to handle it. Now your hands don't look quite so full from my point of view. If you accept my offer please arrive with Miss Granger at the prefect compartment to discuss your next actions. You will be in charge of the prefect as well as their hours patrolling and so forth. However you decide the hours you want to keep watch to best accommodate you. The privileges that you will have if you accept are listed below as well as the location of your new sleeping quarters.

Albus Dumbledore

The rest of the page was the same things that Hermione had told him from her letter.

"I guess that means I'm the new Head Boy," Harry said stating the obvious.

"You do realize this just got a hell of a lot more complicated."

"Yes, why don't we get our books and go sit down to talk," Harry said thinking that they had avoided this long enough.

Now I don't have to work as hard to keep my promise, Harry thought.

He still wanted to try and do his best, but at least now he felt he wasn't a complete loss.

They got their books and other materials they needed, then headed to the ice-cream shop to talk. Along the way, they did not saying one word to each other.

“Ok, let me first ask, what was up with this morning?” Hermione asked, breaking the silence.

Harry opened his mouth to speak but closed it again. How could he tell her without telling her. She already knew, he was sure, but saying the words out loud to her was harder than he thought.

“Harry, you were jealous. I’m not stupid, but you really do have to control your emotions. Remember, I am with Ron and he has a right to hold my hand.” Harry felt guilty and ashamed at her words.

“I know but I just-”

“Lost it, I completely understand... now we have to talk about yesterday.”

“I already told you the deal with that,” Harry said, remembering his statement of the stolen kiss.

“Harry, we can’t very well go around kissing while I am with Ron.”

“I know that.”

“Then, what do you suggest we do about this?”

“About what?”

“Harry; don’t be so thick, about us. You like me and I must have feelings for you or else I wouldn’t have kissed you,” she said, starting to get angry. Harry’s heart leaped up to his throat.

“Must have?”

“Harry please, this is complicated enough.”

“What 'Mione why can’t you just say the words out loud, I did?”

"Mione?" Hermione said, trying to hide a smile. He knew right away that she liked that.

"It's what I'm calling you from now on, now back to the question."

"Harry; please don't."

"Tell me you don't have feelings for me and I will lock mine away, just say it."

"And what am I suppose to do once I admit these feelings," Hermione said, sitting next to him so they were now whispering. She was close, too close...Harry felt uncomfortable.

"I... I don't know..." Harry said. It was the truth; he remembered the conclusion he had earlier in his mind.

"I can't leave Ron, you saw him in there, he... it's all so-"

"Complicated," Harry finished for her.

"I think... I think we should just be...friends." Even as Hermione said friends Harry could feel her distaste for the word. But he knew she was right, he just had been avoiding thinking about it all day.

"Do you regret kissing me?" Harry asked, startling himself with the question.

"No," Hermione said without hesitation.

"So we're still friends?" Harry asked, at least glad he had that.

"Yes, but don't be upset if it takes me a while to adjust again...we did kiss after all."

Harry felt lost. He couldn't have her, he always knew that. All he did was make things worse and for what, so they can start off where they had been in the beginning. Along the way, betraying his best friend and scarring their friendship forever.

One look in each other's eyes told them they couldn't live with betraying Ron; he was their best friend. Harry did the only thing he could do; he lifted his hand to Hermione and cupped her cheek with his hand. His thumb ran along her jaw-line and her soft lips, the same ones that tempted him the other night. This time he knew better and was not going to make the same mistake again. They both had the same understanding and in that sense it gave him peace. He knew, she knew how he felt and visa versa.

Her skin was soft; it reminded him of rose-petals. Her eyes closed at his touch and she unconsciously pushed her face into his hand. He dropped his hands to where hers lay, her eyes shot open. Green with brown, brown, with green, they knew. That was all they had to say.

"For now," Harry said aloud.

Hermione's gaze sharpened at those words. They weren't supposed to leave his lips and she knew this. She always knew and even though the words may not make sense to someone else, she knew. In his mind he had been thinking, things would stay the way they are, for now.

He lifted up her hands and kissed them, laying them on his chest in the same manner Ron had. He had purposely done this to see her reaction to his touches and his closeness compared to Ron's. Voldemort may return and turn Harry to the dark side in this instant, the evil thoughts he had flouting around in his mind. He focused on saying his momentary good-bye to the feeling he had, but the door opened and Harry's eyes were averted.

She had invaded him to receive all his emotions and feelings, down to his realization this was a good-bye to one another before they entered Hogwarts. Good-bye to an old way of being best friends and into a new one. Having gained some control she had opened herself completely to receive it but then had felt an intense amount of hatred hit her like a boulder. It had caught her off guard and made her get dizzy. The hatred he felt was more than enough to make anyone sick.

She pulled out of him and tried not to vomit from the sudden shift in feelings that had occurred. Harry noticed this in her eyes and his anger turned once more, only this time to worry.

“Are you ok?” Harry asked, completely forgetting who had just walked in the door.

“I’m fine, but who were you looking at just now?” Hermione said, watching Harry’s gaze drift back up to look for the culprit.

When Hermione turned, she could not have been met with a greater shock.

Draco Malfoy was in the ice cream shop. Not only that, but he was accompanied by a mop of red hair, Ginny Weasley.

AN: Don’t lose hope over them, they will get together, but they have to go through problems first. Lol. Promise you will love the next chapter.

Chapter Eight: Train Rides and Surprises

"Ginny what are you doing here?" Hermione asked, getting up from her seat not caring that Malfoy was in the room.

"I'm eating ice cream, is that a crime?" Ginny said, narrowing her eyes when she saw Hermione was with Harry.

"No, but talking to me must be," Malfoy said standing in front of Ginny.

"What are you playing at?" Hermione spat back at him, giving him a warning stare that made him sit down.

"Hermione I'm not doing anything wrong. I was just talking to him and we decided to have ice cream. You don't see me questioning you for being in here with Harry while Ron is at the Quidditch Supply do you?" the redhead said, temper rising by the second.

"Hermione and I are best friends and you know perfectly well neither her nor I would do anything to one another," Harry said, now pushing Hermione back.

Malfoy took this gesture as a sign of a challenge and raised himself from his seat.

"Look Potter, just because I don't like you and you don't like me doesn't mean you know me. I have no intentions on hurting anyone; I was merely having a conversation. Unlike some people I know." Malfoy's tone had such loathing it gave Hermione goose bumps.

She was trying with all her power to keep Harry's feelings from seeping into her but they were too strong at the moment. She felt the familiar wave of hatred hit her, though not as strong as before. The only thing that confused her was that there seemed to be a small portion of pity mingled into it.

"I didn't do that to your mother, Draco. It was a misdirected spell shot by one of your own," Harry said taking out his wand so quickly it took Malfoy by surprise.

“One of my own? If you mean the Death Eaters, they are not one of my own. Did it ever occur to you that maybe I didn’t want to be associated with trash like that? I want to change but some things make it difficult. And since when do you call me by my first name,” Malfoy said looking on the verge of tears. A Malfoy would never cry especially not in front of a so-called enemy.

“Despite what you may think I am truly sorry that your mother died. I did not kill her so don’t blame me, even though you think I’m the perfect excuse to use. As for changing, personally I don’t think you will ever change, but I’m no one to judge. What I see right now is someone who claims not to be in league with Death Eaters, yet defends them,” Harry said his voice softening.

“I am defending no one. I too am going by what I saw and I saw you standing over the body of my dead mother, you’re so selfish. I have no one. My father is in Azkaban going to get the kiss soon and now my mother, the only person who really cared about me is gone because of you.” Hermione could feel the intense amount of pain Harry felt for Malfoy, but he said nothing.

She shouldn’t have been there in the first place, she was a Death Eater. What would you expect when your mother goes into the Ministry with allies who are killing left and right? It was dangerous and she chose to be there, how could that be my fault? Hermione heard Harry think.

So, that’s what happened. Someone broke into the ministry and Malfoy’s mother must have gotten into the crossfire, Hermione thought to herself.

“Honestly, Malfoy how can you blame Harry for something that your mother did of her own accord? No one forced her to go to the Ministry, and no one forced her to be around whom she was with. Being a Death Eater has consequences, and she knew what she was doing,” Hermione said startling herself. She knew she had gone too far. Draco had gone pale but his face showed his true anger.

He raised his wand to fire but didn’t take aim at Hermione to her surprise, he took aim at Harry.

“Furnunculus,” he yelled, but Hermione had already said, “Protego.” It bounced off and hit Malfoy in the arm sending him right into the arms of Ginny.

Ginny looked up and stared daggers at her.

“You know, you two really should mind your own business,” Ginny said helping Malfoy up. The spell had caused his arm to break out in boils and Ginny quickly muttered the counterjinx.

Hermione couldn’t understand why Ginny was acting like this. Wasn’t it Malfoy who had teased her in her first year for liking Harry and always made fun of the way she dressed? Hadn’t he said enough remarks to her brother about being poor and to Harry? He was always starting things with Harry. Has that not been more than too much?

Malfoy stood up in a rustle and had only gained his posture before an angry store clerk tried to kick him out.

Malfoy didn’t need telling twice. He gave Hermione a dark look that said you are going to pay for this and was ushered out in a hustle.

Ginny looked up with a hurt look in her eyes.

The owner was waving his arm angrily, saying something about how they were causing a disturbance and scaring away customers. He kept pointing to the sign that said NO DUELING written in bold letter outside the store. Ginny was tired of hearing this and stormed out, leaving a fuming manager behind. Everyone had been staring at what had happened and since the owner had been in the back, he hadn’t heard when Malfoy had said Harry’s last name. The customers knew this was Harry Potter and despite him being yelled at, had tried to get his autograph.

Hermione wished she could have taken a picture of the look the man had when he realized the person he was yelling at was the-boy-who-lived.

All his insults were turned around into saying that their order would be paid for and he could come back for the next month to get whatever he wanted from the store free. His apologies were accepted. Harry did not, however, leave without paying and told the man he did intend on returning, but would pay if it happened to be in the next month. Harry was getting a bit overwhelmed by all the attention so Hermione grabbed his hand and pulled him out. They both looked at each other after exiting the store and broke out into a run.

Hermione stopped.

She was out of breath and needed to get air. She was bent over and clutching her side. Harry did the same. When she looked to her side, she saw him with a look on his face she couldn't describe.

"What?"

"Nothing," he said giving her a lopsided smile.

"Why are you looking at me like that," Hermione said not giving in.

Because you're so damn pretty when you're flushed like that, she heard Harry think.

"I was just thinking how incredibly powerful you have grown. That spell caught me off guard yet you had your shield up so quickly.... I don't know... you're stronger than you look, I mean... you've always been able to do any spell you set your mind to. I just never realized..."

"That I may be just as powerful as you?" Hermione said, finishing his sentence. She didn't need to read his mind or his feelings to figure that one out.

"Yeah," Harry said simply, getting a dazed look in his eyes.

"Awww, now isn't that touching." Malfoy's voice rang out from the shadows.

Harry immediately got in front of Hermione with his wand out. She could feel his determination for Malfoy to never catch him off guard again. It was still ridiculous.

I'm perfectly capable of defending myself just as much as he is. Was he not just saying a minute ago that I can fight just as well as he can, Hermione thought while balling her fists together.

"What do you want now, Malfoy?" Harry said this time with no pity or remorse in his voice.

"So now we're back to last name terms? Jeez, Potter, make up your mind. I see that I have struck a soft spot with you I didn't think the Mudblood mattered that much to you in your heart," Malfoy said putting his hand over his heart doing an impression of a lovesick person.

Harry blushed, and this caused Hermione to blush. He was right, Harry however didn't like being on the losing side of anything.

"She's my best friend so yes, I do love her. You, however, are just stepping too far out of your league if you think to ever get anywhere near Ginny." Harry smiled as he watched his expression, pleased that he had hit one of Malfoy's nerves.

"Mark my words Potter; you had better stay out of what doesn't concern you. I happen to think quite highly of Ginny, which does not mean that I am going to make her my wife, so you can back off. You may not have killed my mother with your wand but you let her die.

I know you moved Weasley out of the way and that is why it hit her. If it wasn't for Ginny, I would say something else on that matter. I tried to tell you in the shop I am willing to oversee all of that and change to be your friend but you seem to keep slapping my friendship away."

"I'm sorry but it's going to take a lot more than a speech to convince me you truly have switched sides, for all I know you could be a spy. How can I be sure? I can't, you have to earn confidence not force it on someone. You can start by lowering your wand."

Malfoy hesitated but eventually did. Harry did the same and they stared at each other hatred written in every line of their faces.

So he's going to be good just still hate Harry, Ron, and me that makes no sense, Hermione thought.

Without warning, Malfoy turned and walked away into the depths of Knockturn Alley.

Harry and Hermione did the same and headed to Quality Quidditch Supplies once again.

"Do you think he's telling the truth, or he's just trying to get close so he can stab you in the back when you're not looking?" Hermione asked Harry, even though she already knew the answer.

"I think he's playing with me, but I'm not going to go in with my back turned, you can count on that. As for the whole ordeal with Ginny, I don't think it's our place to tell Ron. He has a right to know and we probably should tell him but I don't think I would like it if Ginny went and told Ron I was snogging the brains out Parvati or something. Especially if we were trying to keep it under wraps," Harry said, not thinking how his comment would affect Hermione.

"Why Parvati? Why couldn't you say me or something? You must really want to do something with her now that you can't have me," Hermione said snappishly. Her hand flew to her mouth.

Her mouth had moved and she had said the words, but she didn't tell her brain to say that. She was supposed to think it. Now it was too late and Harry gave her a sideways look.

"How could you say something like that? I used her name because I didn't want to use yours, considering what has happened and what we talked about. You don't seem to know what you want. I however do, so don't blame me for your mistakes. I already have the rest of the world to do that for me," Harry said raising his voice. Hermione felt guilty watching him get angry.

"I'm sorry can we forget about this already? We're here and I don't want to be fighting about us in front of him," Hermione said entering the shop.

She was angry with herself. Pissed off that she couldn't have what she knew deep down her heart wanted. Harry was a walking bomb waiting for the wrong person to push his buttons. He calmed down after a while of looking at Quidditch equipment with Ron and it wasn't until they got home when he spoke a word to her.

"Have you seen Hedwig?"

"No, why?"

"Because I haven't seen her," Harry said rather coldly.

"I could help you look for her if you like," Hermione said jumping and the idea of making up.

That was until Harry replied, "No thanks." He was still angry as he walked off in the other direction.

No, she thought. His heart is broken, I can tell by his voice, no matter how hard he tries to hide it.

She hadn't tapped into him after he got mad at her because she would get so many mixed signals. That, on top of her feelings, was enough to drive a person crazy.

For the rest of the summer he had to endure watching the happy couple. They were everywhere he went. He tried to get fresh air; they were going for a walk. He went to Ron's room; they were there playing cards. He went to the living room; they were there watching a movie. Well, Hermione was watching and Ron was asleep. He went to the kitchen Ron was trying to feed Hermione even though she would push him away, still. He went to use the bathroom and there she was, coming out.

He even had an instant where it was very early and to beat the morning rush he went to take a shower. Hermione had turned off the water knob and was toweling herself dry in the tub and Harry walked in unaware someone was already in there. Harry guessed she didn't hear him come in and he had just about to take off his boxers when Hermione opened the curtain. The only thing he got to see was two breasts that, mind you, were not bad at all. From the little glimpse, before a towel was thrown at his face, he saw that they were perfect.

They were begging and waiting for him to touch, suck, and squeeze, but he couldn't allow himself to think about that. He respected Hermione, but she was the only one who ever gave him those thoughts. Not even Cho had ever made him want to have sex with her, and sometimes just hearing Hermione's name was enough to get him worked up. He didn't try and remove the towel until he knew she was gone. Replaying the image only made him get harder faster and he decided a cold shower is just what he would need.

Hedwig had been absent more times that Harry cared to count. He had a strong suspicion that Ginny was using her to send messages, but didn't have the energy to confront her.

When the time came to return to Hogwarts, Harry was grateful. At least there, he had many other places to hide from Hermione and Ron.

They were woken early; an hour early because Mrs. Weasley had a suspicion not everything was packed the previous night.

Even with the extra hour, they still arrived at the station with only ten minutes to spare.

Mrs. Weasley said her goodbyes to everyone and beamed particularly oddly to Hermione, Harry must have been the only one to notice. He didn't like it because he felt she knew something they didn't.

Or maybe Hermione and I don't but Ron does, Harry thought.

He felt a knot in his throat. Could it be that Ron was thinking of doing something this year that would make it so no one would forget it? Jealousy was something Harry grew to constantly have that it was second nature to him, so he stopped trying to hide it.

No one cared to notice anyways, no one but Hermione. Ron was too wrapped up in her to notice anything strange. Not even when Harry started acting a little too cold towards him did he shake a doubt. Ginny, thank Merlin, had left him completely alone the rest of the summer. She was all gushy over the couple, making it painfully obvious that they were in love. Hermione and Ginny had made up and had become inseparable; Harry couldn't help but wonder if Hermione talked about him or Ron.

"Harry, we have to go to the prefect compartment, remember?" Hermione said, after they had found a place in the middle of the train to put their stuff.

"Right, I'll see you guys later," Harry said, to Ron and Ginny while, Hermione was pulled into Ron.

Every inch of Harry was telling him not to look but his eyes didn't listen. Ron had tried to give Hermione a kiss on the lips but she averted it and it landed on her cheek.

Harry had to wait for Hermione because she knew the way.

The meeting was a basic time scheduling of the routines they were going to take, created by Hermione. What to do's and what if's, but Harry was dazed. Normally, he was attentive to whatever Hermione was saying, but now that he would finally be alone with her he didn't want to fall in love with her again. Ron being around stopped this so his best chance was to blank her out.

"Ok, we will start by patrolling the train, Harry and I will go first and then you two can have the next shift..."

Hermione kept talking but Harry didn't catch a word after that, he was staring at her.

Oh no, don't look. God she's so... no, no...wait she's not talking anymore, Harry thought.

Harry looked up and met her gaze, she was staring at him. He stood his ground trying hard not to blink or show emotion on his face. Harry was wondering why she had stopped talking and was now staring at him. With the timing, he could say she read his mind.

No you stupid ass, Hermione can't read your thoughts. No one can unless they know Occlumency.

Harry sealed his mind, Hermione seemed startled and her eyebrows came together trying to concentrate. Harry would be able to feel if she was trying to break into his mind now because he had but up a barrier so strong Voldemort hadn't been able to break it.

He was just thinking how stupid he must be if he thought Hermione could do anything as farfetched as that when a giggle from one of the girl brought him back into reality.

Hermione's eyes darted to this girl and she blushed. They must have been staring at each other for a while. No one knew Hermione was with Ron and this was sure to start rumors about Harry and Hermione.

She finished what she was saying and dismissed everyone.

"We better go to the back of the train and work our way up," Hermione said, catching up to Harry. He was on his way to the back of the train and was trying to get as far away from Hermione as possible.

"Whatever."

"Harry, I wish you would tell me what's wrong."

"Nothing. Life's perfect, 'Mione," Harry said remembering his nickname for her.

"Harry I'm not stupid, remember you can't hide your feelings from me no matter how hard you try."

“Mione you say this as if you don’t already know the answer.”

“I... just... I have to tell you something. I have feelings for you...ok I still do. I thought it was just lust or som...:”

“Lust,” Harry said letting his mind wander to inappropriate thoughts.

Hermione didn’t look him in the eyes. “Yes lust, but I see its turning out to be something different. I think what I’m trying to say is the more I try not to the more I am... falling in love with you.”

This statement took Harry by surprise. He didn’t think she was going to say that. He knew he was in love with her, but looking at her and Ron told him otherwise about her feelings.

“Oh... well I’m sure you already know... I don’t think I’m in love with you,” Harry said stopping Hermione near one of the empty compartments at the back off the train.

Her face fell and tears were building in her eyes when she finally got the courage to look up at him.

“Of course not, that would be my fault. I can’t expect you to wait around forever, right?” Hermione said while the water dam in her eyes broke.

Harry tried not to look at her; it ached his heart to see her cry. He didn’t understand why she had to do this now. All the pain he had suffered by seeing Ron and her together, then to throw this at him? What did she expect him to say?

The truth, he thought.

“You misinterpreted my words,” Harry said in a whisper. He was going to regret saying this but his heart would regret it more if he didn’t.

“What do you mean,” Hermione said clearing her eyes.

"I know I'm in love with you." Harry said almost swallowing the words.

"Oh Harry," was all she could say.

He didn't have time to think, he didn't have much time to react. He had been deciding if he should kiss her again or not when she decided for them. Her lips were pushed against his backing him against the wall.

This wasn't the sweet and slow kiss that they had on his birthday; this one was more desperate and forceful.

"Harry," she said between mouthfuls. Her hands were going up his shirt and rubbing across his abs.

This was driving him wild. He was getting hard and he didn't care if she could feel it.

Then suddenly she stopped, panting and out of breath, she looked up at him. Not a trace of guilt in her eyes, only lust, love, and passion. She didn't regret it and he could tell that she was asking permission to go on.

Harry grabbed her and pulled her into his body with as much force as he could, he kissed her, moving his head left and right, dragging his lips across hers with every kiss. He had been against the wall so he flipped her around and let his hands wander up her waist. Her skin was so warm; he made circles around her belly button and caused her back to arch more into him.

"Harry... we need...inside...hallway," she said between gaps of kisses.

Without ungluing himself from her, Harry made to feel for the handle of the nearest compartment. He had found it but Hermione had moaned in his mouth causing him to avert his hands back to her waist. She made to open the compartment herself and found it locked. She pushed Harry off and whispered, "Alohomora."

Harry spun her around so quick Hermione got dizzy. He began running kisses down her jaw line and behind her ear lobes. Her constant moaning let him know she liked every moment of it. They were slowly backing into the compartment and then practically burst through it. Without paying attention they closed it never separating their frantic hungry kisses.

The train jerked and caused them to fall against the wall where Hermione grabbed Harry's hand and lead it up to her breasts. He knew she meant for him to play with them and it wasn't that he didn't know how. He didn't want to disrespect her and take advantage of this heated moment they were having. If things went too far, he also didn't want her to end up regretting it.

Too late now, he thought.

He buried his face in her neck kissing every piece he could see. Her hand once again grabbed his and she forced it upon her breasts.

"Harry please!" Her voice was pleading enough; he knew she wanted this now more than anything. Her body was getting hotter so he did just as she asked. He slid his hands up, forgetting about decency and cupped her right breast. He still had her pinned against the wall and all she could do was grab the back of his hair and pull him into another passionate kiss.

Her breasts were everything that he imagined, they felt so soft and firm and he wanted to suck on them. Hermione had picked up one of her legs in an attempt to wrap it around him.

Her moaning was only making it worse for him. He was rock hard and it was starting to agitate him painfully. He still had his hand in up her shirt so he played with her nipples until they got hard. He broke apart from her mouth and slipped his hand out from under her shirt.

Stupid shirt, it's in the way, he thought, reaching down from her collar and ripping it open like paper.

He was just about to get lost in them when Hermione went rigid. She stopped and pulled him up; already he knew something was wrong.

She was probably thinking how far it was going and the logic in her brain was starting to kick in. He was out of breath and felt weak. A moment ago she was about to fall over if he wasn't holding her up, but now she was standing straight up as tense as a nail.

When his eyes met hers, he saw fear, not scary there's a monster fear, but fear of something going to happen. She motioned with her head for Harry to turn around and he did, afraid of what he was going to see.

Ginny and Draco were sitting on the far side of the compartment. Harry and Hermione hadn't even made it to the seats. Ginny was sitting without a shirt but was holding what appeared to be Malfoy's shirt to hide herself from view.

BUSTED!

Chapter Nine: A Prophecy Unknown

All four people in the compartment were dead silent. No one spoke a word and no one moved. To Harry, it felt like an hour had gone by, but in reality only five minutes had past.

It was a 'twins gone wrong' moment. Harry and Malfoy, who should have been making some sort of smart remark to one another or staring with hate inside the pupils of their eyes, were quiet and still.

They both looked nervously from each other to their partners several times, not knowing what to do about the situation at hand.

Hermione and Ginny were too worried about getting snitched on by each other to care about anger or explanations.

"Hermione I-" "Ginny I-" Both girls exclaimed in unison.

"I won't tell, if you won't tell." Ginny finally spoke first, getting straight to the point. Hermione didn't hesitate.

"Deal." They shook hands and Hermione grabbed Harry to turn him around to allow Ginny time to get dressed.

Without a word to them, Malfoy and Ginny left at a swift pace out through the compartment door. As soon as the door had closed, Hermione sank into the seat and let out a sigh.

"I have never been more humiliated in my life. They saw everything, heard all the noises I was making and... and... what if we had...ohhhhh!" Hermione cried out and put her face into her hands.

Harry was still in shock, he still couldn't register that Ginny had been doing what she was doing with Malfoy, of all people.

She is just a child; on top of that she'd Ron's little sister. Draco can't possibly care about her this much. She's only known him for a short while, how could she even think about having sex with him. Were they even going to have sex? It looked that way to me. Yeah, that's

probably what they were thinking about me and Hermione, but we weren't going to, so they might not have been about to either.

That's a lie because if they hadn't interrupted us who knows what would have happened,

Harry thought.

"Harry."

"Huh?"

"We made a deal and we can't tell Ron, ok, or our secret will be out of the bag."

"I know..." Harry said not paying too much attention. He didn't plan on telling Ron either; Ron would most likely kill him for not killing Malfoy on the spot.

"Harry I know you're worried about Ginny right now but don't be, she is a big girl. As much as you or Ron don't want to see it, she is only a year younger than us. As for Malfoy, I think if he were to try and mess with her he'd be in more trouble than if it was one of us. She does have a mean Bat-Bogey Hex, and I would hate to be in the receiving end of it. Also, no offense, but her temper is a lot worse than yours. All I can think of to say is good luck to him," Hermione said while actually smiling.

Harry chuckled.

"I know she won't say anything to Ron, but what about Malfoy? He can easily let his mouth slip and claim it wasn't him."

"Again, this is where the good old Weasley temper comes in. Someone finds out about us they will find out about them, I made a contract with Ginny."

"What contract?"

"The one where we shook hands. Neither she nor I can tell anyone about what happened here. So therefore if someone blabs it will have to be only Malfoy because I know you're not going to go around on the top of your lungs screaming it out. She will assume the same and there will be hell to pay. She's probably somewhere telling him right now; the thing I'm worried about is if someone other than her finds out about us. What if this compartment had been filled with Slytherins, we really need to watch what we do and when," Hermione said repairing the shirt that Harry had ripped in half.

"What we do and when?" Harry asked.

Hermione looked up and stared at him. He could see how she was trying her best to explain something to him without actually saying the words.

"What we do when we think no one is looking."

We don't have to worry about that in front of Ron he's so oblivious to the truth he wouldn't see it if it danced naked and bent over right in front of him, Harry thought.

"A bit harsh don't you think Harry," Hermione said without thinking.

"What?"

"Nothing."

"No, you said that it was a bit harsh. What did you mean?"

"I was... I meant... what you said about Ron." Hermione was now putting on the most innocent face possible.

"I didn't say anything about Ron."

"Yeah you did...you said it. I heard you," Hermione said, looking everywhere except Harry

"Oh," Harry said.

I need to watch that I don't say those things out loud. I could have sworn I had thought it. She's right though that was a bit harsh to Ron, Harry thought.

Awkward moment...

"Oh no, we have gone over our shift," Hermione said jumping up in alarm.

She grabbed Harry's hand and dragged him out the compartment. Harry noticed she was getting a habit of grabbing him instead of telling him but he wasn't complaining.

Upon reaching the middle of the train the flow of students was high. Everyone had been jumping out of their seats to see the famous Harry Potter walking up to the head of the train. He felt like a rare animal at a zoo while everyone peered around to get a look at him. Some doors slid open to reveal a few not so welcoming groups who were giving him and Hermione frowns and rolling their eyes. Not everyone seemed to be happy.

The girls were the worse part. They didn't even seem to register the grief of their fallen friends. Harry thought that Cho's and many other girls' deaths would have put a stop to all their nonsense and apparently, it didn't. It seemed odd, many of them were ecstatic to have the-boy-who-lived even glance their way. That wasn't a hard fact to register into one's brain, then why did the faces suddenly give him an evil glare.

The whispers, well they weren't really whispers because no one seemed to be trying to actually make sure he didn't hear them, were getting on his nerves.

"Look at him; they say he's gone quite mad..."

"Beating Voldemort, gone to his head, it's becoming too large..."

"There goes the greatest wizard who ever lived..."

“I heard Voldemort is somewhere inside of him. Waiting to come out of his scar...”

“No one knows what happened, his body was never found, and he made it all up so he could look like a hero...”

“He saved our lives last year, his common room was right next to mine...”

“My aunt told me he was going to be next to try and reach ultimate power, then he was going to take over the world...”

“I transferred here just so I could see him and be able to say I went to the same school as Harry Potter.”

“Oh he is so handsome, and when he's on a broom playing Quidditch...”

“I'm going to ask to be placed in Gryffindor too...”

“It's not fair; I'm so much prettier...”

“Don't look at his eyes, they hypnotize...”

“I'm going to get his autograph by the end of this school year...”

“She's so ugly...”

“He can do much better...”

“I bet I can get him to sleep with me in two months...”

“I knew they would end up together sooner or later...”

“They look so good together...”

The last statements that he over heard threw him off completely as something squeezed him hand. It was Hermione; they had been holding hands since they had gotten out of the compartment and forgotten to put them down.

There goes 'watch what you do and when.' The whole school probably knows by now, Harry thought.

He let his hand drop, alerting Hermione to his recent discovery. She lightly put her hand on her forehead and walked into the prefect compartment.

The talking stopped when they entered; the conversation must have been about them. Hermione blushed and told the Prefects she was sorry she was late and that something had come up.

She was a bad liar; Harry would never have believed the story she was making up about why they were late. She made it seem like half the school broke into a fight. If this were true, they would have heard about it by now.

"The new passwords are listed on the paper I am handing out. After reading and reciting, I suggest you burn it, so no one finds it. You all know what to do," Hermione said gesturing them to proceed.

The walk back to the compartment wasn't as bad as the first walk; people were now getting into their school robes and getting excited about arriving at Hogwarts for the first time or again.

They reached their destination faster than they hoped. Harry kept opening his mouth trying to say something, but he didn't know what he wanted to say.

"Hey guys, long time no see," Neville said reaching over and shaking Hermione's hand. He was acting very peculiar towards her.

"Harry how have you been," Luna asked carefully.

"Fine, thank you," Harry said sitting down. Ron's seat was taken so she sat down next to Harry.

"Where have you guys been were almost there?" Ron's reply never came because Ginny had just come in.

Harry and Hermione eyed each other and Ginny proceeded to act as if they didn't exist.

"Where have you been?" Ron demanded from Ginny.

"Wow, you sound a lot like mom when you do that, it's scary... don't do it again," Ginny said changing the subject.

"I do not!"

"Anyways, I was with my friends. I don't know why you care; you're always trying to throw me out."

"The train stopped," Neville said disrupting a fight waiting to happen.

Harry and Hermione put on their robes sloppily and hurried off to greet the first years.

"I'll meet you at the table, ok Hermes." Ron waved as Hermione departed.

"Ron, isn't that your brother's owl's name."

Hermione turned around trying to pretend that she didn't hear that from Neville.

The first years arrived and were escorted to the great hall. Harry and Hermione missed the sorting; they had to patrol the hall for any wandering students.

They arrived just as the last name was being sorted into Hufflepuff.

Professor Dumbledore stood up to give his usual speech. "As many of you know, the Forbidden Forest is out of bounds to sixth year and below unless on detention and/or accompanied by a teacher. The list of forbidden objects in the castle is listed on Mr. Filch's door for those of you who are not sure what the items are. Foremost, I would like to announce our new Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher, please

welcome back Professor Lupin.” There was an eruption of applause from the Gryffindor table and as usual none from the Slytherins.

“Second, I would like to present this years Head Boy and Girl...” He motioned for them to come forward.

This is complete torture, making me go up in front of the whole school, Harry thought. Hermione looked at him and showed she felt his anguish.

“Mr. Harry Potter and Miss Hermione Granger.” Hermione grabbed his hand and forced him into a bow with her.

“It’s tradition,” Hermione whispered, at the confused look on Harry’s face. This only led him to be even more confused.

There was a large amount of applause, more than with Professor Lupin and Harry couldn’t understand why considering all the things he had heard on the train.

“I’m sure I don’t have to say anything upon the matter of the young man that is standing before me. He has saved many lives and has defeated a wizard who had been terrorizing fear into the hearts of millions since before you were born. This year is a time for change and a time for traditions to start coming back anew.” Unsure what that meant Harry took it as a sign to sit down.

Ron was giving him a glaring look Harry had seen too often in the mirror in his time at the Burrow, jealousy.

“All the students in fifth year and above will be allowed to vote today on Hogwarts Superlatives. The person you vote for must be in seventh or sixth year, and they will be placed in the new book that Colin Creevey has volunteered to put together. This yearbook is much like the Muggle one in their schools. Although ours will be modified to naturally be magical. They will go on sale at end of the school year and will have every student’s picture inside of it. The voting will begin now and if you have trouble remembering someone’s name a Gloiski Ball will be around to you shortly,” Dumbledore added.

“What is a Gloiski Ball?” Ron asked making a funny face.

Everyone’s attention was suddenly on Hermione.

“What? It’s a ball that you are supposed to touch and the person who you are thinking about will show up on the ball. It’s a modification of a Remembrall and can also be programmed so that if you cannot remember their names it will tell you but that only works if that person has been programmed into it,” Hermione said like it was a shock only she knew this.

“Then it won’t work because I haven’t been programmed in,” Ron said nudging Seamus in the ribs.

“Actually, I’m positive Dumbledore programmed everyone in it already so there would be no problem, Ronald Bilius Weasley.”

“Ouch,” Seamus said flinching at the sound of Ron’s full name.

Dumbledore snapped his fingers and at once papers appeared before the appropriate students, along with quills.

The paper read:

Meant to be together

Funniest

Shyest

Worst flyer

Smartest

Best friends

Teacher Tormentor

Drama king and queen

Most likely to get a detention

Most likely to sleep in class

Most likely to play Quidditch for a Living

Most unique

Most popular

Most attractive

Most talkative

Best eyes

Best smile

Best hair

Best teeth

Next Charms teacher

Next Herbology teacher

Next Potions teacher

Next Transfiguration teacher

Next Divination teacher

Next DADA teacher

ECT.....

“So, we have to fill in who we think applies,” Ginny said already marking down her votes.

"I know who I'm putting down for Meant to be together," Ron said blushing and scribbling down anxiously.

"Me too," Neville said starting to write down his answer. Harry couldn't help but to be curious and he looked to see Ron write his own name and Hermione's.

The only problem was that Ron hadn't told anyone he was dating her so Harry doubted anyone would know. He thought, thinking back to all the couples who he knew to be dating, yet none seemed to fit the profile he was looking for.

After about twenty minutes of talking amongst each other about who would be what, Harry had finally filled out his form and the only space left was at the very top. He looked to Neville's paper to see if he had a different answer than Ron, because Harry was not about to put down Ron and Hermione if he could help it. Hermione had been eying him, when he finally noticed her; he saw she too had left that spot blank.

Over Neville's hand, Harry made out an H but couldn't figure out if it was the boys name or the girls that it started with. Hermione was also noticeably leaning over to try and sneak a peak as well. When Neville moved his arms Harry's heart stopped, he had put Harry and Hermione under that slot.

Wide-eyed, Harry looked over to his brown eyed beauty and found her blushing. Harry quickly wrote the same on his slot and pulled it into the air. It disappeared; Hermione tried to stop him but was far too late.

He could see the corners of her mouth wanting to twitch into a smile; she gave him a disappointing glare and sat back down.

"What did Harry put you down for the wrong category?"

"Wrong?" Hermione asked Ron stiffening at his question.

"Yeah, like instead of smartest did he put you down for worst flyer or something," Ron said making everyone at the table laugh.

“No, he put you down for Drama King.” Hermione retorted back causing an ‘ohhhhhh’ to be echoed in the Great Hall.

“Ok guys, no fighting,” Harry said not wanting to hear more of their bickering. His attention was directed upon the Headmaster who was now addressing the school once more.

“Please raise your votes in the air at this moment if you have not already done so. I’m sure there are a lot of hungry people out there waiting to eat.”

The chaos was tripled as people tried to anxiously answer their remaining questions; Hermione was still stuck on the first one.

Harry deliberately stared at her to make sure he got a sight of her writing when she made up her mind.

She looked to her side to make sure Ron wasn’t looking and neither was Neville.

It would be nice wouldn’t it? Although I’m sure we wouldn’t win. But I’m not with Harry, I’m with Ron. Then again, I don’t fancy being in the yearbook in this category with him. Well one vote or two won’t change anything so I’ll put what my heart tells me, Hermione said.

Said, no, she didn’t say anything. Her lips weren’t moving but Harry heard her speak. It was almost as if he was hearing her... her thoughts?

Thoughts, that has to be it. She wouldn’t say anything like that out loud so close to Ron. He might have overheard her and... but I can’t read minds. Maybe it’s a new power; I was concentrating on her rather hard. Either I imagined it or I’m going crazy, nice options to have, Harry thought slouching in his seat.

Harry shook his head and let his eyes wander to her paper, he however noticed wasn’t the only one who was trying to read it. Ron was desperately moving in weird positions but Hermione’s hand was

in the way and it blocked him from the destination his eyes were seeking.

“Ron what did you do with my Chocolate Frog Collection,” Harry interrupted him.

“What?” Ron asked, looking up and then back down, but it was gone. He searched frantically around to see if she had hidden it somewhere with no luck.

“I said what did you do with my Chocolate Frog Collection?” Harry repeated himself. Even though this interruption had cost him seeing what he wanted, as well. It avoided Ron seeing it and that was something Harry was willing to sacrifice. He would have to ask Hermione about it later.

“I... I think I left it at home, sorry mate,” Ron said slouching with disappointment.

“Hermione you put us as Meant to be, right?”

Hermione jumped slightly but only Harry noticed. “Of course,” she said, rather high-pitched.

The food had arrived just in time. Ron didn’t seem convinced but stuffing his face with food got his mind off his suspicions.

After the Feast, Hermione said goodnight to Ron and her and Harry set off to do Head Boy and Girl duties. They didn’t say a word to one another the whole time. Once their part was done they both headed off into the direction of their new sleeping quarters.

“What do you think our password should be?” Hermione asked.

“I don’t know, something that reflect us but hard for someone else to figure out.”

“How about secrets, lies, or affair? Which do you like best?” she asked, sarcastically.

“What is that suppose to mean?” Harry asked getting angry.

“Nothing...”

“Guilty conscious got to you?” Harry said softening his voice.

“Yeah, so how about the password.”

“Instead of thinking the bad of our relationship we should think of the good...I got it,” Harry said playing a devilish grin on his face.

“What is it?”

“Not telling unless you tell.”

“Tell you what, Harry? I have already diverged my secrets to you.”

“Tell me what you put down for the votes under the category of Meant to be together...”

“Oh...” Hermione blushed and tried to hide the smile that wanted to creep up from her face.

“Tell me or I won’t tell you the password.”

“Ok, I put you and me down. I’m such a horrible person.” Harry wrapped his arms around her and she began to let silent tears run down her cheeks.

He didn’t think she was a horrible person; he put the same thing down. He didn’t know why it just felt so right to do it, but it did.

Hermione sniffed and lifted her head from his chest. “I told you, now what do you think the password should be.”

“Well, I was thinking it should be how I feel about you...Always and Forever, for how long you will be in my heart,” Harry said seriously.

Hermione gave him a weak smile and her eyes began to water. Harry hoped she wouldn't start crying again, even if she were to be crying from joy. He hated to see her cry.

"It's perfect." She looked over to the portrait and said the new password. It opened inviting the two people standing outside to enter.

Their new common room was smaller than their house ones but was miraculous nonetheless. It had a sofa for two and the huge fireplace that can be used to Floo. To the left were two doors spaced widely apart. Each person took turns exploring their room and then proceeded to check out each other's.

"Isn't this great? Mind you, the only thing I think I have to worry about it forgetting to lock the bathroom. I hope we don't have to have a replay of what happened at the Burrow happen here," Hermione said, sitting down on the comfy couch.

"You say that like I haven't already touched them," Harry teased.

"Harry!"

He scooted next to her with his elbow on the backrest for support so he could see her properly.

"Did anyone ever tell you that firelight makes you look beautiful?"

"No, but thank you for the compliment," Hermione said, blushing.

Harry reached over and moved away pieces of fallen hair from her face; he was entranced and had to touch her soft skin with his bare hands. She stared up at him and he knew he was the first person to ever touch her face like that.

I wish you would talk to me and tell me everything that is on your mind, Hermione thought wistfully.

Harry jerked his hand down and gave Hermione a crazy look.

"What?" Hermione asked.

"Nothing... I just... so you want to stay up a little late and talk?"
Hermione's eyes lit up and she smiled from ear to ear.

I love it when she does that; I'm the only one who can make her smile like that. My Mione...Harry thought happily.

"Did you know that Ron freaked when he found out you were Head Boy? He kept thinking that I was going to be too busy spending time with you to pay attention to him. Then I convinced him that it had better be you than some other guy, but I think he still suspects something. You would think that he would be more jealous about other guys around me but when it comes down to it, you are what worries him the most."

"He has a reason to worry."

"Yeah, but what if we weren't together, he would be wrongly accusing us," Hermione argued

"But he's not."

"Harry, you love to contradict everything I say don't you," Hermione said laughing.

"Yes, please let's not talk about Ron; I don't want to have a guilty conscious running after me while I am with you."

"Ok," Hermione said snuggling up in Harry's arms so they were looking into the fire. She knew what she was doing was wrong, but it felt so right to be in his arms.

"When we were in front of the school you made me bow, what did you mean 'it's tradition.' I don't remember any of the other Head Boy or Girls stand up and do that."

"Well if you read Hogwarts, a History you would know that it is. The reason that the others didn't do it is because they didn't read the book or didn't know."

“Dumbledore must have known you would do it right,” Harry said truthfully. Hermione laughed.

That night they talked their souls out. Harry told her all that happened at the Ministry and how he had been feeling all summer, excluding his recent discovery. He decided that if he wasn't sure what was going on there was no sense in bothering her.

Hermione told him how she had dealt with Ron over the summer and how he was very sweet to her. She also said how hard it was for her to know why Harry was upset, yet not be able to do anything about it. She too excluded telling him about her discovery the day of his party. Other than that, they told each other anything and everything falling asleep on the very couch holding each other.

When Harry woke he felt warm and didn't want to move. A ray of light had been bothering him and he got up to close the curtains. He looked over and saw the sleeping form he had left and wanted to crawl back in and hold her.

“Hermione it's morning, were going to be late if you don't hurry up.” Hermione shot up and rubbed her face.

“What time is it...oh no.” Without saying good morning to Harry, she ran to the bathroom to shower and brush her teeth. Harry had all his clothes out and was just waiting for Hermione to exit the bathroom so he, too, could shower. At their top speed they were both ready in ten minutes and went out the doors to go to breakfast.

“We really need to get an alarm,” Hermione said out of breath, entering the Great Hall.

“We?” Harry questioned raising an eyebrow. They had to cut their conversation short reaching certain ears.

They sat down in their usual seats; Ron was already eating and laid a smack on Hermione's cheek.

“Ron, I really would appreciate it if you wouldn’t do that with your mouth full.”

“Sorry Hermione,” he said taking her hand while many people were starting to stare. This was the first form of PDA the two had, had since they arrived. Professor McGonagall then started coming around handing out their schedules.

“For those of you who have been asking me repeatedly, the results for the votes will be in at dinnertime. Please pass on the word to the others,” Dumbledore’s voice rang out, throughout the Great Hall.

Their schedules had just been handed to them and Harry looked at his chocking at it in disbelief.

“There is no way I’m going to have Divination and especially not first.” Hermione had the same look on her face.

“If you think you reject that, try me. I have it as well, I quite remember dropping from that class in my third year.”

“Dropping, you stormed out, more like it,” Ron said jokingly. His schedule appeared to be Divination free this year.

Hermione would not stand for this, she motioned Harry to follow her and told Ron she would be back in a second. Without waiting for a reply, she marched right up to the Headmasters table.

Harry followed her; every eye was following the pair as they made their way up.

Hermione was in pure rage; she looked Professor Dumbledore straight in the eye and without blinking said, “What is this?”

Amusement washed over Dumbledore’s face, he lifted the paper to view what he was being accused of better.

“Well Miss Granger, it says here you are to report to Divination first lesson today.”

“Professor, I think there has been a mistake. I do not wish to take this class, so why was I placed into it?”

“If this is the case then I do not understand why you are talking to me and not the head of your house,” he replied casually. At this point Harry was positive Dumbledore was playing some sort of game.

“I-I thought you would be able to help me best.”

“I see... this is only a schedule mistake and judging by the presence of Harry here I can conclude he too has the same error. You only have to go up and talk to Professor Trelawney and inform her of your change, to be transferred to your rightful classes.”

“Oh... is that all?” Hermione asked. Harry felt she had not expected to be met with her wants as quickly as she was.

“Yes, I believe the Divination teacher you are looking for is currently in her classroom. She does not like to join us often, so now would be a good time to see her.” Dumbledore waved his hand, issuing them to be on their way.

To Harry’s annoyance, Hermione made a quick stop to Ron to tell him what they had to do and assure him she would be seeing him next lesson. He wanted to join them but Harry eyed Hermione letting her know he did not want him to interrupt them.

The walk to the Tower took shorter than they thought and soon both people were facing a ladder they did not want to climb.

“You go first,” Harry said while holding out a hand for Hermione. She gave him a mocking glare and went in.

The familiar scent and hot atmosphere hit Harry in the nostrils. This was her classroom all right, but where was the teacher?

Hermione shrugged and pointed to a pile of pillows near the fireplace. Harry squinted his eyes; he made out a pair of glasses and the teacher, who had predicted his death on more occasions than he cared to count.

They walked closer and Hermione lifted her finger to her mouth. Professor Trelawney's eyes were shut and she was humming lightly. Not making a sound, they bent down next to her.

Harry was compelled to poke her and yell boo but his logic told him that would be a bad idea.

Hermione suppressed a giggle and shook her head.

"Professor," she said, there was no response.

"Professor," she repeated, this time reaching her hand up to shake the teacher.

Her hand had reached only half way; it was caught faster than Harry when he caught the snitch. Hermione was too shocked to do anything and Trelawney didn't let go of her hand but her eyes shot open.

"In a year after the fall of the Dark Lord there shall raise a new power, one that can only be controlled by the fate of two. The ones who brought about his downfall shall face a new battle...Two born under the same night shall bear a destiny that will be marked by the choices made. If the one who twice defied does not do so a third...one will have to face the other and darkness may once again prevail. In both worlds, evil will consume... plaguing the lands with disease and death. If the one who twice defied does not do so a third...Two made shall seal the fate and bring about a light or dark. Four pieces all have betrayed...Two born under the same night shall bear the destiny...If the one who twice defied does not do so a third..."

Professor Trelawney spoke harshly in the same tone she did when she made the prediction about Peter.

AN: What does it mean, oh what does it mean? lol. I don't know, but you figure it out. I'm not telling.

Chapter Ten: Curses and Such

Hermione turned white at the sound of Professor Trelawney's words. She desperately tried to pull her hand away but without any luck. Harry felt a wave of panic suddenly hit him, he knew this feeling was not his own. The only other explanation was that it had to be Hermione's feeling.

He had not moved nor made any attempt to free the person struggling before him. His brain was still trying to unscramble the words he just heard into something plausible.

Professor Trelawney coughed violently and rolled her eyes to the top of her head.

"Harry," Hermione's cry snapped him back and he came forward tearing their hands apart like paper. Normally, Hermione would have stopped to question this sudden burst of strength; however a voice broke her thought.

"Why, what are you two doing here? Class doesn't start for another ten minutes. Oh wait don't tell me I see it..." Professor Trelawney made the famous face she makes while using her inner eye.

Hermione's mouth, that had been hanging open, closed and she wiped the confused look off her face.

Oh no, I'm not going to stick around here and listen to her idiotic predictions; I don't care if she just made a real one.

Harry suddenly jerked his head towards Hermione; her voice had broken out in his head.

"Harry, are you ok?"

"Oh, yeah... I'm fine...I just."

"My dear boy, you are..." Professor Trelawney tried to speak but was interrupted by Hermione.

“He was just wondering what it was you just said,” Hermione was not going to let this go as easily as Harry would have.

“What are you talking about?”

“You don’t remember what you said? I think you made a prediction, your voice was all husky and you...” Hermione was stopped by the unwanted thoughts of Harry.

She doesn’t know what happened, she never remembers after she says them. The same thing happened with Peter, she thought I was the loony one and had fallen asleep like her.

“I what, dear? I was meditating and you came in, I found you standing next to me. What are you talking about?” Hermione was speechless. She looked at Harry and then back to the professor. Her hands were lifted up in a frustrated and straggling manner; there was a silence as she seemed to be deciding her next words.

After many failed attempts to let something other than a sigh escape her lips, she finally spoke a sentence.

“Ok I came up here because I wanted to inform you Harry and I will be switching classes, we do not feel this subject is one we can pursue,” Hermione said calmly.

“I must confess I knew this was going to happen before it did. I tried to tell you but you interrupted me before I got a chance. Anyway, not to worry you will not be accounted for in my class,” Professor Trelawney turned around, leaving a fuming Hermione behind.

She pointed at the teacher in disbelief, did she just... Harry unconsciously nodded.

Hermione was muttering under her breath and Harry was currently beating himself up. How could he have been so careless? If she hadn’t been so mad and deep in thought she might have figured out his secret.

She gave Harry a disbelieving look and exited the classroom. Harry followed along the way back to the great hall just letting everything settle in.

In the classroom, the voice, along with the feeling not his own, confirmed his suspicions. He was getting a bond with Hermione. Last night he still had refused to believe that it was her thoughts he was hearing, now he was more than certain. He loved it, it gave him a new depth to Hermione.

“So, this must be the prophecy that everyone was talking about on your birthday. The only thing I can’t figure out is why the Death Eaters wanted it. What do you think it meant?” Hermione asked, causing Harry to fix his attention to her and run into a statue.

“Harry are you alright?” Hermione asked helping him up.

“Yeah, too many thought consuming things were thrown my way and I forgot to move.”

“How can you forget to move?”

“When I’m thinking of you...us...then you sprung me with the prophecy thing... and what happened on both my birthday and right now... it happens you know,” Harry said blushing.

“Wow you’re right, I never thought of it like that. Back to the subject; what do you think that it means?”

“I don’t know, on the sphere that I had picked up, I noticed that the four names on it were yours, mine, Malfoy, and Ginny. Dumbledore told me that the people who it involved were on it, and I think Professor Trelawney said something about four people must have betrayed...”

“Yeah, so that must mean us, you told me that the names that were slanted would be the ones who hear it. We did hear it so that would be correct. I don’t understand how we all have to betray though. It makes no sense, two born under the same night... maybe that means someone with the same birthday,” Hermione said sighing.

"I don't know... I think that we are going to have to wait to figure it out this time... Dumbledore did say that in time, we..."

"Would understand everything... I don't think we can tell Ron, it may fall under the whole 'Ginny and Malfoy' thing, even if I think he will never believe it unless he sees it with his own eyes. Or Ginny tells him herself-"

"You talked to Dumbledore?" Harry said. His question made Hermione tense up, he automatically knew she didn't really mean to reveal that little bit of information.

"Yeah, I did at your party...we better talk about this later because we are already getting to the great hall," Harry knew she was hiding something from him, but he decided to just let it drop for the time being.

She'll tell me when she's ready; I'm hiding something from her, too. I'd be a hypocrite if I tried to force her to tell me, I'm hiding it for good reason so she must have a good one also.

Hermione's eyebrows raised and she looked at Harry as if he were crazy.

"What?"

"Nothing."

"There you two are, I have been looking everywhere for you. Since you are no longer taking Divination, as I have heard, you can use this period as a study break. Being Head Boy and Girl I expect that you will not abuse this," Professor McGonagall said. Harry could see she wanted to smile at them, but had refrained. She turned and walked away to harass a couple of third years who were fighting at the end of the hall.

"Great, I needed a break," Harry said trying to make his way to their common room. Hermione grabbed his arm and twisted him back into position.

"Excuse me, this is only the first day and I think that if we should go anywhere that it should be the-,"

"Library," Harry said. He thought it was funny how he didn't need to read her mind to figure out what she was going to say.

Hermione gave him a warning look and continued, "Library... either to study for our upcoming N.E.W.T.'s exams, or to try and figure out more of about the prophecy."

"Oh, Hermione, but it's our first day and the exams aren't till next year," Harry said giving her an extremely cute puppy face that he knew she couldn't resist.

"No, don't you give me that look! I...oh alright, but we should go to see if we can find something about the prophecy, ok?"

"As long as you're with me," Harry said reaching for her hand. She smiled at him and a surge went through his body like light electricity. Then a sudden urge to kiss came over him, but he could tell that it wasn't his urge, though.

He smiled within himself, knowing she was overwhelmed by his presence. She, too, could no longer pay attention when he was near. He concentrated on her and reached out into her mind. He hadn't tried that before, but now was as good a time as any.

He wasn't sure if she could feel him working his way inside of her thoughts, or that he was breaking a way into the barrier she thought she was holding up. It was easy enough when he concentrated hard, almost natural. When he reached the depth of her mind, he was shocked at what he found.

She was worried about a million things, all the things he should have been, but pushed into the back of his head. She constantly thought about what was best for him and how to make his life better. He paused at a certain thought that made him dizzy, and even without a barrier to it. When he got close, it swirled him into the wrong direction.

Stubbornness or determination, he was curious and wanted to get inside of it. He wanted to respect her privacy, but something, even though it pushed him away, was drawing him near. Once more, he danced in the swirls that he was ready for and trampled in. His physical self gasped, it was her desires. The one for him was right in the front, but he didn't get far or much. He must have had a dazed look on his face and with Hermione's smarts she had figured out he wasn't there, at least not mentally.

"Harry."

"Huh," he said being yanked out of the spot and back into his proper place.

"I have been trying to get your attention for the last five minutes." Harry laughed, he wasn't sure why but the whole situation just seemed hilarious to him.

"This is no laughing matter, I thought something happened..." Hermione said crossing her arms.

"What? I was only daydreaming, how is that bad?" Harry lied. He remembered what had originally compelled him to enter her mind and thought of the kiss that he wanted to give her, the kiss he knew was her desire more than his. He looked at her lips, the same ones that had betrayed him so many times before.

"I guess it isn't bad, I'm so..." she stopped talking and blushed. Ignoring it, Harry pulled her closer and didn't drop his gaze. He saw her take in a deep breath as he grabbed her chin and pulled it up.

He must be inches from her now. It was strange to him, how even though this wasn't going to be their first or second kiss, his heart still beat rapidly.

She had closed her eyes waiting for his lips long ago; he was starting to close his eyes when a voice stopped him dead in his tracks.

"I don't know where they are, they haven't come back from-," It was Ron's voice

"Oh well, I hope you find them soon. I'm going to go to...in Ravenclaw talking to...Luna," Ginny said. The first part she said rather loudly, Harry was positive she was alerting them of Ron. The second part was more nervous, Ron was clueless of her lying but Harry wasn't easy to fool. Harry and Hermione had already separated and made certain they were decent looking.

Ginny eyed them and then said, "Look, there they are, ok I'll see you later." Ron turned around and smiled walking in their direction. Ginny made hand gestures to Hermione saying who knows what.

"Where were you guys? it's time for class already!"

"We were getting our schedules changed," Hermione said before Harry could even open his mouth.

"What classes do you guys have maybe we have them together," Ron said hopefully.

"We...huh... don't have one. McGonagall gave us a free period, because we are Head Boy and Girl," Harry said. He could detect Ron flaring in emotion; in his mind, he was doing a good job of hiding them. His face betrayed him; it showed how furious he was even with the fake smile he had plastered on his face. Tension began rising and Harry wouldn't meet his eyes.

He is starting to suspect something is up, it isn't a lot and he didn't have proof. Ron might be slow, but he is not stupid.

Harry shared a look with Hermione before speaking.

"I want to go to the library, there is something I have been meaning to look up over the summer I'll see you guys later," Harry said walking around Ron.

"What's it about?" Ron's asked. His voice unusually cold, kind of like Harry's was towards him during the summer.

“Something, I’ll tell you later too many ears here anyway.” Ron didn’t let him move he stopped him by placing a hand on his chest and pushing him back, rather forcefully.

“Will you be in the Gryffindor common room later or are you going to spend all your time in your new one?”

Shit what do I say, Harry thought in panic. Hermione must have heard his cry she stepped up and laid a hand on Ron’s face redirecting his gaze.

“I think it is better for all of us to be in our new common room. You, Ginny, and Neville are welcome to come. If you have someone else you would like to invite tell me so I can activate them in.” Ron’s hand had dropped and he wrapped them around her.

“Activate,” Harry and Ron said in unison.

“Yes, Harry and I have passwords that also require our voices, but I did a little magic of my own and set a second password for you three. The password is Hogwarts Express for where we all became friends. Tell the others will you, *mi casa es su casa*.” Harry and Ron exchanged confused looks.

“What, you didn’t tell me you spoke Portuguese,” Ron said.

“It’s Spanish and it means my home is your home,” Harry said making Hermione smile.

“When did you learn Spanish, am I the only one who doesn’t speak another language here,” Ron said looking more confused.

“Uh Ron I think you’re late, we’ll talk next class I have to get to the library.” This time Harry was able to make his exit, but not before stealing a glance as he turned the corner. Ron had leaned in and started kissing Hermione, her eyes were wide open and she was moving them in all directions.

She shouldn’t do this to herself, Harry thought.

He knew her heart was too big, she didn't want to hurt him, but if this continued Ron would fall more in love with her more than he already was. Tonight he was going to have to talk to her about it.

In the library, he truly wanted to do all the research he could on finding more about the prophecy. Hermione had come in five minutes after he had arrived looking rather distressed, he noticed she didn't talk about it and went right to work.

Time passed and they didn't find one thing to lead them in the right direction.

"I think you're right Harry, we have no choice but to wait and see, books won't help us here," she said looking disappointed. They made their way out to their next class that they had with Ron.

Defense Against the Dark Arts, was what Harry was looking forward to the most. With Lupin being back he was hoping to see what other things he would be learning.

They made their way to their usual seats, but this time, instead of Harry sitting in the middle like he always did, (this was to separate Ron and Hermione when they were constantly bickering and at each others necks) Ron did. Harry had the impression he was purposely doing this to keep him apart from Hermione. He didn't doubt if he had suspicions they were gone because of Hermione's saving act in the hallways, unfortunately it looked like he didn't want to take chances.

"Hello students, all of you are in seventh year, so I know that you had me before. For those of you who don't remember who I am, my name is Professor Lupin."

"Sure we remember who you are; you were one of the best teachers we had," Seamus said causing many people to reply in agreement.

"Well thank you, now I want to talk to you today, not about creatures, but about curses. Professor Moody covered most of the worst ones; however, there have been a few new ones that have been discovered in the past year. This is all new information, so I question that even Miss Granger knows what they are."

Hermione gave Lupin her undivided attention; she took out her quill and parchment. Harry did the same and soon the whole class followed suit.

He went about telling some nasty curses that made Harry flinch to think it ever be performed on a human, though one caught his attention as well as a few others.

"It is called the Scaritium Curse-" Hermione's hand shot in the air.

"Yes, do you know something about it," Lupin said waiving his hand for her to proceed.

"It is said to be the most powerful of the terrifying curses. When under the curse too long, you begin to see a series of the most violent murders, and the person who is being killed is always in the form of a loved one. This curse also causes demons and other frightening creatures to flash before your eyes. The dementors are not even able to bestow this kind of fright on a person. It is said that in some cases, it causes you to think the person who is trying to help you to appear as one of those demons. It also gives you a false impression of pain. You feel like these things are attacking you making you bleed when it is all an illusion. You are put into a different reality and in your mind you think that it is real; this is because it feels real. Recent claims have said that some people see their worst fears, which is to be predicted since the idea was taken from the Boggart. No one is sure who invented this curse, or how it came to be so commonly used. It's trait is blood flowing out of the victim's eyes, crying the 'red tears of fear.' Eventually, if not subdued, you either go insane or die of fright. Not much else is known of this curse, being as that the people who were inflicted with it were murdered by...Voldemort or his followers shortly after."

Hermione had every eye in the room on her; Harry didn't mind, it gave him the perfect excuse to look at her.

"Well Hermione, I see that you know more on this curse than even I did. You are correct, from what I know. Twenty points to Gryffindor, now on with the other curses,"

The rest of the period was interesting, but nothing caught Harry's attention like the Scaritium Curse did.

At dinner Harry, Ron and Hermione all sat down in their seats and Ron started to dig in at once.

Gossip was headed in their direction followed by disaster; it was Lavender Brown and Parvati Patil. Harry was glad to see that Parvati was still in school, the death of her sister didn't waver her desire for magical education.

"Hello guys, aren't you excited?" Lavender exclaimed sitting next to Neville.

"What are you guys talking about?" Ginny said while sitting across from Harry. Hermione moved behind Ron and motioned to Ginny that her lipstick was smeared. Blushing she cleared it off before the gossip girls could see it.

"Well the superlatives are going to be announced today, the one everyone is talking about is who is going to make 'Meant to Be Together.'" She was elbowed by Parvati, and they stared at Harry and Hermione in strange manner.

"Are you sure you're not just the only one's who have been talking about it, because it's not the only one that I have been thinking about," Ginny said rudely.

Lavender ignored her and continued with the conversation. She didn't stop until she spotted Ron holding Hermione's hand. Harry was the only one who noticed that she tried to do it under the table, but Ron pulled it on top so everyone could see.

"Are you..." Lavender pointed to Ron then Hermione. "Are you two..." She then proceeded by scrunching her nose up.

"Yeah, we're dating," Ron said with a showing off tone. The fork that was in Harry's hand split in half and went darting in different directions across the table.

“Sorry,” Harry said. He hadn’t realized how hard he was bending that fork.

“Anyways, when did this happen? I thought... oh poor Luna... This is rather unexpected I must say,” Lavender didn’t wait for a response she stood up and left taking Parvati with her. They were off to tell the whole school what they had just found out.

“Luna,” Ron said arching his eyebrows. Hermione was silent and played with the food on her plate. She wasn’t hungry anymore. Harry knew how she felt just by looking at her.

“She’s got me excited now, I hope they start soon,” Neville said eyeing Professor Dumbledore.

The food was gone and was replaced with excited chatter, the wait could be held off no longer. Dumbledore lifted up his hand and the entire hall immediately went still.

“Now my young students, the results you have been waiting for.” He held out his hand and a dark brown miniature owl came forward with the results. All the suspense was much like the time the names from the Goblet of Fire were being thrown out. Harry hoped this time the results would be of a happier note than the last.

“If your name is called please report here tomorrow during your first lesson to have your picture taken. Regular pictures will be taken on Saturday in the afternoon, so those who want to... prepare, will have enough time to do so. These results will be final, if you think something is unfair remember people voted this for a reason. My apologies to those who may be hurt, also the votes were counted by myself and Professor McGonagall, so I assure you there are no mistakes. I am fully aware many of you will be disappointed that you didn’t get a part and may accuse of miscalculation. These votes had many spells on them to prevent tampering, if you have further problems contact Professor McGonagall tomorrow at the picture shoot.”

Every single person was at the edge of his or her seat. A rude Slytherin yelled, "Get on with the results!"

Dumbledore laughed and cleared his throat, he read the list backwards.

There were many names Harry didn't know or didn't care of called out. Neville got Next Herbology teacher, and Lavender got Next Divination Teacher.

"Next Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher... Harry Potter and Susan Bones."

"What?" Harry said astonished. He didn't expect to win anything.

"Harry come on you were bound to win something, don't be so surprised," Hermione said reaching over and squeezing his hand.

"Best Teeth...Jack Barley and-" The Ravenclaw table broke out in applause the girls name was barely heard, Harry didn't know who she was.

"Best Hair... Terry Boot and Parvati Patil,"

Best smile was a guy from Hufflepuff, and a girl from Slytherin. Harry had been temporarily distracted by the look on Malfoy's face. He had his hand on his temples and was looking at his feet. He was shaking his head in a manner that implied guilt and disbelief.

What would Malfoy have to feel guilty about? Harry thought to himself.

"Best Eyes...Harry Potter and-," Harry snapped his head up forgetting all about Malfoy. He didn't catch the girl's name.

This one was at least understandable, only they didn't feel like they were his eyes, they were more his mother's.

Between his thinking Dumbledore had announced Most talkative and Most attractive, who were given to the rightful people in Harry's opinion.

“Most Popular...Harry Potter and Hermione Granger,”

“What?” Harry said for the second time that day.

“We’ll that’s typical, you are Head Boy and Girl. I was certain they would pick you two for that, I even put you two down,” Ron said laughing as Hermione slapped him in the arm.

“Why did you put me down for most popular?” Harry didn’t like this, he was fine with the eyes but this was far too much. He was starting to get pissed off.

“You are, it would be a lie to say you weren’t. I picked Hermione as the girl because... I didn’t want some snotty, prissy girl to be it,” Ron said subduing his laughter.

“Yeah Harry, My grams told me they did this in her year but stopped due to non-support of the students and a decent Photographer. Not to mention someone who is not a part of the staff to be willing to put it together. She told me the Head Boy and Girl always got most popular,” Neville said.

“Most likely to play Quidditch for a Living...Ronald and Ginerva Weasley.” The whole Gryffindor table broke out in applause.

“Wow, people must really like that match,” Harry said surprised by the uproar.

“Harry didn’t you notice them do that for us,” Hermione said half screaming.

“No, I was too busy trying to figure out why it happened-,”

“They were a lot louder than that, how could you miss it?”

“I was...” He didn’t need to say anything more, Hermione nodded in understanding. He had let his emotions go; they must have shown on his face.

“Most likely to get a detention...we actually checked to see who had gotten the most detentions and they didn't match who won, I think you must have taken it the wrong way...Draco Malfoy and Pansy Parkinson.”

“No, I think they took it as who was the rudest and meanest everyone knows, the detention was put as a cover up to not look bad in the yearbook,” Ron said getting many agreeing laughs and nods in response.

“The two best friends were expected to not be Boy/Girl...They ended up being two boys by the name of...Harry Potter and Ronald Weasley.”

“Alright,” Ron said.

“Well, I like that one, but I do think I am getting too many already. I can't stress the shock each one brings when I hear my name,” Harry said being patted on the back by his fellow Gryffindors. Smartest was a boy in Ravenclaw and, who could ever have doubted it. Hermione.

She blushed when her name was called; it only made her look better in Harry's eyes.

Hermione and Neville got worst flyers, but this was only because last year they crashed into the castle when they were racing each other in a dare. That was the last time Hermione said she would ever manage a broomstick. Luna got Most Unique along with a Slytherin whose robes had been changed in a manner that brought about your attention but wasn't breaking dress codes. Neville got once again a slot in Shyest along with a girl from Hufflepuff who looked about ready to die from all the unwanted attention she had received.

“Funniest...Ronald and Ginerva Weasley.”

“No one doubted that seeing that they are related to Fred and George. Personally I think Ginny's tactics are crueler but hey humor is humor,” Seamus said dodging out the table before Ginny could respond.

Then the one everyone was waiting for was next. This was unusual for the Great Hall, it was so quiet you could hear a pin drop. Dumbledore made sure that every move he made was slow. Harry could see he was amused by this; he opened his mouth then closed it.

“Oh come on, I want to see if we won,” Ron said kissing Hermione on the cheek. The spot he kissed turned red, and Harry wanted to reach over and wipe the area but thought against it. He surprisingly wasn’t that interested in this one. He didn’t think Ron and Hermione would win, Lavender confirmed that not many people knew they were together so he wasn’t worried. He only cared that the couple that would be picked was not in Slytherin and he was happy. Drum roll please...

“The two people that were chosen for meant to be together are...”

Chapter Eleven: Loss of Control

“Harry Potter and Hermione Granger.”

Harry had chosen a second before to drink some pumpkin juice. He quickly found that it wasn't the brightest idea, for now he spat it out and every eye was now upon him. There was a huge eruption of applause and yells. This one was the loudest of all the ones that came before it. This must have been because only your house applauded loudly for you, now the entire Great Hall was doing it in unison; even some Slytherins joined in.

“Harry...” Hermione said, on the verge of tears.

Ron looked up at him redder than Harry had ever seen him. Ginny had her hand over her mouth and said nothing. Neville was still cheering Harry on; Harry had still not let it sink in. He had a lump in his throat disabling him to speak.

Ron's pissed, but Hermione and I won... like the balance, hate the situation. How am I supposed to get out of this one?

The cheers eventually died down, Ron's head looked like it was going to explode.

Everyone was dismissed to go to their common rooms, Harry didn't move. There was an uncomfortable silence. If someone didn't know better, they would have thought that Harry and Ron were having a staring contest. Neville stayed put only because everyone else did too. Tick tock... Ron's face was slowly returning to normal color... tick tock... he didn't have the word strangle flashing in his eyes... tick tock... he was making an attempt to smile... tick tock.

“Look, no one knew we were together so I know why we didn't win. I don't blame you two, it's not your fault other people like you two being together. I think that because you both looked available, Head Boy and Girl, and best friends gave people the impression that you would make a great couple. Don't worry guys; I know you didn't do anything behind my back. You wouldn't do that to me, imaginations just went wild,” Ron said, breaking the silence.

Everyone was holding their breath and they let it out with ease.

“That was a close one, I thought you were going to kill Harry,” Neville said, wiping sweat off his forehead, and this was because he didn’t really know what was going on.

Hermione and Ginny exchanged looks. “Let’s go see our new hangout,” Ron said, unaware everyone else was still on the edge of their nerves.

“Great idea,” Harry said, leading the way.

When they reached the Head Boy and Girl common room, the previous events had been forgotten. Everyone was astonished at all the things that they were missing out on.

“Now you can all enjoy it, remember to tell me before inviting anyone else over so I know,” Hermione said, drinking a flask of pumpkin juice that they had picked up on the way to the room.

“Seamus would love to come here, the dormitory where Harry used to sleep is missing two people now,” Neville said, trying not to dwell too long on the memory of Dean.

“I don’t have anyone I want to invite, especially not The Gossip Sisters. Luna might pop in here if I see her around, she’s made a habit of avoiding us wherever we go,” Ginny said yawning.

“Ok I’m sorry guys, but I’m beat. See you tomorrow during lessons,” Neville said, getting up. He looked over his shoulder hoping someone would follow him. Ginny smiled and gave in.

“See you tomorrow.” They walked out the door without looking back again. Now only Harry, Hermione, and Ron remained.

There was a silence, Harry could take a hint.

“I’m off too, sorry again Ron about what happened, Goodnight,” Harry said, leaving as fast as he could.

He didn't turn around, sneak a glimpse, or listen at the door. All he wanted was to get in bed and think. Think of all the things he had in his head that he kept pushing back. Was he not ever meant to have true happiness? Was there always going to be something there to stop it?

You're with Hermione, you get some part of her... that has to be worth something. I don't just want a part of her, I want everything. How selfish of me...

Flashes of Ron with Hermione over the summer came to him, accompanied by new ones that had recently been made. He hated seeing them together; it burned holes in his heart. The only cure was when he was with her, and then there was Ron. How he confided and trusted him so much, yet Harry was betraying him with the thing he loved most. When they were in the hallway, Harry had seen the way Ron looked at Hermione, he was head over heels, no going back now, kill you if you mess with us, in love.

She's not in love with him; she's in love with me... only because I allowed her to be. Who knows if she might have truly fallen in love with him if I had allowed her, why didn't I keep my mouth shut?

Harry had been pondering for the next hour thinking of how best to keep his friendships intact... all of them.

He had heard Ron leave thirty minutes before, but still couldn't fall asleep.

"Harry... I wish you were here with me... I need you to be..." Harry sat up. Hermione's voice was ringing in his head. Next door, he heard soft music playing, but it was too low for him to recognize.

He gasped, reacting to a tug that drew him up on his feet. His head told him not to go next door to Hermione's bedroom, but she was calling him. She was willing him to come, praying that he entered and not leave her to her loneliness. He felt it... everything. He tried to sit back down, commanding his body to listen. The head would not allow

such treachery to be done. His heart pushed him from his bed. He got up and headed to the door.

Harry... I miss you already... what spell have you cast upon me? I cannot sleep, Harry heard Hermione think, when he reached her bedroom door.

He lifted his hand, fighting every fiber to stop what he was going to do; knock, knock. Hermione's heart leaped, she was very glad to hear this sound.

"Come in," Harry heard her say softly. He stood there and thought of the possibility that he might turn around and run.

Too late...

He had turned the doorknob and entered. He forgot to breathe. Hermione was sitting in her bed, looking as beautiful as always. He softly closed the door behind him and turned to survey the room. It had a faint glow to it, there were floating candles everywhere issuing a faint scent that soothed you into relaxation. It wasn't too strong so you didn't choke, and not too light that you wouldn't be able to smell it. Apples and roses were what he believed filled his nostrils. The music that was playing in the background was familiar; it was a muggle song by a band called Lifehouse.

"I didn't know you listened to muggle music," Harry said, still standing by the door. Hermione just stared at him

Nice boxers, he heard her think.

He immediately looked down and noticed he didn't change before coming to her. He blushed; he was wearing his boxers and a white tee shirt. These clothes were so intimate; no girl had ever laid eyes on him like this. That alone made him more nervous, not to mention this girl was the one he loved. She giggled, and looked up at him with her chocolate eyes.

"I listen to a lot of muggle music, I was muggle-born, remember? They are my favorite," Hermione said, getting up from her bed. She

was wearing a nightgown that was pretty short and a little too see through for Harry's comfort, downstairs anyway. He tensed up his shoulders and stiffened his back. She was looking at him rather curiously, again for the umpteenth time he felt she was reading into his mind.

She took a step forward and Harry felt his world begin to collapse before him. How am I suppose to be able to control myself with her wearing that in front of me? Lace, silk, the smell, the song...it was driving him mad.

I want to feel you

I need to hear you

You are the light

That's leading me,

To the place

Where I find peace

Again

"You like this song, Hermione... it's yours, I give it to you." Harry knew this song well, it was one of his favorites. It described everything he felt for her, so it seemed perfect. Hermione smiled lightly and stepped closer to him.

"Thank you," she said so low he barely caught it. The music had softened to just the right tone for him to hear her and then rose again.

"Don't look so confused, it's only a spell. I enchanted it to play with its surroundings, if we talk it will lower the volume." This amazed Harry. What a perfect mood setter for...

You are the strength,

That keeps me walking

You are the hope,
That keeps me trusting
You are the life,
To my soul
You are my purpose
You are Everything

Harry swallowed, his muscles were tightening; she was right in front of him. He tried to look down, she only lifted him up. This time, he thought that not only could she read his mind, but his soul as well.

"I love you." The words escaped his lips, before he could stop them. Her eyes filled with water, she was happy to hear him say that. In fact, he felt how it was just what she was waiting to hear.

"I love you too." She had hesitated. Harry saw it wasn't from lack of feeling, but lack of words.

He took her face within his hands and ran circles on her cheek with his thumb, while she closed her eyes lazily. His eyes fell on the one thing he had been avoiding, her lips. They were entrapping him under their spell as always, time was slowing down. Here, now, time didn't exist, the more you rush it, the slower it went. Her eyes stayed closed and her lips parted, he could not resist any longer. Her heartbeat could be heard in his eardrums, it was rising slowly. She softly inhaled right before he reached an inch between them, his lips took hers in a kiss. He didn't invade, but savored every moment. She took a step back and he followed unconsciously, he felt that if they broke apart, something grave might happen.

He kept his hands on her waist while she opened her mouth more for him to invade. He didn't argue. She took two more steps back, and broke apart. Her face was flushed, not red but turning purple.

“Hermione...breathe,” he whispered, closing the gap between them. Her chest raised and fell in accord.

How can I stand here with you,

And not be moved by you

Would you tell me how could it be,

Any better than this

Hermione grabbed the back of his head and drew him closer to kiss him, once more. Harry could not think of anything but those lips he now had taken as his own, he let his hands wrap around her to bring her closer to him. Her breasts were on his chest, and yet still all their movements were in slow motion. She tugged at him, at first he thought she was pulling away until she took him with her to the floor. They didn't hit floor, Harry hadn't realized they had been standing right next to the bed.

He was now on top of her and had no choice but to pull himself away. Hermione didn't think badly of this, she merely positioned herself in the middle of the bed. She pulled him up, and he followed, his mind racing. Being in bed with her at the Dursleys was one thing, this was quite another. He lay down next to her as she pulled the covers over their lower halves; his heart was going a million miles per hour. He had to leave, soon. This was pure torture, and he didn't think his muscles could tense anymore than they already were.

You hold me in your hands,

You won't let me fall

You steal my heart,

And you take my breath away

Would you take me here,

Take me deeper now

The lyrics grew louder, then faded while Harry heard Hermione think, Harry...make love to me...right here, right now.

"What," Harry said out loud, without thinking.

Hermione mouth came open and she stared at him. Oh no, she knows I can read her mind now...Hermione gasped and then smiled.

Yes I know, she thought.

It was Harry's turn to drop his jaw, she read his too. He wondered how long she had been doing this, and blushed at all the things that he must have revealed to her.

Harry, don't think about that right now. I heard enough to know... make love to me. Harry froze, this was the second time she had thought this and it still felt like the first.

"I... it's...I mean, I've never with anyone...I know how... I just... I mean I haven't...the boys talk and I know but... it's...my first time," Harry said, starting to shake slightly.

"You look so cute when you stutter," Hermione said, while the red on her face settled on her cheeks.

And how can I stand here with you,

And not be moved by

Would you tell me how could it be,

Any better than this

Because you are all I want

You are all I need,

You are everything

Everything

She opened her heart knowing he would feel everything she did; she didn't even hide her desire for him. He rolled on top of her closing his eyes, receiving the emotions she was freely handing to him.

You are all I want

You are all I need,

You are everything

Everything

He stopped at a thought she made him follow, it tugged him into a kiss. While their tongues danced away he heard her voice in his head say, I want you to be my first, I always have.

Everything

Her heart had picked up speed; time was slowing down like before. He stopped kissing her and faced her so he could look into her eyes.

You are all I want

You are all I need,

You are everything

Everything

The music was starting to pick up volume; it only motivated the mood further. Harry wanted to look in her eyes; he placed one hand behind her head and the other at her thigh.

He continued to stare as he lifted up her nightgown. His heart nearly beat out of his chest when he discovered that she wasn't wearing any underwear.

Everything

She reached forward and pulled his shirt over his head, knocking off his glasses in the process. He didn't need them; she was close enough for him to see her eyes, and that was all that mattered. The rest was all feeling anyway...

He bent down and kissed her on the lips, then left a trail of them going down to her jaw line. He sat her up and took the nightgown off over her head, now she was completely naked before him. If he weren't so nervous, there were so many things he could do to this body.

You are all I want

You are all I need,

You are everything

Everything

He took off his boxers and the lights began to get dim, he wondered what exactly Hermione had made to triggered the lights. He laid back on top of her slowly, she looked embarrassed. Harry knew it was because they were touching skin to skin.

Everything

She shook beneath him, but nodded for him to proceed. He kissed her picking up her thigh to position himself.

Her breaths were becoming irregular; he was hit with her nervousness. It combined with his own making him feel sick.

He ignored it, kissing her to get her mind off of what was going to happen. Her hands settled on his back, bracing herself.

Are you sure you want to do this, we can still turnback now, he thought.

I've never been surer...I want to give you this...something I can give no one else, it will be yours forever, she thought.

No, Always and Forever, he added.

And how can I stand here with you,

And not be moved by

Would you tell me how could it be,

Any better than this

He pushed in while she let out a little cry. He immediately stopped halfway, not knowing what to do. He knew it was supposed to hurt, but he didn't want it to.

"Harry don't stop please...keep going and it will go away," Hermione said. She was trying to breathe and talk at the same time, some words came out loud and some soft.

He trusted her judgment; actually he had no other choice, she seized him and urged him forward.

You are the strength,

That keeps me walking

You are the hope,

That keeps me trusting

You are the life,

To my soul

You are my purpose

You are Everything

Her barrier broke beneath him and he was mixed with her pain and his pleasure. She cried out with tears in her voice. Her nails dug into his back and she reached up biting him in the neck. If he bleeds it would be equal pain, so he didn't care. He kept moving slowly and looked at her; she was enduring this for him. Nothing meant more to him at that moment; he only wished he could take her pain away.

He saw the tears running down her eyes and kissed them, he thought about stopping. He didn't think it was fair. She kissed him deeply and told him not to stop no matter what, for her. Her heart was beating with the rhythm of his, and suddenly there was no more pain. He saw it in her eyes, the pain was gone, but she was still far from having pleasure.

He guiltily allowed himself to be consumed by the feelings. They were unlike anything he had ever experienced before; she was making him do this. She was making his breath come out short, yet long. She was making his heart slow down, and speed up at the same time. She was making him excited and nervous, she was everything.

You are the light

That's leading me,

To the place

Where I find peace

Again

The music grew louder than ever, and his butterflies were disappearing. He thrust inside of her, his face buried in her neck. Kissing her would probably kill him; he would not be able to breathe. Hermione curled herself up to allow him deeper inside, and her first moan escaped her lips.

"Harry!" she yelled.

This drove him over the edge, he was trying with all his power to hold on just a bit longer. He never wanted this feeling to go away, it felt too

good. It was just feeling good for her too, he grabbed on to her shoulders just as she asked for.

She was in his head, saying the things she could not out loud, for lack of air.

“Harry!” she screamed louder. He was sweating so bad that by then it was bathing her. It rolled right off making him look like he had just gotten out the shower.

You are all I want

You are all I need,

You are everything

Everything

“Don’t,” he said, through breaths.

Don’t what? she thought.

Don’t say my name, don’t make a sound, don’t touch me it’s driving me crazy, I can’t hold on much longer, Harry thought, letting a moan of his own escape his lips.

“Harry!” she yelled at the top of her voice. She didn’t try to hold back on purpose, she kissed and sucked on his neck playfully, knowing it would be his undoing.

Everything

“HERMIONE,” Harry yelled feeling like he was going to explode on the spot. She grabbed him and lifted up to meet him.

He had grabbed the sheet and scrunched them in his hands. This...feels...so...good, he thought before pushing in one last time and releasing into her. The feeling passed into her encircling them before leaving, taking with it all the energy they had.

He collapsed on top of her, forgetting that he was heavy and might hurt her. He was so exhausted, but she knew, she could feel it passing to her. His lungs were expanding fully to receive all the air possible, both of them were breathing heavily. She wiped the sweat off his forehead and his hot breath hit her neck.

After a while they both regained their heartbeats and she played with his hair. She tried to call him, but he had fallen asleep. The song finished and stopped. It was perfect. This was something he had never experienced with a girl before, she was his first and he was hers. A smile danced on her face as sleep took over her body. True magic in Harry's mind had been created that night.

A/N: I'm not very good at writing the sexual parts so forgive me please. I tried my best. Anyways I hope you liked it and I hope you like what is to come. Bye. Thanks. Song is copyright of Lifehouse and is called Everything.

Chapter Twelve: Frights

When Hermione woke up she instantly felt the warmth of another body against her. It dawned on her that she had lost her virginity to Harry last night and that now she was waking up in his arms.

She didn't want to open her eyes, but she knew that from the exhaustion she felt from the strenuous activity that had happened the previous night, they were probably late.

Harry was still asleep, lying on his back and holding her to his chest. She couldn't help but notice that they fit perfectly in each other's arms.

He looked so peaceful as she watched him sleep. She smiled at how, even in his sleep, he looked so cute and sexy.

They were both still naked, but the covers were up to her breasts. Her leg had found it comfortable last night to slither in between his. She never wanted to move from here if she could help it.

"Ahem." A cough was heard from the other side of the room.

Hermione jerked her head into its direction and nearly fainted.

Albus Dumbledore, The Headmaster of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, sat near the end of the bed in a conjured chair.

On instinct, Hermione raised the covers over her head and wished with all her might to disappear from the face of the earth.

Dumbledore chuckled and Hermione heard him stand up. She took a deep breath and whimpered before slowly lowering the covers to below her eyes.

"I have been sitting here the good part of twenty minutes waiting for you to wake up. I did not want to disturb you but I think that if you do not hurry, you will be late for a photo shoot. Would you mind waking Harry up so that I may discuss something with the both of you?" Dumbledore asked, somewhat awkwardly.

Hermione's mouth had gone dry so she couldn't speak, she merely nodded. Her mind was racing, thinking of what he possibly wanted to talk to them about.

She knew they were in trouble. Was he going to expel them or tell them of such punishments like detention?

She turned to Harry who was still asleep and shook him.

"Harry, Harry, wake up," Hermione said desperately.

"No," Harry said, trying to hold her closer.

"No Harry, you don't understand, you have to wake up, Dumbledore is here." This statement didn't make the slightest difference. Harry simply said, "Another ten minutes."

Hermione was starting to panic; the Headmaster's face was blank so she couldn't possibly read what he was thinking. Her cheeks burned with embarrassment when she had to wrap the sheet around her top and practically get on top of Harry.

"Ron is here, he just caught us," Hermione said, shaking him again.

This did it; Harry shot up and opened his eyes in horror.

"What!" he yelled, all disoriented.

"Nice of you to join us Harry," Dumbledore said, from the spot he was standing.

Harry clutched the covers around his waist and turned to Hermione heating up in humiliation.

"I...uh...we-" Harry said nervously. He kept looking back and forth from the Headmaster to Hermione.

What do I do? What do I say? Harry thought.

What can we say, we're busted. Just calm down because I can feel you and it is making me nauseous, Hermione thought.

It's making you nauseous; I feel like my stomach wants to wring itself inside of me.

Exactly! I can feel that so stop it, she thought.

You can? he thought, snapping his head to her in response.

"Are you two finished having your silent debate?" Dumbledore spoke.

Harry had only just realized how stupid they must have looked talking to each other with no words coming out.

"Yes sir," Harry said, in a small voice. Hermione brought her knees up and let her chin rest on them while her hands clutched the covers firmly up to her neck.

"It had come to my attention that every window for five hundred feet from this exact spot was shattered last night. Naturally, they have been repaired, but that didn't stop all of the students in the castle from hearing the racket. I was one of the people repairing these windows and I happened to notice the peculiar pattern that they had."

"What?" Harry asked, interrupting him.

Let him finish before you ask questions Harry, Hermione thought to him.

Harry glanced at Hermione; she looked sexy in the morning. Her wild hair added to this feature, particularly because Harry had a part in making so messy last night.

Hermione gave a squeak and her mouth was hanging open. Harry cursed himself for forgetting she could read his thoughts. Dumbledore's chuckle brought his attention back to the current tense situation.

“When I came to the conclusion that it came from this room, I investigated. You both gave the school a good scare and you even led the teachers to believe we were being attacked. I also suspect a good number of students did not go to sleep last night. Strange, how this window stayed intact, do you think you can explain this to me?” Dumbledore said.

Harry and Hermione exchanged looks that didn’t need to read each other’s minds to figure out.

“No sir, we have no idea what happened,” Hermione said. Clearly, Harry’s speech had become paralyzed a while ago.

“My advice to you is that next time, try and keep it under control. I suspect that pairing the emotions of the smartest witch and the most powerful wizard in Hogwarts is bound to cause some sort of magical forces to come alive. This unconscious magic that you two have created with each other is something that can’t be ignored, however, do try and learn how to restrain it a bit better. Well, I will be going now,” Dumbledore said, turning to leave.

“You mean we’re not in trouble,” Harry said, feeling Hermione hit him in the arm.

What did you say that for? He was letting us off the hook, Hermione thought furiously.

I don’t know it just came out, he thought to her apologetically.

“Why do you think you would be in trouble? You are both of age and responsible enough to make your own decisions. By the way, Mr. Weasley was here looking for the both of you just as I was entering your common room. I told him I had business with you and that you would meet him in class later.” Dumbledore smiled in a way that a Headmaster should not smile at just finding out that two of his students were having an affair.

Hermione put her face in her hands and grunted in them. When she put her hands down, Harry saw why she had covered her face. She looked like a red apple, washing in the taste of sweet embarrassment.

Harry couldn't swallow if his life depended on it. Dumbledore left Hermione's room humming to himself and seeming quite pleased about something.

"I take back what I said on the train, this is the most embarrassing and humiliating thing that has ever happened to me," Hermione said.

"I can't believe we broke all those windows."

"Do you think we actually did it, or that it was just coincidence?" Hermione asked, lying back down.

"I know something is going on," Harry said, getting out of bed. He tried to pull the covers off from Hermione, but she wouldn't let him.

"I'm glad we didn't get in trouble, I swear when I saw him when I woke up, I thought we were going to get expelled."

"It would be like you to go straight to the harshest punishment. Hermione, let go of the cover," Harry said, attempting to take it again.

"No," she said in a small voice, and pulled them tighter to her.

"And why not, it's not like I haven't seen you already," Harry said, smiling devilishly to her.

"I know, only I feel a bit..."

Insecure, she thought.

"Of what? You have a body to die for and if you ask me, I wou-" Harry took her off guard and succeeded in separating her from her precious blanket.

"Don't!" she yelled in an angry cry. She tried to find anything to cover herself from his view, making Harry feel a bit ashamed of himself.

When he noticed what she was really trying to hide, he gave her back the blanket.

"Mione, you're bleeding," Harry said, in the softest voice he could muster.

"I was...it happens sometimes. Don't think badly of why I was trying to hide it from you...it hurts is all," Hermione said, letting silent tears fall from her eyes.

And I made you hurt, I should have never given in to you, Harry thought guiltily.

"Don't you even think that, Harry! I don't regret it... it's natural for this to happen and I'm glad it was with you. After a few times it won't hurt anymore and it will feel good," Hermione said, trying to show him through her mind.

She had sensed his reluctance to believe her words, so she tried to convince him with her thoughts. He battled back with her, refusing that something so good should hurt her so much. It was like a tug of war with their minds. Eventually it was straining to keep up with it.

Harry stopped immediately when he saw Hermione crying, and it hit Harry like a tidal wave crashing onto the shore.

"Now do you see?" Hermione said, wiping away the tears.

"Yes, I do, but that is my job," Harry said, moving her hands away so he could do it.

She smiled weakly and was grateful for his efforts. He grabbed her and pulled her into a hug allowing her to wallow in thought in his arms.

Today was going to be a hard day to deal with, they both knew it.

"Dancing around it all day won't make it go away. We need to get down to the Great Hall," Hermione said, breaking away from her safe place.

When they arrived at the Great Hall, Colin had everything set up and everyone was waiting on them.

"Where were you two, did you sleep late?" Neville asked, after his picture was taken.

"They must have had a worn themselves out last night," Lavender said, giggling with Parvati. Hermione went crimson and started muttering something that no one understood.

"Did you guys hear what happened last night? I think someone was trying to break in but Dumbledore's trying to hush it all up," Ginny said, changing the subject that Lavender had brought up.

Remind me to thank her later, Hermione thought to Harry.

"Yeah, Dumbledore came and told us this morning," Harry said, playing with his thumbs.

"Good morning, beautiful," Ron said coming out of nowhere and kissing Hermione on the lips. Hermione gasped in surprise causing her mouth to slightly open. The two reactions were timed wrong and Ron's tongue had found its way inside of her mouth.

One of the camera light grew bright and then burst into a million pieces. Harry was trying to regain his breath as Ron looked up to see what happened.

"What was that?"

"It was a Brittle Anitope," Luna said, sitting next to Harry.

Everyone exchanged looks and Ron put his hands around Hermione's waist as her body went rigid.

"Would you two mind not doing that in front of us," Lavender said, tossing her hair to the back.

"Sorry I couldn't help myself," Ron boasted, making Harry's blood start to boil.

Harry stop it, Hermione told him.

What? I didn't do anything.

Oh, please... I can feel your emotions remember? Don't even try and fake it.

"Anyway what took you two so long to get here, Colin didn't want to start without you but we were waiting for an hour and you guys didn't show?" Ron asked.

"My alarm didn't ring and I usually have to wake Harry up. You know he's a heavy sleeper," Hermione said casually.

"I went looking for you to give you a surprise."

"A...a s-surprise?" Hermione asked stuttering.

"It's not a surprise anymore but it was supposed to be," Ron said nervously. He turned to Neville who hastily got up and went to retrieve it.

"How thoughtful," Hermione said, swallowing the lump in her throat. Ron told her to turn around while he went to go see what was taking Neville so long.

"Awww, that is so sweet! How long have you two been together?" Lavender asked, with her gossip ears open.

"About four months," Hermione answered her.

"Hermione you look different today," Parvati said, tilting her head to the side trying to figure it out.

"What...what do you mean?" Hermione asked, making Harry feel her sudden height of nervousness in him. He was starting to understand what she meant about making her feel nauseous.

"I don't know, there is just something about you, I can't-" She was cut off by Ginny.

"She is still not fully awake yet. Hermione can I talk to you in the corner," Ginny said, not waiting for a response. She pulled her out of earshot and then turned to face her.

"You slept with Harry last night didn't you," Ginny said, stomping her foot on the ground, resembling her mother.

"I what?" Hermione said, while trying to sound like she didn't hear the question.

"You and Harry have that same look."

"What look?" Hermione asked, now trying to act as if Ginny was stupid.

"The I-had-sex-last-night look. That is why you look different today because you lost your virginity to him last night didn't you," Ginny said, hitting the head of the nail.

Hermione opened her mouth to reply and then shut it. After a few attempts she gave up entirely.

"What are you going to do about Ron?" Ginny asked coldly.

"Ginny...I don't know. Right now I'm as lost as a fish in a desert," Hermione said, confessing her sin.

"I understand but I still think it's wrong of you to go behind my brother's back like that. You are going to have to stop seeing someone."

"The problem is I'm in love with Harry and Ron's in love with me. I don't want him to hate me and I definitely don't want him to hate Harry," Hermione said sighing.

"I'm going through the same situation. Last night Draco told me he loved me and I said it back."

“Does anyone beside me and Harry know about you two?”

“Yes, I had a talk with my mom before I left and she forbade me from ever seeing him. We had a big fight and my dad told me that it would be the worst mistake of my life if I ever got with him. They didn’t tell Ron because they didn’t want him to get mad but I think someone has been watching me,” Ginny said tearfully.

Hermione fought to urge to tell her that her parents were right and tried to be a supportive friend by saying, “So you’re not listening to them then.”

“I tried to break up with him on the train. I told him what happened and he said he didn’t care. He said he would go through hell and back if he had too. I believe him Hermione and I can’t leave him, I refuse no matter what my parents say.”

Something in the back of Hermione’s mind tugged at her. The four must have betrayed echoed in her ears. According to Harry, Ginny’s name had been on the prophecy as well.

Harry watched Hermione be dragged off by Ginny, Luna beside him was not in a good mood. She kept shaking her head and every once in a while tossing in a word with it.

Colin was having difficulties with his camera due to the minor explosion that Harry had caused. Malfoy was looking very pale this morning and kept taking glances towards Ginny. Pansy wasn’t too far from him, apparently trying everything possible to gather his attention with no success.

Ron came back and saw Hermione was still talking to Ginny, so he sat down next to Harry.

“Neville’s got it hiding behind that curtain,” he said smiling.

“What is it?” Parvati asked, nudging Lavender.

Ron glanced around to see that Hermione was not nearby and leaned in to whisper, "It's a pot of dirt."

Luna snorted and stalked off out the large doors of the Great Hall.

"What's her problem?" Ron asked Harry.

"How should I know?" Harry retorted back.

"Why on earth do you think she'd want a pot of dirt?" Lavender asked, scrunching her nose in disgust.

"You'll see. What is taking them so long?" Ron said, slamming his fists down on the table. Harry noticed Ron's palms were sweating. He must really be nervous at giving Hermione this gift or else he wouldn't have been so worked up about it. Ron kept fidgeting in his chair and then proceeded to beat on the table with his fingers.

Harry turned around to see where Hermione was. She was still in deep conversation with Ginny.

Just as he was going to enter her mind to figure out what they were talking about and tell her Ron was waiting Lavender yelled, "Harry you have a hickey."

Harry's eyes widened and he instinctively raised his hand to the right side of his neck.

"No he doesn't, let me see," Ron said, trying to wrestle Harry's hand away.

"Oh my," Parvati said, getting giggly with Lavender.

To Harry's dismay Ron imitated his sister and pulled Harry up from the table. The girls were left behind to come up with a million different conclusions on their own.

"That is why you looked strange this morning," Ron said, crossing his arms.

"I don't look anything, I don't know how that got there," Harry said, trying to play it off.

"Well I do, someone was sucking on you neck last night. No wonder you were in such a hurry to leave. Tell me who you shagged last night," Ron said, with a congratulating smile.

"I didn't shag anyone."

"Aw, come on! You can tell me," Ron said persisting. Harry thought that it would be best to lie to him or else he would never get him off his back.

"We didn't shag but we got close to it."

"No, I can see it in your eyes, you shagged her brains out."

"Ok, Ron I did, are you happy! You don't know her, she is in Ravenclaw. She asked me not to tell anyone because it might ruin her reputation and I'm going to give her at least that," Harry said bitterly.

"I knew it. Damn Harry, back one day and you already got some arse. I envy you," Ron said, slapping him on the back.

Not as much as if you knew who she really was, Harry thought.

What was that, Hermione said to him in response..

Harry turned his face to her direction. She was far and he could still hear her thoughts.

Nothing, I wasn't talking to you. Are you finished? Ron wants to give you his surprise, Harry said to her.

"Good, she's heading back, let's go," Ron said, pulling Harry to the table.

Do you know what the surprise is going to be, Hermione asked him.

Yes.

Tell me, Hermione pleaded.

No.

Never mind I already know, Hermione thought, smiling mischievously.

“Hey,” Harry said out loud, by accident. He meant to think it, and in a defending way, but when he said it aloud he only ended up looking stupid.

“Hey, yourself,” Ginny said, sitting down.

Ron grabbed Hermione by her hand and led her to follow him. He closed her eyes for her and whistled for Neville to come out.

Neville did with the pot of dirt; he was walking cautiously, as if he was trying not to spill the contents of a potion.

When it was in front of Hermione Ron took his hands off her eyes and watched her reaction.

“Hermione, I love you,” Ron said.

When the words left his lips, the pot began to shake slightly. Everyone got out of their seats to get a better look except for Harry. He was staring at the wall in disbelief.

The dirt began to separate and out popped tiny plants that began to grow. Hermione counted twelve and watched them take form. When they stopped she recognized the plants were supposed to be roses but they had stopped at the buds.

“Wow... Ron, they are great, thank you,” Hermione said, wanting to cry.

Ron's face fell with disappointment and he had a hurt look in his eyes. She had heard what he had said but her mouth didn't want to reply back.

"I...I...I luv you too," Hermione said so low, that only Ron heard her.

"What did she say?" Lavender whispered loudly.

"She said that she loves me too," Ron said, kissing Hermione on the cheek. The pot was beginning to shake again and Hermione watched as the rose buds bloomed into beautiful mature roses.

It was sweet of him to do this and she felt ashamed for the first time that day to have done what she did with Harry.

Well if that's how you feel then why don't we forget it ever happened, she heard Harry think hurtfully.

Before she could respond back, Professor McGonagall came in and said, "If you have already taken your picture go back to class now, your second lesson of the day has already started."

Ron reluctantly left but not before dragging Hermione off to go snog with her a bit.

It was the hardest thing to do while Harry's face kept popping in her mind when their lips touched. She was going to have to do something and fast.

Harry for the first time tried to shut Hermione off completely and it worked. No matter how hard she tried she could not reach him.

When Harry wants to be alone he finds a way to do so, Hermione thought, while taking her Worst Flyer picture.

Finally, the only ones left were the ones that Harry and Hermione had together. It was awkward trying to pose when Harry was trying his best not to touch her.

“Come on guys at least smile,” Colin said, from behind the camera. Harry didn’t move a muscle.

“I need you to put your arm around her, like that,” Colin said, placing it around her waist. Hermione’s hair rose from the back of her head at Harry’s touch.

“Work with me, act like a couple. I don’t want to put rubbish photos in the yearbook,” Colin pleaded.

Hermione looked up to Harry who didn’t meet her gaze. “Harry, I’m asking you nicely,” she said sternly.

What is that supposed to mean? he thought, connecting his eyebrows.

Hermione smiled forcefully because she was fully aware that Colin was looking at them. It means if you don’t, I will make you.

Harry closed himself off again and looked up just as he had before. Nothing changed.

“Ok fine,” Hermione said, raising her wand and saying, “Delorisiium.”

Then she turned the wand to herself and did the same spell.

Harry looked down and smiled at Hermione. He loved her so much, how could he have ever thought of giving her up. He took her in his arms and turned to the camera a lovesick animal.

“That’s more like it,” Colin said, snapping the pictures.

Hermione grabbed his arm and fastened herself in them; he picked her up and kissed her cheek.

“Hey, better not let Ron see you doing that to her he may get the wrong impression,” Colin said, snapping pictures feverishly.

“Who’s Ron?” Harry asked Hermione, as they took their last shot.

“Ok, you two, I’m all done you can go back to class.”

They left hand in hand out the Great Hall and into the corridors that were now empty.

“You think we could go to an empty classroom and...” Harry stopped and started trying to swallow Hermione whole.

“Stop it! Maybe if you behave we will,” she said giggling. He pulled away from her happily and continued down the passage.

They were still holding hands when he suddenly yanked his away. When Hermione looked up at him, his face revealed how pissed off he truly was.

“What did you just do to me?” Harry asked, pushing her against the wall slightly. She looked confused but then fear glistened in her eyes.

“It... it’s...it was a spell called the ‘Temporary Forget-Me-Not’ Charm,” Hermione said, frightened because she had never seen Harry so angry with her before.

“A what...what did it do to me just now?” Harry asked again, not fully understanding. Hermione winced at the pressure he was putting on her arm and when he realized what he was doing he immediately let go of her and started to pace.

“It...is supposed to make you forget your troubles and make you happy for the time being. It makes you feel what your heart wants to feel. I only cast it to last for five minutes which was the time we were in there.”

“I looked like a bloody idiot in there. If Colin goes around telling-” Harry was cut off.

“But he won’t, he’s not like that Harry,” Hermione said, trying to calm him down.

“Forget about it,” Harry said, heading to class. Hermione followed, not too pleased with her actions.

For the rest of the day Harry didn't have so much as the brain power to think Hermione's name much less block her. They were so overloaded with work in class to prepare them for N.E.W.T.'s. He hadn't forgotten about his promise to try his absolute best and he did.

Ron laughed at how he competed with Hermione to answer questions; the problem was that she already knew them. The teachers, having always to pick her waited a while to give someone else a try, giving Harry an advantage. He became quick at finding it in the book and soon the teachers didn't even want to pick him.

“I'm exhausted,” Harry said, while sitting down to eat at lunchtime.

“Don't get too exhausted we have tryouts today,” Ron said, biting into an apple. Hermione came in and sat down next to Ron eyeing Harry. He tried not to look at her but she drew him into her.

“Why today? It's only the second day of the school year,” Harry said, feeling a bit out of the wind. He and Hermione exchanged looks. He would never be able to look at her the same after what happened last night.

“I want to get my team together as soon as possible because we have a match against Hufflepuff in a month and I want plenty of practice,” Ron said, holding Hermione's hand.

“Ok, I'll be out to help you after our last class.”

“So Hermione, are you coming down to the pitch to watch,” Ron said hopefully.

“I have to study, there was a lot of homework given and I don't want to put it off,” Hermione said, taking a bite of her food.

“Can't you have one day off?” Seamus said, sitting down close by.

"Yeah, Hermione, you have the rest of the week to catch up on your work," Neville said, next to Seamus.

"Alright," Hermione said, feeling trapped.

"Hermione, I heard what a lovely gift Ron got you this morning," Susan Bones said, while she was walking by with some friends.

Hermione broke her stare from Harry and inhaled a breath.

"Yes it was lovely," Hermione said, leaning against Ron.

I have got to find a way to break up with Ron soon, Hermione thought.

Since Harry had shut her out completely he did not hear her think this.

"The whole school knows about it," Ginny said, eating rapidly.

"Going somewhere?" Ron asked suspiciously.

"Actually, I do have to go to the library. Anyways, the Gossip Sisters went around the school and told everyone about this morning. Now everyone knows it is official that the two of you are going out," Ginny said, getting up and leaving.

Great, just what I needed, to seem like a bitch when they find out that I dumped him, Hermione thought.

"I'll see you at the pitch later," Harry said, getting up and storming out.

"Is it just me, or does everyone have to go somewhere?" Ron asked Hermione.

She shrugged and continued eating.

"It's a beautiful day, you guys should go outside for a walk," Neville said. His words were too rehearsed for Hermione to believe he said it on his own accord but she accepted and left with Ron.

Harry had been listening to every word and was now fuming.

How could she stand there and act like nothing has happened, he thought, punching the wall.

“Must suck,” Harry heard a dreamy voice speak. Luna was standing behind him and Harry raised his eyebrows at her. “It must suck to have to watch them,” she said, twirling her hair in her fingers.

Harry shrugged and leaned against the wall in defeat.

“She doesn’t love him,” Luna said, letting her voice trail off.

“What gave you that idea?” Harry said sarcastically.

“He’s persistent for all the wrong reasons. I love him you know.” Luna let herself lean against the wall and slowly fell.

Harry followed her unsure why he bothered.

“I didn’t know you loved him. Since when has this happened?” Harry asked patiently.

Luna looked up and replied, “For about a year now. We were getting to be good friends last year but now he doesn’t have time for me.”

“Why don’t you try telling him how you feel? Trust me when I tell you it is not healthy to hold back on your feelings,” Harry said truthfully.

“It wouldn’t work right now, he’s too blind.”

For once Luna’s words made sense to Harry. It eased him to know Ron would have someone to love him if things didn’t go through with Hermione, but what if they did?

What if he had to sit there for the rest of his life with his mouth shut, watching his best friend have the life he should have had with Hermione?

"You're right, it does suck," Harry finally said, after a silence.

They both sat there wallowing in misery until time came to get to class.

"I'll see you around Luna. I hope you have better luck than I did," Harry said, entering the dungeons.

Snape was in his usual foul mood, making it clear from the start that Harry was going to pay for his actions at the Ministry.

He threw twenty questions at Harry who only was able to answer fifteen of them. The five that he couldn't, took ten points each from Gryffindor.

"Fifty points; thanks a lot Potter. Could you be any more stupid?" he heard someone shriek from across the room, but when he turned to face them, no one spoke.

"Cowards," he said, under his breath.

Snape proceeded to hit him in the back of the head with a book. He gave out the instructions to the next potion and told everyone to get started.

Harry was alone at his table. Usually Ron and Hermione were his partners but he couldn't help but notice they had not arrived. Since the potion took three people Harry was doing badly.

He tried to stir and add the content in at the same time while reading what to do next but ended up making a minor error. This made one follow right after another and soon a smell of rotten eggs filled his nostrils.

Neville's cauldron was in worse shape than Harry's, it had chewed a hole right through to the bottom.

The doors burst open breaking the concentrated silence that had filled the room. Hermione came in out of breath followed by Ron. This

scene made Harry mess up so badly he cleared his cauldron and sulkily leaned back on his chair.

“And what do you two think you are doing?” Snape asked, pointing his finger in their faces. They were very late and that was not acceptable to Snape. Harry wondered why they even bothered to show up.

As he lay back on his chair, he began counting to get his body to regain control. He didn’t want to lose more points today and this was sure to send him off the wall if he didn’t calm down.

One, two, three, four, seven, nine, twelve, twenty six, twenty seven, forty seven, fifty eight... he thought, forgetting how to count.

“We are going to our seats,” Ron said, moving around Snape but was grabbed by his collar.

“Both of you out get out of my classroom!” Snape yelled, pushing them and shutting the door firmly.

“Let this be a reminder to never be late to my classroom. Potter, make sure you tell them to keep their hands to themselves and on a watch next time,” Snape said, hitting Harry right in the chest emotionally.

After class, Harry headed to the Quidditch pitch as Ron told him to, trying to remember why he was Ron’s friend in the first place.

“Hey mate I’m so glad you’re here,” Ron said, pulling him into the dressing rooms.

“What is it?” Harry said, rather coldly.

“I can’t find the broom you gave me anywhere,” Ron said, continuing his search.

“That’s because it’s locked up in the closet,” Harry said, saying the password and taking out the broom.

“Hey how do you know that passwords and I don’t,” Ron said, taking the broom.

“Sorry, they gave it to me last year; I think they thought I was going to be Quidditch captain this year.”

“Come on, I need to start the tryouts, people are already leaving,” Ron said, making sure his broom was in perfect condition.

On the stands were about thirty people waiting to try out for the team. When Harry rose on his broom, he instantly felt all his problems left behind on the ground. He did back flips and stunts in the air to try to warm up, but it looked like he was showing off.

He didn’t need any more attention brought to himself so he merely hovered above the ground waiting for Ron’s instructions. He spotted Hermione on the stands watching his every move; it gave him an unfamiliar desire to attempt to do the craziest stunts to impress her even though he knew she would be more worried than impressed.

“Ok... uh... let’s divide into groups. If you are trying out to be a Chaser stand over here, and if you are trying out to be a Beater stand over here,” Ron said, putting his hands on his waist. Everyone obliged except a couple of boys who hadn’t moved from their seats.

“What if we are here to try out for Seeker?” one of the boys asked, eying Harry.

Ron snorted while the some people burst out laughing.

“I’ll tell you what. You can be Seeker if you get the Snitch before Harry does,” Ron said, to the first year while opening the case that held the Quidditch balls.

The little boy stood up from his seat with determination written in the lines of his face. After being given a school broom he shot into the air without struggle.

“I thought first years weren’t allowed to try out,” a third year girl shouted out from below.

"My name is Jeremy Michaels and normally first years don't get to try out but Madam Hooch told me that I had exceptional flying skills already and said I was allowed," Jeremy said, flying around like it was the most natural thing in the world.

This made Harry get nervous. He was just like he was when he was eleven and didn't underestimate the talent this young kid might have. It was going to be a hard competition adding that the boy was a whole lot lighter than he was.

You have experience that has to count for something, Harry heard Hermione think.

He shut her out cursing himself for forgetting to shield her away. It was nerve racking enough for her to even be watching, you had to combine that with her knowing his uncertainties to it too.

"The Snitch is out...on your mark...get set...go!" Ron yelled.

The Snitch had already disappeared and Jeremy was off in its last direction. He went lower while Harry took his broom higher. This was something he had learned helped spot the Snitch better. Though Jeremy looked to be an experienced flyer, he seemed to have a fear of going too high.

Harry hovered in the air squinting down searching his eyes for the glint of gold he wanted. Jeremy was moving his head back and forth frantically trying to search as well. When Harry saw it move past the end of the Quidditch pitch he made no hesitation in zooming in to get it. Jeremy who had also been watching Harry at the same time proceeded to do the same. He was closer but Harry's broom was faster.

Jeremy was yards away already with his hand out to reach for it and Harry was now behind him. It changed directions up causing Jeremy to push Harry slightly to the side. He repositioned himself and pushed his body flat against his broom. It picked up speed but Jeremy was inches away now. Suddenly it lunged down but Jeremy didn't act quickly enough. He continued straight while Harry dove following it at

breakneck speed. He let go of his broom and wrapped his hands around the Snitch just in time to pull out of the dive.

Clapping filled his ears as he landed on the ground and Jeremy came a few seconds after.

“That is why Harry is the Seeker and you're not,” Ron said childishly.

Jeremy grew a long face and sadly went to get in line for the Chaser position.

“Hey don't feel bad, with a few years practice you will be guaranteed to get the spot,” Harry said, smiling at the boy. He cheered up and began talking to his friends.

Harry felt eyes burning a hole in the back of his head; when he looked Hermione beamed at him quite pleased with how he handled things. His chest stabbed him and he hastily turned around.

Ron had gotten on his broom and was now making his way to the goal post. He had only made it a short way when he abruptly stopped in midair.

His broom began to go crazy like a bull trying to knock him off. Harry raced towards him but was met with a strange burst of wind that blew him in the other direction. He twirled his broom around just as Ron had lost his grip and started to plunge to the ground.

When Ron had finally opened his eyes he was in the hospital wing. Hermione had been crying and shouted out that he was awake so Harry came rushing over to meet him.

Professor Dumbledore was sent for and Madam Pomfrey made Ron drink a foul potion, Harry was glad for once, wasn't for him.

“Quidditch, I swear it should be banned,” she said, shaking her head.

Hermione gave little sobs every now and then indicating she was alive. Harry sat back a little to not interfere.

“So what was that?” Ron asked, trying to sit up.

“It was my entire fault,” Hermione said, digging herself in the fabric of the bad.

“Hermione, how could you ever think that this would be your fault,” Ron said, in a loving voice.

“I was supposed to check Harry’s presents and I must have overlooked it. The broom had a curse in it to throw the rider off and block anyone who tried to intervene. I remember it from the stack of presents but I don’t remember checking it. Oh Ron, I’m so sorry,” Hermione said, throwing her arms around him.

Harry was going to be sick. This was not Hermione’s fault, it was his. If he hadn’t given it to Ron in the first place, no, if he hadn’t been Harry Potter none of this would have happened.

“It’s ok Hermione I’m fine, don’t cry,” Ron said, wiping away her tears.

If Ron wasn’t injured, Harry was positive he would have gone up to him and punched him in the jaw.

That is my job and my girl that you are touching, Harry thought furiously.

“It’s lucky that you are alive. If Potter here hadn’t picked you up and flew you straight here you would have died,” Madam Pomfrey said, handing him another potion.

“I thought you were. When you were on the ground all I could think about was...” Hermione began but didn’t finish.

“Tell me Mr. Weasley, what do you recall after you fell?” Madam Pomfrey asked, measuring his breathing.

“Everything went black and all I could think about was you Hermione. I felt myself wanting to leave but then a voice in the back of my head kept saying that I had to come back to you. I love you so much, I don’t think I would have made it without you,” Ron said, taking Hermione’s hand in his.

Hermione inhaled erratic breaths and sobbed even more. Madam Pomfrey eyed Ron as if she was going to tell Ron something but held her tongue.

Harry had lost all feelings in his body, he couldn’t move, breathe, swallow, or blink.

This can’t be happening to me, Harry thought, trying to get into Hermione’s mind. When he reached out he felt pressure push him back into his rightful place. She was blocking him.

Dumbledore laid a hand on Harry’s shoulder but he didn’t even notice it was his. Ginny, Neville, Seamus, and Luna came rushing in the doors to check that Ron was alright.

Harry was still paralyzed watching his friend retell his story of the day’s events.

“The broom has been stripped of any curses and you will be allowed to play Quidditch as early as tomorrow,” Dumbledore said, turning to talk in hushed tones with Madam Pomfrey.

“Poppy, I will be down in a while to discuss the further explanations with you later,” Dumbledore said. Harry didn’t get to hear anything but that.

Hermione still looked scared sitting devotedly beside Ron’s bed. He regained control of his legs and stood up to leave.

“Harry, thank you so much. If it weren’t for you...” Ron began.

“No, don’t even say it,” Harry said, trying not to think what would happen if Ron had really died.

“Still, you have no idea how grateful I am,” Ron said, pulling Hermione close to him and kissing her while she sobbed in his arms.

“Well Mr. Weasley, it looks like you are free to go,” Madam Pomfrey said, as she helped him out of bed.

What, when I get so much as a scratch she keeps me for observation but Ron almost dies and he gets to sleep in his bed tonight! Harry yelled in his head.

“Let’s go have a round of Butterbeer in your common room Hermione,” Neville said, asking for permission to bring Susan Bones.

Hermione nodded and they all proceeded to go to Harry and Hermione’s common room.

“I hope you understand that this does not change your duties,” Dumbledore said, departing with a smile and a nod.

“Oh, I forgot about that,” Hermione said, looking to check the time.

“No, Hermione I need you to be with me tonight. When do you have to go?” Ron asked, putting his arm around her as if he needed support walking.

“I have to go in ten minutes, but my round is short. I have to make an appearance around the girls’ bathroom, it won’t take long,” Hermione said, emphasizing the word girl’s.

This gesture didn’t stop Ron from asking if he could accompany her. She thought for a moment before accepting.

“I’m so lucky to have you as my girlfriend,” Ron said, trying to ignore Ginny who was poking him in the ribs.

Harry needed to talk to Hermione now. He concentrated hard on her mind and burst his way into her. She stopped walking when she felt herself being invaded.

We really need to talk Hermione; I don't care what it takes get away from them, Harry thought loudly.

Hermione shut herself off again and didn't reply. They kept walking in the direction of the kitchens and soon Ron was talking about bringing a whole feast down.

"I'll see you guys in the common room, I have to go pick up Susan," Neville said, departing from the group.

"Oh, that reminds me! I have to go activate all the new people in or else they won't be able to get past the door," Hermione said, just as they reached the pear.

"You get the food and I'll meet you guys over there. Harry, can you come with me? I'm going to need your help with the activation," Hermione said, leaving without waiting for a response.

Harry looked over his shoulder and saw Luna hang back while Ron and Seamus entered the kitchens. Since they weren't far from the kitchens, Harry and Hermione got to their entrance rather quickly.

"What the bloody hell is going on?!" Harry said, in a forced whisper. Hermione looked at everything but him.

Oh no, Harry thought, as he saw tears starting to form in her eyes.

"I...I can't leave him Harry," she said, in a low voice.

"You... and what am I suppose to do? Things can't exactly go back to the way they were 'Mione. You're just going to leave me and run off with a person you don't even love," Harry said, starting to raise his voice.

"That's just it, we never gave him a chance!"

"What do you call all summer, a first date," Harry said, starting to feel the hot prickle of his own tears forming.

"I didn't give him a real chance because I was too busy being in love with you. After I saw him lying in that bed, I couldn't bear to think what would have happened if I had left him," Hermione said, crying in her hands.

"You... you believe his story? That was all rubbish to sweet talk you. I don't want to see him hurt either, so that's why I don't think it's fair if you stay with him," Harry said, pacing on the spot. He was so angry with Hermione that he couldn't stay in one place.

"Harry he loves me and I..."

"Don't even dare say you love him because I know that's not true!"

"I don't, but I want to..."

Harry slammed his hand against the stone, concrete wall making portraits fall. He hadn't noticed a thing.

"So we're over... you're just going to leave and walk away from all of this...no...I am," Harry said, turning to the portrait of the first Head Boy and Girl of Hogwarts.

Hermione felt so bad watching Harry say those words and turn his back to her.

"Always and forever," he said, straining to keep a recognizable voice. He didn't look back or say any more as he walking into the common room and shut the door behind him. The bang he made echoed in the hall behind her making her feel completely alone.

It took Hermione great power not to run in there and tell him to forgive her. She was a coward not worthy to be in Gryffindor, but damn her if she would ever hurt Ron like this.

Today he showed her just how much he cared, but Harry cared for her as well. She chose Ron because she would be damned if she would ruin Harry and Ron's friendship. She didn't care about her own

but she knew Ron would never forgive Harry. Her heart knew that Harry would forgive her in his own time. He wasn't the type to hold a grudge towards Ron when Ron didn't do anything consciously wrong.

She would be the one to suffer most, and who knows? Maybe in time she would learn to love Ron. Their time together hadn't been horrible; on the contrary, it was great. If she let her heart open to him, she was sure there would be something special there too. All she had to do was let it and now she was. She dried her tears and muttered a spell to make herself not look like a water fall had just hit her.

Harry wanted to break everything in sight; he had kicked a few things already and had a swollen toe to show for it.

When the entrance opened, he hoped it was Hermione coming to tell him it was all a lie and to take her back.

Ginny was the first to enter followed by Seamus. Ron was off strolling away holding hands and doing god knows what with Hermione by now. Luna had apparently not been able to take it and decided against coming here tonight.

Harry took a seat near the fireplace and allowed himself to be entranced by the flames.

Neville came in with Susan a minute later and Seamus decided he wanted to get Lavender and Parvati to join them. Ginny wasn't pleased with this, but didn't reply, she was trying to get Harry's attention.

"Hello? Is anyone home?" she asked, snapping her fingers in front of Harry.

Harry jerked his head up to her and frowned.

"So I take it she chose to leave you," Ginny said, slouching next to Harry.

"You knew?" Harry said, hoarsely, trying not to cry.

"No, not really, but I knew she was going to do something. The look on your face told me all I needed to know, though," Ginny said, trying to comfort him.

"No offense, but right now is not the time," Harry said coldly.

"Don't take it out on the rest of the world just because you're having a bad day. I'm having the worst day of my life but you don't see me dwelling over it."

"Oh yeah? What happened with you?"

"My parents found out that I was still with Draco and want to take me out of school. Either that, or they're going to tell Ron to watch my every waking moment. They are going to wait a couple of days because of Ron's accident 'cause they don't want him to be too overwhelmed," Ginny said, on the verge of tears.

"Well, you shouldn't be with him anyways," Harry said, without thinking.

"And you shouldn't have slept with Hermione while she was with my brother but that didn't stop you," she retorted back.

"You know about that?" Harry asked surprised.

"Like you two couldn't make it more obvious this morning. The Gossip Sisters are here, so we better get into the group," Ginny said, making Harry get up and join the others.

For twenty minutes, Harry managed to get his mind off the situation until the portrait door swung open.

Ron came in laughing but was not accompanied by Hermione. Luna's blond hair was billowing behind her as she laughed with him when they entered.

Ron had a strange glint to his eyes that Harry couldn't describe. But where was Hermione?

"Aren't you missing someone?" Parvati asked rudely.

Ron searched the room and then looked at the door before saying, "She's not in here? I thought she told me she was on her way here."

As though hearing his call, the door swung open once more. The sight that everyone was expecting to see was the opposite of what they got.

Hermione came in panting as if she was running and kept twirling around the room. She appeared to be dodging flying things and seemed paranoid, jumping at any little sound. She looked in horror at everything as if she were seeing something that they could not. The room grew silent except for Hermione's sounds. Harry made an attempt to run up to her but Ron got to her first.

"Hermione are you-" She didn't let Ron finish, she began screaming and trying to push him.

He tried to restrain her hands but she let one loose and began scratching him and screaming, "GET OFF OF ME!"

"Go get Dumbledore!" Ginny yelled, moving out the way as Hermione fought Ron off.

Susan, Parvati and Lavender ran out the door to get the Headmaster. Seamus and Neville tried to get close but to their dismay, Hermione began screaming even louder.

"Ah! Don't get close to me! I swear I'll hurt you...ahhhh!" she yelled, twirling around and covering her eyes in fright.

Ron had let her go and she was making an attempt to run to her room. She jumped to the side at an invisible creature and began to swat her body. She began pulling at the hems of her clothes and screaming repeatedly.

“What’s wrong with her?!” Seamus yelled, trying to get closer.

“Get around her, we’ll all grab her at once,” Ron said scared.

Seamus, Ron, Neville, and Ginny surrounded her slowly filling in the gap. She began to scream violently tossing out her arms out at anyone who dared try and touched her.

They are everywhere; they are going to get me, nooooooooo! Harry heard her scream in his head.

He felt desperation and claustrophobia of the space around him closing in. They were her feelings, but the strange part was the fear she felt was unreal and imagined.

He saw in her eyes she was scared and he felt her realize what everyone was trying to do. She rammed by Neville before he could catch her and straight into Harry’s arms.

At first she tried to do the same thing that she had done to Ron, but found this to be impossible. His strength overtook her and she was unable to get away.

“LET GO OF ME!” she yelled, yanking her hands, trying to break free.

She fell to the floor, pleading to be let go while everyone watched in horror.

She was shaking so violently that it made Harry shake just trying to hold her. While on the floor, her body had a spasm and threw itself back. Her hands had slipped out of Harry’s hand.

Without warning, she began clawing at her hair and her own skin, letting unexpected, frightened yells escape her lips.

Harry reached for her and made her sit up. She launched her head erratically against his body desperately trying to be let go. She had been on the floor on her knees as Harry had positioned her. He kneeled in the same position directly in front of her, not caring if her

hands hit him. She looked over her shoulder and yelled practically jumping into Harry's arms.

He held her letting her find some confinement in his arms from what she was seeing but that didn't last long when she looked up at Harry.

"NO, NO! LEAVE ME ALONE!" she yelled, looking at him as if he were Satan himself. She began thrashing violently, moving her head back and forth like a crazy person. Everywhere she turned, she seemed to confront a new danger.

The only thing he could think of to do was to grab her head to stop it from tossing. He had to let go of her hands to hold on to her face but she tried to claw them open with her fingers. She was breathing, like a hundred pound boulder was on top of her lungs and she was still trying to hit him.

He moved her soaked hair from her face that was mingled with tears and sweat, and his heart stopped at what he saw. He held her inches from his face trying to look into her eyes and make her realize that it was him, Harry. Hermione's eyes were bloodshot red and she started crying right in front of him. Time had stopped when he saw the tears gush out of her. The look of terror in her eyes would never be erased as she let tears of blood flow down her cheeks, the tears of fear.

AN: Ok tell what you think of my longest chapter, but please don't be mad that h/hr aren't together right away, they will be so don't worry.

Chapter Thirteen Why?

He moved her soaked hair from her face that was mingled with tears and sweat and his heart stopped at what he saw. He held her inches from his face trying to look into her eyes and make her realized that it was Harry. Hermione's eyes were bloodshot red and she started crying right in front of him. Time had stopped when he saw the tears gush out of her. The look of terror in her eyes would never be erased as she let tears of blood flow down her cheeks. The tears of fear.

She got a blank look in her eyes, neither acknowledging that he was there or that she was alive. She merely shook on the spot while Harry continued to hold her face. Her hands where gripping his glued without any indication of being separated.

The sound of the portrait door opening moved Harry's gaze towards the person entering it. Dumbledore had arrived but instead of filling in his gap of reassurance it only made him feel more fearful.

Dumbledore was followed by the girls excluding Susan who could not take what was happening. He crossed the room to where Harry and Hermione now kneeled with a look of confusion and anger. Before he could get any closer Harry held up a hand and felt warmth shoot out of them.

"Stop, don't come any closer," Harry yelled.

Dumbledore immediately obliged a few feet away from the indicated scene he meant to penetrate. He lifted his hand up slowly and began to edge it closer until it hit something solid. Ron in confusion did the same and met the same fate.

"What is the meaning of this barrier?" Dumbledore asked calmly but sternly.

Barrier, what barrier, Harry thought.

It dawned on him that the warmth that had come out of his fingertips was a form of unconscious wandless magic. It had encircled them allowing nothing to enter its domain so long as the holder chooses to keep it. Harry had no mind of bringing it down at least not anytime soon.

"You cannot enter, I won't allow it. You will only make it worse for she has been hit with The Scarrition Curse." Dumbledore's eyes widened as well as everyone else visible in the room.

Ginny proceeded to cry upon the sight of Harry's hands who up until looking down hadn't noticed they were drenched in blood.

"She will continue to bleed until she is dead, let me take her to the hospital wing," Ron said trying to punch into the barrier.

Harry got a dark look in his eyes that made Seamus back away and Dumbledore to do nothing but survey the thing he was witnessing.

"Don't try to break it you will get hurt." Dumbledore warned as Ron began to kick the wall that was hidden from the seeing eye.

Hermione gargled and began flinching at the sound of Ron's frantic kicks.

"Stop it your scaring her," Harry yelled angrily.

"She's going to die," Ron said red from exhaustion. Harry didn't know what made him do it; perhaps it was because he was concerned with the welfare of his love. Or maybe because of jealousy that was not controlled in the back of his broken heart.

"Incarcerous," Harry yelled. He had to let go of Hermione to do the spell and keep what he now knew to be the barrier. He felt the magic open slightly to allow the spell to pass through and close as soon as it past.

Ron was instantly bound with thick ropes and thrown slightly back from the blast. When he landed on his ass he immediately sat up and

started trying to set himself free. He was no good at wandless magic like Harry was but he was doing a good job of trying.

Harry was unaware that he had loosened his grip on Hermione and felt a knuckle come in contact with his face. He was hit hard enough to cause his head to turn but not to lose his balance. He began to see dots flashing in front of his eyes and the room took a second to focus out. Averting his attention back to Hermione he saw the same look in her eyes as before.

A metallic taste erupted in his taste buds and warmth radiated from his tongue. He turned his head to the side and spit out a massive amount of blood.

She can sure pack a punch, Harry thought spitting more blood out. He caught a glimpse of what he thought was a will to fight and not be scared down flash in Hermione eyes. She was not going to go down easy.

Harry made to subdue her once more but she flung her hand towards him to slap him. He caught it inches from his face and stared at her.

She started to panic and her breathing was erratically starting to confirm it was getting worse. Her eyes rolled to the back of her head and she screamed.

“HARRY HELP ME, HELP ME HARRY!” She let out in a sob before proceeded to let herself wither to the ground.

Harry wasn't sure what to do, he didn't even know what he was doing was right. Something inside of him had told him not to allow them to take her and to trust his instinct. His instinct was his heart and he was going to listen to it.

He brought her back up to her knees, it wasn't straight but she was there. Her eyes were still rolling in the back of her head when she opened the slits. In her first whisper that hour she started to say, “Don't kill him, please don't kill Harry. No not my parents please no. Ron move out of the way they are going to kill you. Ginny no...don't die.”

She was starting to see the murders of those closest to her and her sobs were becoming fiercer.

“Hermione look at me,” Harry said grabbing at her arms. She had stopped hitting him but the life was draining from her.

“LOOK AT ME HERMIONE I KNOW YOUR IN THERE,” Harry said repeating his cry.

There was still no reaction from her and Harry was getting desperate.

“OPEN YOUR EYES AND LOOK AT ME,” Harry said trying to get her attention.

She closed her eyes and imitated a drunken person struggling to keep their head up. Harry reached into her mind that was so clouded and disoriented that it consumed him. He pulled back out of breath but would not give up. He jumped back in and shouted to her aiming for her heart. He told her to look at him and to fight what was drugging her and open her eyes.

“NOW, LOOK AT ME,” Harry repeated. He handled her violently, shaking her upon no end until her head shot up and her eyes flew open.

He stared at her finding what he was looking for. He continued to look at her whilst breaking a way to the part of her mind where her vision was kept. It was intoxicating but he felt the retreat from the spell occurring. He held it off until he could no longer and knew if he stayed he too would be lost.

She was pulled far back from the late stages of the spell but was brought to the early one. The one where she would start seeing demons and Harry would be a potential monster.

The familiar scared look on her face appeared while he forced her to keep the eye contact.

“Hermione it’s me Harry. Listen to me you can break free from this. It is not real you are only imagining it.” Harry seethed his way inside of her making her understand her words.

Then he saw what she thought was holding her, what she thought was the demon that wouldn’t let her go.

“No Hermione it’s me Harry. I’m here come back to me do not fade away,” Harry said.

He felt a tingle in his eyes and noticed that heat was coming from his cheeks. He was crying and hadn’t realized it.

Hermione was too weak to fight back but wasn’t making improvement. He was still in an early level but she had lost a large amount of blood.

“No you can’t be Harry. Get off of me,” she said weakly.

“Hermione please I need you... I need you to stay,” Harry said sitting on his knees and pulling her into a hug.

I love you, he said in her mind plaguing him once more in the disaster that was her head.

Now he didn’t care if he died as long as she lived. He was going to go all the way with this one even if it cost him his life.

He repeated his actions like before pulling her back from her visions until he felt it breaking like a shell beneath her eyes.

“Harry,” Hermione said. She was finally looking at him like she recognized him.

“It’s me I’m here,” Harry said wiping away her tears that were liquid clear now.

“I feel so...they are still there...in the dark. I can see a light around you...” Her voice began to fade as she shifted her attention Ron who was unbound but being held back by Dumbledore.

She started regaining fear and Harry was sure that if he didn't do something she was going to start up again.

"Hermione, hey look at me. You want to make all the bad stuff go away don't stop looking at me."

She was having problems just staying up so Harry held her in his arms. He positioned her so she could see him but still feel she was being protected.

"Don't let them get me Harry please," she whimpered.

"Nothings going to get you I promise," Harry said rocking her back and forth.

She was trembling and every now and then having spasms that were a few seconds in length.

"DON'T STOP LOOKING AT ME MIONE," Harry pleaded to her.

She nodded her head and did what he asked. If she tried to so much as peep another way Harry would shift her attention to him making her forget all about the creatures that had been attacking her. Her heart beat was returning to normal and the glisten in her eyes was herself again.

Poor Mione you look like you have been through hell and back, Harry thought to her blinking a few times.

Her breathing had subdued and he felt the essence of the spell leaving her body. She curled up in his arms and buried herself in his chest.

He sat there crying for a good two hours putting her to sleep until he was sure that she could be moved to the Hospital Wing.

When he finally put the barrier down Ron was the first to come and take her from his arms. Harry had neither the strength nor the patience to deal with his emotions. He placed them safely in the back

of his head and watched his Hermione being carried away to a place he would not follow.

She was going to get better now he already knew that. It helped him to stay away and gives The Couple time for them. Dumbledore didn't pressure him to come along knowing he must have been extremely tired. Nothing he did could convince Harry to get checked that night at the Hospital Wing anyway.

"Morning, I'll go in the morning," Harry said watching the last person leave the portrait hole.

As soon as he hit the bed he was out. He slept for two days straight and was magically woken by Madam Pomfrey.

"About time I must say," she said giving him his glasses. He looked around and saw that Hermione and Ron were not there.

"She's alright. She returned to her classes this morning but has been by every break to see if you had made improvements." The nurse gave him a suggestive smile.

Am I that obvious, Harry thought getting out of bed.

"I don't think so, drink this and you are free to go." Harry groaned taking the flask and drinking it in a swift gulp.

His energy was regained and ready to take on ten Slytherins if he had to. It was late and he was starving so he went to go eat the food his body was lacking.

No one was expecting him at the Great Hall for when he arrived there was a silence that plagued the room as if allowing a dead person at a funeral to pass.

He avoided all forms of eye contact and sat down at the nearest opening at the table.

“Harry you’re alright, I thought you would be out for a week,” Neville said.

“You scared everyone, you know that the whole school has been talking,” Ginny said eating at a fast pace.

“When does the school not talk?”

“I hope your not eating fast to go anywhere because I’ll have you know that you have to wait till I’m done,” Ron said rather coldly to his little sister.

He knows, Harry thought watching the expressions on Ginny’s face.

“No I’m not going anywhere. Just because you eat slowly and a lot doesn’t mean that I do.”

Harry hanged his head low to not bring unwanted attention to himself. He didn’t even try to look for Hermione but he could sense she was near.

“So Harry I guess you can tell us all what really happened in your common room two days ago cuz were all stumped,” Ron said avoiding his eyes. He took a mean bite out of a chicken leg and Harry got the feeling he was imagining it to be him.

He doesn’t know so stop fidgeting, Harry heard Hermione’s voice. In his opinion he could not have met a sweeter angelic tone.

Harry shot his head up and saw Hermione was situated next to Ron but must have arrived when Harry’s head was down. His fury with her had long vanished when she was attacked but the awkwardness still remained. She had several scratches on her face but hey were fine and healing nicely.

“I don’t know myself, I can’t remember much,” Harry said in a sharp raised his eyebrows rolled his eyes a little

He doesn't believe me. What the hell is his problem, Harry thought scooting his plate forward. He wasn't as hungry as he was ten minutes ago.

He's in a foul mood because you were the one who saved me and he wasn't, Hermione told him.

"Thank you for saving me Harry. Madame Pomfrey said that if you hadn't done whatever you did I would have... not been in a very good state right now," Hermione said.

"You know you don't need to thank me Hermione, you're my... best friend... and I would do anything to keep you safe."

Ginny started arguing with Ron about going to Ravenclaw and their attention was shifted away from Harry and Hermione.

I like the way best friend came off the tip of your tongue like it was poison, Hermione thought.

It is now, Harry thought.

If you aren't going to be able to do this then we shouldn't even be friends at all, Hermione thought.

Harry panicked at her words. He didn't want to have Hermione gone from his life but what did he say to try and convince her.

Never mind forget I said that. What a crabby way to repay the person who saved my life right, Hermione thought saddening her face.

You weren't' really suppose to feel that, Harry thought.

Ron was furious when I woke up. He seemed to think at the time that you should have brought me straight there. He got even madder when Madam Pomfrey said that she didn't have a cure for that kind of spell and it was lucky you knew what you were doing, Hermione thought.

I didn't know what I was doing though, Harry thought.

Either way you still helped, Hermione thought.

I take that he knows about Draco and Ginny, Harry thought.

Yes Mrs. Weasley told him yesterday and he hasn't so much as let her go to the bathroom by herself, Hermione thought.

Where does that leave us, Harry thought.

Same place, Malfoy and Ginny promised to keep their mouth shut if we help them see each other every other night, Hermione thought

What and you agreed to that, Harry thought angrily.

Do I have a choice? We got ourselves in a good mess that we couldn't get ourselves out of. Now we have to clean things up, Hermione was cut off by Harry's thoughts.

Mess so that's what you're calling us huh, Harry thought slamming his hand against the table.

"What is wrong with you two?" An Irish accent penetrated Harry's thoughts. Harry stopped looking at Hermione and was met with the whole Gryffindor table staring down at him.

"What are you talking about," Harry said grabbing his plate and picking at his food.

Ron was looking stupidly at them trying to figure out what had just occurred.

"Why did you slam your hand on the table, you looked like you were mad," Seamus asked.

"There was bug on the table," Harry said getting up and leaving before anyone could question him more.

Harry you really need to control your temper, I didn't mean it like that come back everyone has been so worried, Hermione thought to him as he was walking away.

He closed her out and kept on walking making the loudest noises he could on the way out.

When he reached the portrait door of his room he was ready to strangle anything that came across him. Once inside he went directly to the pillows of the couch and began punching them madly until all the feathers were scattered on the floor.

He screamed and yelled and kicked till his hearts content. He started to cry in sheer anger until he felt Hermione was nearing the door. He had his invisibility cloak next to him because he was planning on going flying so he simply went to the corner and put it on.

Hermione came in and was followed by Ron.

"Do you think he's in here...what the fuck happened in here," Ron said at the mess that was in front him. Hermione slapped him in the arm for cursing.

"Oh Harry," Hermione whispered checking his room. Harry was trying his hardest to keep her tightly shut out and make sure no hint of him was shown. Ron pretended to search as well but ended up biting his fingernails.

"He's not in here," Ron said when Hermione emerged back into the room.

"He could be anywhere now," Hermione said cleaning up the feathers from the floor.

"I don't see why he was mad in the first place. He was staring at you and making funny faces at you then got mad and stormed out for no apparent reason."

"You didn't have an apparent reason for giving him the cold shoulder at lunch but you did anyways," Hermione said hotly. She clearly had

changed the subject but Ron was too offended by her remark to take notice.

“Wha... I did not give him the cold shoulder.”

“Yes you did.”

“I... I had good reason to.” Ron said folding his arms.

“And what was that.”

Ron looked at his feet and mumbled something Harry could not hear.

“What,” Hermione said leaning in closer to him.

“I... I was bloody jealous ok.”

Hermione didn't look one bit surprised by his answer.

“I knew that but why would you be jealous Ronald.”

Ron wrapped his arms around Hermione and pulled her into a hug. While still in the hug he began to talk to her and since Harry couldn't hear he got closer.

“He saved you Hermione and I didn't know how. It was my entire fault that this happened to you.”

“How is it your fault,” Hermione said muffled in his chest.

“Sounds familiar doesn't it. Didn't we have this conversation already only you were the one saying it was your fault,” Ron said jokingly making Hermione laugh. No he was making Harry's Hermione laugh.

“How is it your fault?” Hermione repeated again.

“If I wouldn't have stopped to talk to Luna then you wouldn't have been hit with the curse.”

Hermione broke from him and connected her eyebrows.

"Well were even now so let's forget it ever happened." They hugged and to Harry's displeasure they kissed and Ron left.

Harry had to fight with every born in his body not to attack his former best friend. It was completely obvious he had not answered the question of why was really jealous.

Once the door was closed and Hermione was alone with him he took the cloak off of his body making Hermione jump with fright.

"Harry you were here the whole time," she said clutching her heart.

"Yes I was," Harry said with unwanted tears coming down his face.

He felt Hermione want to run up to him and have him hold her but she didn't. It was the last straw. He had flipped before and told her that he was the one who was leaving but this time it was for real.

"From this point on I don't even want to acknowledge the fact that you are anything to me. You are no longer my lover, my friend, or even an acquaintance. Fuck what I said about wanting to be at least your friend before forget everything I said like you do. I can't do it and I won't!" Harry yelled making sure she felt the entire heart ache and all the suffering she was causing him to go through.

Hermione put her hand over her mouth and started to cry. She tried to make them silent tears but the intensity would not let her. Harry tried not to look at her and he wasn't about to apologize for his actions, he gave her one last look and put on his cloak.

Harry had disappeared before her eyes that day and you could say he wasn't seen since. They had so much homework that she kept her mind busy anyways. Eventually he began joining Ron but would make no haste in leaving if they were alone.

Hermione could not remember the last time he spoke a word directly to her. A few weeks had past and things between her and Ron were

getting serious. The only problem was Harry kept coming into her head every time they shared any intimate moments.

“Don’t worry about him Hermione. He’s being Harry, when has he not avoided his friends and been depressed,” Ron said angrily for the umpteenth time.

“He hasn’t spoken to me in weeks Ron, you don’t think nothing much of it because he talks to you all the time.”

“I’m sick and tired of you always talking about him. Every time we are alone that’s all you do. I wonder if Harry’s alright. Did you see him eat today? Check to see if he did his homework. Did it ever occur to you that maybe he has a girlfriend or something,” Ron said furiously.

“He has a... a girlfriend,” Hermione said shocked.

“I don’t know if he still does but last time I checked he was sleeping with her so...” Ron said shrugging his shoulders like it was no big deal.

“Sleeping... as in ha...having ...sex” Hermione said wanting to faint.

“Usually that is what it means,” Ron said steering her down the corridor.

“Oh... that explains why he has been missing for the past week and a half from lunch and not been in our common room,” Hermione said swallowing a lump in her throat.

No Harry wouldn’t do that he... he wouldn’t. I refuse to believe it, she thought sighing.

Now I know what it is like to be jealous.

They went to their classes and Harry entered just before he was late. He sat down next to Ron and they started talking in hushed voices. When Professor McGonagall wasn’t looking Hermione muttered a spell to make her hearing towards them better.

“So what are going to do during your free period? I was thinking that we could go practice if you weren’t busy.” Ron whispered.

“No I’m going to go to the Room of Requirement and practice a few spells...”

“TURN TO PAGE SEVENTY THREE!” Hermione grasped her ear. Professor McGonagall had been too loud and had hurt her ears. She took the spell off and proceeded with class.

Harry and Hermione left five minutes early like they usually did and went separate ways. Hermione wanted to talk to him desperately but she couldn’t get him alone.

What would I say to him anyways, like he’s going to listen to me. He has no idea how not talking to him is killing me inside. I deserve it for making him feel this way a month ago but I didn’t think he would go so long without speaking to me. I mean... WHAM.

Hermione stumbled back a little and dropped her books all over the floor.

“I’m so sorry I don’t...” she looked up and found Harry staring back at her in just as much shock as she was. She stared at him with her mouth open stupidly and didn’t move.

He didn’t say a word to her but helped her pick up her books.

He caught her eyes and she felt the familiar prickle of tears welling in hers. He looked sad more than angry now but the glint in his eyes was gone. The man she had fallen in love with was not standing before her.

He made to move right as she made to move left. Then she moved right and he moved left. Fate didn’t want them to part.

“I’m going right,” Harry said casually breaking Hermione’s heart. She decided to stay still and allow him to make the first move. He did without haste and walked away.

I should be used to seeing his back. That's what he always does when things get bad. He walks away instead of confronting them, Hermione thought angrily.

Harry twirled around and gave her a crazy look. Then he smiled one of his charming smiles and left.

Well he sure does know how to hit me where it hurts. How did I even bump into him I could have sworn we went in different directions? Oh god is this your way of saying something to me. What do I do, what do I do. Tell him the truth that you still have feeling for him and you want him back. Why do I keep repeating these cycles over and over again, Hermione thought unconsciously making her way to the Room of Requirement.

I better apologize for what I said at least, I said some pretty nasty things back there, she thought.

She felt like she was losing her mind going after Harry. She didn't even know if he would listen to her but she didn't know if she could go one more day crying herself to sleep.

She walked past the wall once.

She was happy with Ron but her heart keeps telling her it belongs to Harry and...

She walked past the wall twice.

She was starting to get nervous. She felt like she was going to ask him on a date or something. Her palms were starting to sweat and her heart was starting to race.

She was walking past the wall a third time.

A door appeared suddenly on the wall. She had been concentrating on the room to appear so that it set the perfect mood for her and Harry. Now all she had to do was find the right words to say what she was feeling.

This is Harry you don't need words, she thought to herself twisting the door knob. She let a tiny smile appear at this thought as she entered the room slowly.

"Harry I..." Hermione began but never finished. Harry was not alone in the room but was accompanied by a female whose face could not be seen. It was too busy kissing his lips. Harry pushed the girl slightly off at the sound of her voice.

"Hermione!" Harry yelled.

AN/ ok just so you know don't you ever doubt that Harry and Hermione aren't going to be together. It is an insult to me anyways of course it's in this section so I'm gonna make it happen. Thanx to all my faithful reviewers and readers. Where would a story be without a little drama and remember the more reviews I get the faster I update. I know right now a lot of you are mad and pissed but later you will understand why I am doing all of this.

I

Chapter Fourteen: Getting Lost

"Harry I..." Hermione began but never finished. Harry was not alone in the room but was accompanied by a female whose face could not be seen. It was too busy kissing his lips. Harry pushed the girl slightly off at the sound of her voice.

"Hermione!" Harry yelled.

Her heart broke and fell into millions of pieces right then and there. Water was forming in her eyes threatening to burst; but she held them off not wanting Harry to see her cry.

On instinct, she departed from this sickening scene before her, while Harry hastily called out, "Hermione, this isn't what it looks like, come back!" She didn't listen; she didn't want to, nothing could make her go back.

She ran as fast as she could to the place she felt would be her only sanctuary, her bedroom. Harry didn't follow her, or, more likely he couldn't catch up.

Once she was inside of her room she muttered the most powerful locking charm on the door. On top of that she put a Silencing Charm on the door so no sounds could be heard from the outside. If Harry choose to knock she didn't want to hear it, she didn't want to hear anybody.

Remembering the bathroom door was also an entry point, she repeated her actions to that door as well. Then she turned onto the bed and buried her face into the pillow, allowing all the pain to wash over her.

How could Harry do that to me? I thought he loved me and there he was kissing another girl. He's gone so far as to sleep with her from what Ron told me. If he truly cared it would not have taken him so little time to get over me. Wait, isn't this what you wanted, for him to move on without you? You're the one who wouldn't leave Ron so you

have no right to govern Harry's actions. Then why does it hurt so much? Hermione thought, crying into her pillow.

Harry had just bumped into Hermione and was making his way to the Room of Requirement. He passed the wall three times concentrating on a cozy place to relax and practice a few spells when he got bored.

When he was inside a little bookshelf had appeared with books for defensive spells that he had put together over time.

'I should be used to seeing his back. That's what he always does when things get bad. He walks away instead of confronting them.'

He kept repeating that awful thing Hermione had thought about him in the hallway while picking out one of his favorite pages. Hermione was in his mind constantly as he scattered though random spells.

I do not turn my back on things, that's what she does. She is the one who didn't want to leave Ron because she was scared of confronting his hurt feelings. What a hypocrite to tell me that. And what about, 'I should be used to seeing his back', the only reason I ever left was because I knew it was what she wanted. She's the one who lacked the courage to handle the situation, Harry thought, flipping pages and not paying attention.

A shuffling noise was heard behind Harry but before he could look a whispered voice said, "Don't turn around."

Hermione, Harry thought, making his heart jump. He wondered how he could allow the anger he had for her just fly out the window with only the sound of her voice. A smile erupted on his face as he heard the footsteps get closer.

"What are you doing here?" Harry asked, feeling light fingers run up his back.

"Shhh!"

Hermione put her hands on top of Harry's eyes taking away his view of his surroundings. She didn't take her hands off when she turned him around. He obeyed, feeling how much he missed her this past month. He wanted to forget everything that had happened and just put her to sleep tonight so she wouldn't cry. He wasn't stupid, he knew that she had cried herself to sleep every night.

His mind went searching for its familiar territory but he didn't find it.

Something's not right, why is she shutting me out? he thought.

Her body moving forward, wiped any suspicions he had out of his head. He felt the palms of her hands come seductively down across his chest. He was tempted to open his eyes and look at her properly but that wasn't part of the game. He knew he had to keep his eyes closed and he wasn't complaining.

There was something that he couldn't put his finger on, that felt off though. Something about the way she was touching him was in a manner that he didn't recognize.

"Hermione," he said, grabbing on to her hands. She stopped abruptly and contracted her muscles. He made to open his eyes but she turned him around again.

"What are you doing?" he asked trying to look over his shoulders. She was acting strangely. She pushed his neck back into its proper position, looking away from her. She didn't respond to his question, just stood in this awkward position forcing him to do the same.

Why is she hiding from me? Harry thought, trying to connect with her again. He sighed, wondering what game she was playing at.

She reached up and put her hands on his eyes, slowly turning him so he wouldn't be able to see her.

Her fingertips scraped the surface of his eyelids, in command, to lock them closed. The same fingertips continued on down to the departure of his lips, rolling them off suggestively.

Warm breath smacked the skin of his neck letting him know she was near. His emotions and his body both went into overdrive and before he knew their lips met.

The unfamiliar territory was just that-unfamiliar. It was around his second gulp of her that it came to him that he didn't remember Hermione's kisses being this way.

"Harry I-" Hermione's voice rang out directed from the door but stopped astonishingly.

Harry's eyes shot open in realization. The person he was kissing was not Hermione, because she was standing by the door. He looked at the girl standing before him; she had a smug smile on her face. Harry pushed her away in disgust.

"Hermione!" Harry yelled.

He had never seen her look so hurt before. The girl who had been kissing him got in front of him and tried to hold him back. He was only able to get a glimpse of Hermione exiting the room, while he called out to her to come back.

"Move!" he said, impatiently scooting the girl over and running for Hermione. The mystery girl grabbed him by the arm and tried to hold him back.

By the time he was able to get out of the room, Hermione was gone.

She must have ran, he thought to himself. His heart was feeling more and more everyday like someone had taken a dagger and impaled him with it.

He balled up his fists in anger and reentered the room to face the villain, who caused this new problem to arise.

She was pretty he had to say, but it looked like that was all she had. She was smiling at him as he walked up to her thinking it made her look innocent. She tilted her head to the side and began to twirl her

hair in her fingers trying to look sexy. To Harry she looked like an airhead.

“Who the hell are you and what the fuck are you doing in here?” Harry asked, slamming the door behind him.

“I’m Sandy and I’m in Hufflepuff. I’m only a grade younger than you but I assume you haven’t seen me around,” she said batting her eyelashes.

“Okay, you still didn’t answer my question.”

“I came to see you, you’re an excellent kisser you know that,” Sandy said, trying to get closer to him. He backed away and eyed her.

“Why did you do that?” Harry said, angrily throwing his hands in the air.

“Because I wanted to, and partly because I wanted you,” she said, biting her lip, making Harry want to throw up.

“How did you know I was going to be in here?” Harry asked, stepping up to her in anger.

“I...someone told me and I-”

“Who told you?” Harry said, grabbing her by the arms and shaking her slightly.

Her smile turned into a frown and she had fear in her eyes. Harry was so mad he was surprised that everything in the room wasn’t exploding.

“WHO TOLD YOU? TELL ME RIGHT NOW!” Harry yelled, pushing her against the wall. She barely hit it, but was surprised by the fact Harry would ever harm her.

“I don’t know his name. He just came up to me because he knew I liked you and-”

“How can he know you like me if you don’t know who he is?” Harry asked, seeing her whimper at the sight of his eyes.

“Uh...um...I...” she mumbled trembling.

“TELL ME!” Harry screamed. punching the wall next to her face. He was trying to scare her on purpose so that she told him what he needed to hear.

“I don’t know, okay! He overheard me talking and was wearing a hood over his face. He told me where I could find you, I’m sorry! Please, let me go! I won’t ever do it again,” Sandy cried out.

“Get out, I never want to see you again!” Harry said, pointing to the door. She hesitated because she was too scared to move.

“You think it’s funny to play games and fuck with people’s emotions. What was going on in your head when you came up here? ‘Let me go fuck up Harry Potter’s life’. GET OUT OF MY FACE!” Harry yelled.

She was glued to the wall and looked like she wanted to cry but Harry didn’t care. He knew he had seriously been wrong in treating her that way but was too pissed off to care. Since she didn’t leave, he did. He went to go check if Hermione was in their common room.

The last thing I want is for her to go running into the arms of that...my friend, Harry thought, massaging his temples.

“Harry, can I have a word with you?”

Harry stopped walking and looked around. There was no one in sight. It sounded like Dumbledore’s voice but he couldn’t be sure.

“That’s it Harry, come through the nearest door.” That voice definitely had to be Dumbledore’s but Harry wasn’t going to listen blindly to any command. “What are you waiting for?”

Harry instinctively took out his wand and faced the person behind him. Before he could so much as think of a spell his wand was taken away by Albus Dumbledore.

"Why do you always do that?" Harry said, snatching his wand back and placing it firmly in his back pocket.

"To see that look on your face," Dumbledore said, raising his hand. He was gesturing for Harry to enter the door to his left.

"Is this going to take long because I'm sort of...having a problem," Harry said, sitting down at the nearest desk.

"No, I just wanted to inform you that I have been looking into what happened to Miss Granger a month ago. Nothing entered or left the school grounds that day, not even Hagrid. The only explanation is therefore that it must be one of our own."

"One of... you mean a teacher," Harry said, becoming intrigued.

"I didn't specifically think that but it could be true, even if I highly doubt it. There is one other possibility...that one of the students-"

"Students? One of them did this horrible thing to Hermione! I swear I'll-" Dumbledore gave Harry a warning look.

"I did not say it was a student but nonetheless there is the possibility. I want you to watch yourself, and not only that but also watch those around you," Dumbledore said, in a calm whisper.

"So you don't know who did it; but you brought me here to tell me to watch my back. No offense but I do that anyways, it became a habit after last year."

"Yes, I see that. Very well then, now that you have been informed I will be going," Dumbledore said getting up to leave.

"Wait, that's it. You don't even have a lead or something for me to go on."

"Harry, there is no way of telling what happened or where. When Hermione had healed in the Hospital Wing I questioned her and she didn't remember being hit with the curse. All that she recalled was

walking to the common room and then the creatures that started to appear out of nowhere. According to Ron she had went on without him while he talked to Miss Lovegood. At which time when they had finished their conversation they headed in the same direction Hermione had left. They did not see her on the way over there, so something must have happened to have caused her to stray from her path,” Dumbledore said placing a hand on Harry’s shoulder.

“Maybe...maybe someone hit her from behind and she tried to go to the one place where she feels safe. And maybe along the way she was so frightened that she couldn’t think straight,” Harry said sighing.

“Perhaps, your guess is as good as mine. Now, I do believe you have a problem to fix, Harry.”

“Oh yeah,” Harry said, remembering his mission. Dumbledore gave him a little bow and departed from Harry’s sight.

If it was a student then I’m positive they were in Slytherin, Harry thought, allowing the information to wash over him.

He took a deep breath and proceeded inside to his common room.

It’s been a long, long time since I looked into the mirror

I guess that I was blind

Now my reflection’s getting clearer

Now that you’re gone things won’t ever be the same again

The sound of a song echoed in the whole room. It was so loud he couldn’t hear himself think if he tried. It was coming from Hermione's room and got louder as he stepped closer.

There’s not a minute that goes by every hour of every day

You’re such a part of me

But I just pulled away

Well, I'm not the same girl you used to know

I wish I said the words I never showed.

Harry felt his heart sting as he listened to the lyrics of the song. He knew that it was talking about them. She was saying she was sorry for leaving him, but what was he going to do to make her believe he didn't betray her.

"Hermione, are you in there?" Harry said knocking on the door slightly. He retreated a little when the song grew louder after he had taken his hand away from the door.

I know you had go away

I died just a little, and I feel it now

You're the one I need

I believe that I would cry just a little

Just to have you back now

Here with me

Here with me.

"Visibilia," Harry said, pointing his wand to the door. The door became clear and he could see Hermione was sitting on her bed by the window staring out. She had tears running down her face. She couldn't see him but he was able to see her.

"Hermione open the door please, I want to talk to you. I know you're in there, come out baby," Harry pleaded. He knocked loudly again but she didn't give any indication that she had heard him.

You know that silence is loud when all you hear is your heart

And I wanted so badly just to be a part of something strong and true

But I was scared and left it all behind.

He stared at her from behind the door and watched her move her lips to the song. He didn't recall who sang this song but he knew it was another muggle song. He laid his palm across the clear door, that he could not penetrate, watching his heart being torn apart before him.

I know you had go away

I died just a little, and I feel it now

You're the one I need

I believe that I would cry just a little

Just to have you back now

Here with me

Here with me

And I'm asking

And I'm wanting you to come back to me

Please

He tried to break into her mind but was thrown back. At least this time he knew it was her and not some random girl. He started pounding on the door and yelled even louder above the music.

"I swear to you it wasn't what it looked like 'Mione. Please open the door, please," he said still not getting any reaction to her.

"Alohamora," he yelled but nothing happened. "ALOHAMORA MAXIMUS," he yelled again. Still nothing happened. He tried to blast the door open but it didn't work. The only thing that moved was the volume of the sound. And when it did she turned towards the door.

She must have put a spell so that she wouldn't be able to hear me knocking. But also so every time I tried to open the door the sound increased, Harry thought sinking to the floor.

I never will forget the look upon your face

How you turned away and left without a trace

But I understand that you did what you had to do

And I thank you

Harry paid attention to the song and swore the writer wrote it especially for them at that moment.

I'm going to stay out here all night if I have to, she going to have to come out sometime. But there has to be another way in, maybe I could use the window or the bath- THE BATHROOM DOOR, Harry thought hitting himself on the forehead for nearly forgetting.

I know you had go away

I died just a little, and I feel it now

You're the one I need

I believe that I would cry just a little

Just to have you back now

Here with me

Here with me

He ran to the door and tried to unlock it without success. He banged loudly and found that the music only increased more. He banged his head against the door slightly in frustration.

Suddenly the song stopped and her door from the other side could be heard opening. Harry was about to run to it when Ron's voice brought him to a halt.

"Hermione are you ok, why are you crying?"

"I think I failed a test but I'm not sure," Hermione said with a shaky voice.

Harry listened at the door while she told Ron the biggest lie of why she was upset. Ron ate the whole thing not questioning it once.

"You want to go for a walk and get some fresh air," Ron said hopefully. Hermione hesitated for a moment while Harry crossed his fingers.

"Sure," she said at last. Harry stood there for ten minutes wondering what he was going to do.

He wanted to cry but he didn't want to feel weak. He needed to lose himself and do something, anything to keep his mind off of Hermione. Flying wouldn't help because he might spot her on the ground doing Merlin knows what.

He left the bathroom and sat on the couch by the fire. The fire danced away invitingly, hypnotizing, and enticingly. Then the perfect idea popped into his head, he walked over the fire and grabbed a handful of Floo Powder and threw it in. He stepped into the engulfing green flames and said, "The Hog's Head."

Hermione was sitting by a tree next to the lake while Ron was telling Luna all the things he believed were in it. Since Hermione was not interested she allowed them their time and sat back relaxing on a root.

Her mind was blank and her eyes had cried themselves out already, she simply stared out into space and became a statue.

Lavender and Parvati were crossing the grounds and happened to spot her, she tried to hide from them. It was way too late for her to pretend that she hadn't seen them thought as they approached her merrily.

"Hermione are okay, you look like crap?"

"Thank you," Hermione said sarcastically.

Parvati stayed behind a little as if afraid of Hermione but Lavender kneeled down next to her.

"You look like you need to get away for a while, forget about a few things."

"What did you have in mind," Hermione said while she watched Ron throwing stones with Luna.

"Well there is a real great place we can go but the only problem is...it breaks a few school rules but before you say no I promise if you go we will have a great time," Lavender said smiling happily.

Hermione sighed and thought about it for a minute. She was Head Girl and shouldn't break school rules but she desperately wanted to have some sort of fun that she had been deprived of since the school year started.

"Where are we going?" Lavender jumped with glee and took her by the hand.

"All we have to do is find a way to get into Hogsmeade and we will be set." Hermione followed her without saying goodbye to Ron and went off.

"You know what let me worry about that. Did you know I have my own personal fireplace to Floo out of," Hermione said making Lavender half smile and half gasp.

Parvati was looking sulkily and walked behind them.

"This is going to be so much fun and look it's already getting dark, perfect," Lavender said walking with Hermione as if she was her new best friend.

"I'm not going; I don't feel like it anymore. We should stay, I really don't want to get in trouble," Parvati said looking down at her feet.

"What...don't be stupid, let's go," Lavender replied.

"No, I have too much homework to do anyways, you guys have fun."

"Fine suit yourself," Lavender said turning around without another word. Hermione wasn't sure if Parvati was too frightened of her or if she was just mad because Lavender wasn't paying as much attention to her. She didn't really care either way, right now she just wanted to go dissolve into another world.

"Are you sure you didn't switch bodies with Parvati back there," Lavender said laughing.

After checking that the common room didn't have Harry waiting in it, she went to the fire place and put in the Floo Powder. They entered and Lavender whispered the destination before both girls disappeared and all that was left was a mass of glowing green embers floating into the air.

AN: This chapter was supposed to be longer but I made into two because I didn't want it to be too long. Don't hate me I promise there is a major point for all of this. Song copyright of Michelle Branche called Here with me.

Chapter Fifteen: Dancing

Harry had just gotten back from The Hog's Head and sank into the nearest armchair. He had brought with him a bottle of Firewhiskey. He wasn't looking to get drunk, he was looking for something to calm his down.

He had never tasted it before but knew the effects would be the ones he desired.

Why did you have to pick Ron over me Hermione, why with my luck do you decide you want me back when this happened, he thought, pouring himself his first drink. He drank it fast and felt it burn his throat on the way down.

Why do you have to allow yourself to sink into depression for the sake of your friends?

He poured another one and stared at it. It was going to make him calm but not forget about what was happening. He didn't pin himself as a drinker, so what was he really doing with this bottle.

He wished that he didn't have any feeling for Hermione, and he thought back on Ginny, wondering if he got with her, or any girl for that matter, if it would make him forget her.

He laughed because in the back of his mind he knew that time would be the only thing that could make him forget Hermione, not another girl, when he heard the door open. He hastily tried to hide the bottle in his hand not wanting Hermione to see him like this, but it was not Hermione, it was Ron.

He was out of breath like he had just run up there. He clutched his side and tried to catch his breath. Harry was beginning to feel a little dizzy from the cup he had drunk, but it wasn't much so he was fine.

"Hermione...went...to a...place...Parvati told...me...no good," he said, in a broken voice.

Harry's attention was caught and he stood up. He realized that he had gotten up too fast when he started to stumble to regain his balance.

"Wh-what happened with Hermione again?"

Ron took a deep breath and said, "Parvati told me that, Hermione and Lavender went to Hogsmeade, to a place that may be dangerous for two teenage girls."

"Teenage girls or teenage witches?" Harry questioned. Even if he didn't like the idea of Lavender or Hermione off somewhere, he would feel more relieved if he knew that it was more a muggle thing he was leading on. If it had to do with magic then he was going to be overly worried. Ron looked at him and tilted his head to the side. His eyes squinted to Harry's and then to the shot glass Harry was still holding in his right hand.

"You've been drinking," Ron said, in disgust. Harry moved the bottle to the side and shrugged his shoulders. Ron's mouth came undone.

"Ron, I only took one drink, calm down. It's Hermione you need to think about," Harry said, motioning for Ron to continue talking.

"They went to a dance or a rave or something. It's magical one but Parvati told me that she didn't trust it. Lavender didn't tell Hermione the whole truth about the place and Parvati thinks that it's really dangerous," Ron said, wasting no time in throwing in the Floo Powder.

"But wait... do you even know where it is," Harry said climbing into the now blazing green fire.

"Parvati told me where she and Lavender were planning on going but she never really thought Lavender would go through with it. That was because Lavender didn't really have a way of getting there until Hermione told her she had a place to Floo out from," Ron said, now entering the flames himself. "The Alley Way!"

Harry's head was spinning and he didn't like how his head felt right now. Just as he was wondering when it was going to stop they fell out

of an abandoned room and Harry fell to the floor. Ron grabbed him and helped him get up.

There was nothing in the room, not even furniture. Dust was plentiful, and there was a door close by. Harry nodded his head towards it and Ron shrugged. This really wasn't a good thing. Ron didn't really know where he was going and neither did Harry.

They were both acting on assumptions, because for all they knew Hermione could be safe and sound having the time of her life. Harry felt guilty for a second thinking that he didn't want her to be.

He didn't want anything to be wrong with her either but the thought of her dancing with another guy was really wringing his insides. He knew that it was wrong to think of her that way, and felt horrible at how he was getting a jealous feeling.

Harry and Ron had reached the door and they opened it, feeling a rush of wind hit their faces. They were in an alley that Harry had never seen before.

"Parvati said to turn right and go to the third door that says Water Rippler on top," Ron said, muttering to himself.

Harry looked around in the darkness and saw the doors that lay ahead. All of them were shabby and looked abandoned; he was starting to doubt that Parvati had really meant what she said.

Ron counted the third door and sure enough, the words, Water Rippler, were printed in dusty letters.

"Wait, Ron, if this were a party place, wouldn't there be more people. I don't see anything but darkness," Harry said, slurring his words.

"If you're not going to come find out with me then stay here Harry," Ron said, angrily turning the doorknob and walking in.

I'm not staying out here, Harry thought, looking around at the creepy surrounding.

They entered a hallway that was narrow and had tinted lights. When they reached the door at the far end, a rectangular slot slid open and a pair of eyes met theirs.

"Password?" the person behind the door asked firmly.

"Uh...we don't have one," Ron said nervously. Harry didn't like this place. He had a bad feeling about it. He grabbed his wand inside of his robes anxiously.

"No password, no entry. Unless...you got large amounts of Galleons on you," the man said, mockingly staring at the state of Ron's robes.

"Harry, do you have any money?" Ron asked, looking at the man whose eyes squinted towards Harry. Ron knew perfectly well that despite his large amount of money in Gringotts he didn't go around carrying bags of it under his robes. He had said his name on purpose, but Harry got the hint.

"I only have about ten Galleons on me," Harry said, trying to dig through his pockets.

"Are you...?" The man stared questionably at Harry, and didn't finish his question.

"Am I what?" Harry asked, running his fingers through his hair to show his scar.

"Are you Harry Potter?" the man exclaimed.

"Yes I am," Harry said, admiring Ron's quick thinking.

"I am so sorry Mr. Potter, come in, come in! No charge for you," the man said, opening the door for them to enter. Ron smirked until the man hated him with his hand.

"He's my friend. If he can't get in, then neither will I," Harry said acting like he was about to leave. The doorman thought for a second, he was about to lose a very valuable guest. Not to mention if word got

out that Harry was denied entrance, then they were going to get a bad reputation.

“Fine...your friend can come too. Just follow the path and go through all the doors,” the doorman told them.

The walk was a little long but eventually they came to what they hoped was the last door. When they opened it, music erupted into their ears and colored lights that were flashing from every direction illuminated the pitch-black room.

Harry walked in while Ron shut the door. There were hundreds of people that could be seen dancing and drinking all around them. Most of them looked like they were a little older. None of them could possibly still be in school, though.

It was clear enough that not all of the people there were witches and wizards.

Harry stepped forward to begin his search for Hermione but Ron caught him by the arm.

“Look,” he said, pointing at where Harry was about to step. There was no floor. Water was flowing about a foot from where the floor should be billowing and splashing with the song. It made ripples and changed colors below them.

Now I know why they call it the Water Rippler, Harry thought, wondering why everyone was a foot above from the water.

“How are we going to get across?” Ron asked, looking around. No one was paying any mind to the fact that the dancing and rippling water was directly below their feet.

“No one is falling. They are dancing right above it, hey look,” Harry said, seeing a few girls that were magically suspended in mid-air. There were other couples up the air, too. People were staring and pointing at the chosen few who were selected to dance.

"This must be a magical club. Look that man at the top who is playing the music is picking out people. He probably picks out the best dancers and has them float up," Ron said, still trying to find a way across.

"This is so cool, I've never heard of one of these," Harry said, stepping forward and meeting a solid footing. There must have been a magical barrier between them and the water, because as Harry risked falling and step forward he stood in place just lie there had been a floor in the way.

"An invisible floor, I would have never thought of that," Ron said, joining him. Harry didn't really know where to look first, and as astonished as he was by this place he hadn't forgotten what he had come here to do. There was a bar close by them, so Harry pointed to it, so they could get away from the booming music. They sat down on some empty bar stools and stood on top of them trying to search around.

"Get off of those!" the bartender squealed. Harry and Ron looked around. The bartender had his wand out to show he meant what he had said. Harry was in no mood to fight and it was completely pointless right now. He had to get Hermione, and he wondered vaguely how she had gotten herself into this mess. Him and Ron both sank down on their chairs.

"Let's split up and meet up here in twenty minutes," Ron said, still looking around frantically.

"Okay," Harry said to him, separating his shirt from his skin. It was really hot in here, and he pondered if they had done that on purpose. Perhaps it was all the body heat that was in this place, because as many people as there were in here, it wasn't that big.

Ron left, and Harry had the notion to follow him. He knew Ron would be fine on his own, but eh didn't want anything to happen to him either. One thing Harry did know for sure, was that it was really hot in here, and Hermione was not sitting at the bar.

He felt like his best bet in finding her is to do what Ron did and jump right into the crowd. Hopefully she would be in the middle somewhere dancing.

As he made his way into the bust of people, Girls tried to start dancing with him but he pushed them off to continue his search. With all the lights and the music, it was hard to see and concentrate. He had to find Hermione, and tell her what really happened, before Ron did.

Hermione was sitting down at the bar, completely upset. Lavender didn't say she was going to this...this...this place! She felt like she had been tricked and it wasn't as if she could simply say, 'oh, to hell with it all'. She didn't feel comfortable, and she wanted to go back to Hogwarts.

This was far worse than breaking rules, and the people that were around her weren't in any way making her feel safe. To top off her misery, Lavender had gotten mad at her constant attempts to pull her out and screamed at her.

She had gotten mixed up in the crowd of people and Hermione had found it impossible to find her. She searched and searched completely mortified that something was going to happen to Lavender.

If something did, it would be completely your fault, she thought, letting the guilt set in. She gave up and went to stand by the bar. She figured that Lavender was going to have to come by eventually, because knowing her she was going to want to drink.

"Do you want something?" the bartender asked Hermione, kindly. Hermione had been in such a mood, that she turned around and angrily spoke.

"What?" she said, with her arms crossed.

"I'm sorry, I was wondering if you wanted something to drink," the bald bartender asked nicely. Hermione, aware of her bitter look, relaxed a bit.

"I'm sorry no, I don't want a drink," she said, turning around and facing the crowd again. She was two seconds away from leaving. This place was crazy, they had offered her alcohol for crying out loud.

If she didn't feel so bad about leaving Lavender, she would have been gone, she should have been gone as soon as they had entered the deserted alley.

"This is what I get?" Hermione said, wishing that she had listened to herself. This was not her idea of getting lost, in something fun.

"What's wrong?"

Hermione turned her head to see who was talking to her. She was shocked to find that he was so normal looking. She had spotted at least four vampires here, only god knows how they have been kept in line.

The wizard was older, and he had an American accent to his voice. He had brown, curly hair and deep blue eyes. He was very attractive, and he was talking to her.

"What?" Hermione asked him, confused. She knew it wasn't him, because she felt it when she first came in, but she felt really hot.

"You look mad, and then you said something like 'this is what I get'," he said, with concern in his voice. Hermione didn't have time for this. She did not want to talk to him, nor did she care about him. She saw that he had two other friends that were staring over in their direction from the bar.

She didn't need logic to tell her that she was probably a bet or something, and as cute as he was, she wasn't here to date. She had enough boy problems at Hogwarts.

"You wouldn't happen to have any water back there would you?" Hermione asked the bartender.

He nodded politely, and gave her a glass full of water. Hermione smelled it and after making sure that it was just water, she drank nearly all of it. It was so hot that it was making her really thirsty.

"Can I have another one please," she said, feeling like it hadn't completely quenched her thirst.

"Are you going to pay for it?" the bartender asked.

"I have to pay for water- never mind, here," she said, paying the man and getting another cup. She drank one third of it this time, because the guy next to her interrupted her. He was tapping her on the shoulder.

"Yes," Hermione said kindly.

"You didn't answer my question? Are you okay? Is something wrong?" The guy seemed genuinely worried, and Hermione felt bad for ignoring him.

"No, I'm not okay. I can't find my friend, and I really want to leave," Hermione told him.

"What does she look like?" the guy asked. Hermione stared at him questionably. Well, two heads were better than one.

"She-"

"Hermione!" Lavender had just came and sat down at Hermione's side.

"Where have you been?" Hermione said, putting down her water and placing her complete attention towards Lavender.

"I've been dancing. It's so much fun; you have to try it!" Lavender said, red-faced and asked for a drink.

"We're going home, and you're not drinking. You don't even have money-"

"I'll pay for it," the friendly guy next to Hermione said. Well there goes her happy thoughts about him; she really hated him now.

"Thank you!" Lavender said happily.

"What will you have?" the bartender asked.

"Nothing, she's coming home with me. I don't care if I have to hex you-"

"No wands!" the bartender shrieked. Hermione had pulled it out. Lavender got her drink but Hermione took it away from her.

"Fine!" Lavender said, getting up and darting off.

Hermione took her wand out, prepared to run after her but a pair of hands caught her from behind.

"No magic!" the bartender said sternly. By the time he let her go, Lavender had disappeared in the crowd again.

Hermione, infuriated by what the bartender had done, turned around and aimed her wand at him. "If you do that again, you're going to find out exactly what kind of witch I am."

She lowered her wand, aware that she would be greatly outnumbered. She also knew that she didn't want to be kicked out, but by now she was really starting to doubt why she was staying.

She sat back down on her chair and glared at the bartender. He had been so surprised to have a wand pointed at him, and didn't mention anything else after she had lowered it. He must go through this kind of stuff everyday.

Without thinking, Hermione reached for her glass and drank some more of her water. She didn't see how intent the guy next to her was, at seeing her lift her glass.

She had left her drink unattended and she didn't see what he had slipped into it. After she had brought her glass down, the guy next to her began trying to talk to her again, and she got so tired of trying to be nice to him that she simply stood up, and thought it would be easier if she went and looked for Lavender again.

The guy followed, but Hermione, who had her mind set on leaving in no more than five minutes, didn't notice him as she searched. She spotted Lavender up ahead, and began marching madly up to her, but halfway towards her something changed.

She suddenly didn't want to leave. She suddenly thought that it was a god idea to stay here after all. The lights were really pretty and the music made her want to dance. She wanted to dance and dance and dance. Her body was moving and she didn't even know it.

"Lavender! You're my best friend," Hermione said stupidly. Lavender stood there for a second and thought Hermione was joking.

"Did you drink?" Lavender asked her, with a smile on her face.

"I drank water, but that's it," Hermione said happily. She was really happy. She felt like nothing could go wrong and all the problems vanished from her head. Unaware to her, Harry had walked into the room. Someone walking in the crowd had a tray of drinks and people paid him, and got drinks right there on the dance floor.

Lavender jumped on it, and asked the same guy who had followed Hermione if he was still up to buying that drink. He nodded and for some reason Hermione felt her inhibitions letting her grab a cup and put it in the air gratefully. Her and Lavender drank the cups, and it wasn't until after it was inside of Hermione's stomach that for a splitting second she thought, what am I doing?

After moving his way around the crowd, Harry finally spotted a girl with brown hair dancing with Lavender. She turned her face and he immediately recognized her to be Hermione.

She sure did know how to shake in Harry's opinion. He made his way over to her while Lavender turned her attention to a male nearby. Harry saw a guy trying to near Hermione so Harry grabbed her and turned her to face him.

"Harry!" she said, with a weird flash of confusion, relief and anger in her eyes. She seemed like she wanted to leave but then changed her mind suddenly and decided to stay. She didn't seem to be thinking straight and then she simply turned back to Lavender.

It was simply to figure out what was wrong with Lavender she was drunk. The guy that had been trying to near Hermione significantly backed off. Harry felt like he had gotten there just in time.

Does she even realize that it's me, Harry thought, trying to hold Hermione up. She lashed her head a little, twisting her body to meet his in a very sexual way, but her moves were a little too...

She's drunk, Harry thought, while she turned around on him and started to move herself up and down against his waist.

Harry was too much in shock to do anything but stand there while the girl he loved ground against him. He wasn't complaining, but he didn't like what she was doing. He tried to turn her around but it only made things worse.

Her hands traveled around his neck and allowed her to raise her waist up to meet his.

Why so stiff, she thought, gripping his hand and making him pick up her thigh. She ran it up and played a smile on her face.

He got real close to her so he could see her eyes and saw they were glossy. She wobbled a little too much and he almost lost his balance. There was something wrong with her and it wasn't just that she had a little too much to drink. Sometimes she seemed to get out of it, and she held her head as if trying to think.

“Come on,” Harry said, grabbing her hand and leading her and Lavender away from the dance floor. He didn’t like the way that guy was eyeing them. He seemed really mad that Harry had arrived and now he was talking to two other guys.

Harry didn’t get very far, because his feet stopped hitting solid ground. He felt like he was rising and flying up. Next to him Hermione screamed a little and grabbed on to him tightly. Lavender stayed on the floor and Harry’s hold on her was broken after he got so far into the air. They were one of the couples being chosen to dance in the air.

When he looked down, he saw that they were pretty high above the dance floor. Hermione was scared at first. There was no way for them to get down and Harry didn’t know any spells that would lower them. To make things worse Hermione said, “ I think they want us to dance.”

To his horror, she started trying to dance with him in the middle of the air. He didn’t know how to dance, what was he supposed to do?

“Maybe if you actually danced, they will put us down eventually,” she said, throwing her head back like she was having the time of her life. Harry grabbed her, afraid that she was going to fall, but she took it like he was really starting to dance with her and pressed herself against him.

Ron had gotten back to the bar without any luck of finding Hermione anywhere. He hadn’t even spotted Harry.

“Would you like a drink?” the bartender asked. Ron checked his pockets and found the ten Galleons Harry had given him earlier to enter the club.

“Yeah give me...” Ron stopped abruptly. He was going to ask for some water because it was really hot in there, until he saw a mop of messy black hair and a hint of brown hair being thrown against it. He squinted and noticed in horror that it was Harry and Hermione. They

were dancing so crazy in a way Ron would never have imagined could be danced. It looked like they were having sex with clothes on.

“What can I get you?” the bartender asked, bringing away Ron’s gaze.

“Give me anything you have,” Ron said completely stunned at what he was seeing.

He was given a glass and chugged it down not paying attention to what he was given. He was furious and fuming. His jealousy was eating at his insides and he wanted to throw a bottle at Harry’s head.

He was going to go stop this nonsense. He couldn’t take looking at them so he turned around and asked for another of whatever he was given.

“Firewhiskey will be better for them shots you be wanting to take,” the bartender said, handing him two shots. Ron took them both and reluctantly turned around.

How could Harry do this to me? he thought, watching them in disgust. He didn’t care if it looked like Harry kind of didn’t want to be there, he was still dancing with her.

Ron wasn’t the type who liked to drink, but as he watched them it enabled him to drink two more shots of Firewhiskey. By the time Harry and Hermione were finally lowered down, Ron felt the slight dizziness that comes from drinking. He still had his mind straight and it was furious at the moment.

AN: I hope you liked it. It was a little different but I have a very good reason for doing all of this. I promise, and I know that you Harmonians will like it, because it was written for you. Thank you.

Chapter Sixteen: The Consequences of Firewhiskey

How could Harry do this to me? he thought, watching them in disgust. He didn't care if it looked like Harry kind of didn't want to be there, he was still dancing with her.

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Ron watched as Lavender walked up to them. She started laughing about something, and Hermione looked like she didn't have a clue what she was saying. She looked zoned out.

For some reason Hermione had almost toppled over but Harry caught her before she did. Of course she landed right into his arms. They didn't get any closer because at this point the girls were having trouble keeping their balance.

"Would you care to dance?"

Ron turned to his right and saw the ugliest woman he had ever seen sitting at the barstool next to him. She smiled, revealing missing and rotting teeth, that made Ron wince in disgust. Her hand was extended and she gave him an enthusiastic nod.

"No...no thank you, ahhhhhhhh!"

The woman had hissed loudly at Ron and made an attempt to scratch him. Ron threw his hands in the air to anticipate the attack but it never came.

"Kitty, leave him alone," the bartender said, making the hag stop.

"Kitty," Ron said mockingly.

“Why don’t you go dance with someone more your...type,” the bartender told Kitty.

She pondered it for a second, and then left into the entanglement of people still moving to music on the dance floor.

“Why do you call her Kitty?” Ron asked confused.

“Didn’t you see her nails,” the bartender said, pushing him his last two shots. After seeing that ugly face he needed something that would take his mind off of it. He drank them, holding in the urge to throw up the contents of his stomach.

“Too strong?” Ron’s face grew red. A man sitting next to him chuckled saying something about ‘kids not being able to handle it’.

“No, actually give me ten more and that will be all for tonight,” Ron said, paying the man in advance. He didn’t care; he was using Harry’s money after all.

It took a lot for Harry to finally get the girls to the bar, and when they did they sat down heavily on the seats. Harry had placed Hermione in a chair and was breathing heavily. He cleared the sweat from his forehead.

Ron looked to his left and saw Hermione trying to sit up in her chair. He looked to his right and saw Lavender trying to eat what looked like vampire treats while, Harry tried to snatch them from her.

The alcohol was starting to take its toll on Ron, and as he watched Harry and Lavender fighting for the treats, he couldn’t resist an urge to laugh.

“Here you go, ten last shots,” the bartender said, departing to assist other customers. Harry stared at the shots in shock. Here he was thinking that they were going to leave and Ron was going to help him, but instead Ron was ordering drinks. He only brought them this way because he saw Ron sitting here and thought he would help.

“Oh I love these,” Hermione said, grabbing one and drinking it like it was water.

“Hermione, NO!” Harry said, discarding the treats and running over to her. He snatched it from her lips and all he got her not to drink was a measly three drops.

“Hey those were mine,” Ron said late.

“What do you mean those are yours? You’re not even supposed to be drinking. Help me get these-”

Harry’s attention was diverted by Lavender reaching for a shot too, while Ron had his attention averted.

Hermione took from the example and did the same. Harry rushed over to her but it was again too late.

“That’s it no more!” Harry said, about to spill all the drinks. Hermione had taken hold of a glass and picked it up to drink. “Hermione!”

“It’s only my water. I-hic-ordered it earlier,” Hermione said innocently. She smiled happily, even though Harry took the glass from her and smelled it. It smelled like water. He took a sip and found that she had indeed been telling the truth. He offered it to Hermione again but she had changed her mind and didn’t want it anymore. The small amount he had drunk did not subdue his parched throat, so he drank it himself.

Lavender had snuck another drink while everyone wasn’t looking and so had Ron and Hermione. Harry was about to say something when quite suddenly, he felt like it was a stupid idea.

Why not? he told himself. What’s wrong with us all having a bit of fun?

He felt extremely lightheaded, and couldn’t think of one thing that he was doing that could be considered bad.

"Are you sure you don't want ton- I mean one?" Ron asked, pushing a shot to him. Harry stared at it. He had to get this lot home, he shouldn't.

Forget them, I want to think about me for a change. Hey, look, the glass has fire on it.

As Harry was flipping out over the fire, the bartender realized that maybe Harry wasn't equipped to handle anything with fire. He set it off and Harry, after snickering a few times, drank the shot.

"Oh no, we don't have anymore," Ron said flipping his cup over sadly. He stared at the cup upside down as if something might fall out.

"Order more," Harry said, thinking Hermione looked quite funny.

"No, you order more. You know what Harry I don't like you very much right now," Ron said, pointing his finger at Hermione and slurring his words.

"I'm over here Ron, and you know what I don't like you very much either. In fact I love you," Harry said, slapping his hand on the table and laughing. It didn't make much sense to anyone else listening, but to Harry at that moment it did.

"You both are so stupid," Lavender said, making everyone burst out laughing even more.

"Hey bartender, ten more drink over here." Harry held up his hand from their sitting point.

"Harry I don't ha-have anymore money," Ron said, whispering loudly.

"Oh, I have five gallons on me," Hermione said, raising her hand as if answering a question.

"Here you guys are, but this is your last round, I promise you," the bartender said, taking Hermione's money and handing them their drinks.

"Mines," Ron said, snatching the first one.

"That's not fair you bought the first ones with my money," Harry said grabbing five glasses.

"Hey!" everyone protested.

"Get away or I'll poke you," Harry said, sounding so unlike himself. He drank his shots fast so no one would take them. After they had nothing left they sat there staring at one another, all of them completely drunk.

Just then, the wizard who Harry had caught trying to near Hermione, came up to her again

"You look like your having a good time, but maybe I could make it better," he said, offering his hand. Hermione made a sound that was halfway between a giggle and a snort. She toppled off her chair, and both Harry and Ron went over to her side.

"Your not leaving anywheres with her buddy," Ron said, pointing the wrong side of his wand at the guy.

"I think she can talk for herself. Do you want to leave this place and go leave with me?" he asked sweetly. At first Hermione backed away but then she nodded her head lightly. Something in Harry woke him up for a split second.

"NO! Leave her alone or you're going to have to mess with me," he said pulling out his wand and deliberately showing his scar. Harry noticed that even in America they knew who he was. The guy put up his hands in defeat and went back to sit with his friends.

They glared in their direction, looking grim about something. Perhaps Harry had ruined his plans.

Hermione looked neither pleased nor disappointed. She at back down like if nothing had happened. After a few seconds Harry forgot why he was standing and why he had his wand in his hands. The five shots he had drunk were starting to take a toll on him.

"We should go back, I thi-think it's getting mate... I mean late," Hermione said, falling off her chair making Lavender giggle so hard she followed her.

Harry wasn't sure how they made it back to the fireplace, but they did. He was surprised even he knew the way back. They all had to hold on to one another to walk, so if one person fell, they all did. This only happened three times on the way the fireplace.

"Okay, grab the shoe," Ron said stupidly.

"Shoe, I don't see shoes anywhere," Hermione said, looking around pointlessly.

"Not shoe, Floo, Hermione," Ron said, hitting his forehead mockingly.

"You said shoe Ron," Lavender said, giggling a little too much.

"Whatever!"

Harry reached over and grabbed some Floo powder from the floor and threw it into the fireplace.

"We have to all go together because only the hair boy and girl can activity it," Harry said, stepping into the green flames with Hermione under his arm. He fell out because the fumes had made him dizzy.

"What?" Ron asked.

"I think-hic- he meant to say-hic- Head boy and Girl and -hic- activate it," Hermione said hiccupping.

"Do you always have to know everything?" Harry asked, going back into the fire.

Lavender pushed Ron in and tripped in after him.

“The Head Boy and Girl’s room at Hogwarts,” Hermione said properly.

Harry was glad that she had said it, because he was sure he would have messed it up. They probably would have ended up in China if he had. Apparition wasn’t a good idea considering his mind wasn’t too focused right now.

The whirlwind that Flooing was putting on his stomach was getting to him. He wanted to hurl from all the movement it was causing. He distinctly heard Ron crying in the background, “Make it stop, make it stop!”

Finally they did stop spinning, and tumbled over right on top of each other. In other situations this would have been excruciating from the pain, but right now Harry thought it was hilarious.

Ron was crawling on the ground trying to stand up but ended up laughing and falling over. Hermione hadn’t even attempted to move; she was clutching her stomach and crying from laughing so hard.

“Where have you four been?”

Luna’s voice rang out making the group get startled and look up. She was standing there next to Parvati, who was looking distressed and worried. Luna had her hands on her hips imitating Hermione when she scolded them.

“We-” Ron began but she didn’t let him finish.

“You have been getting drunk. I can smell the alcohol all the way from over here, what were you thinking,” Luna said, trying to help him up. Parvati went to Lavender and put her arm under her shoulder.

“Good luck with them Luna, I’m going to take this one and hope I make it to the common room without getting caught,” Parvati said, taking away a still very drunk Lavender.

Hermione started crawling her way back to her room but ended up behind the sofa. Harry was still on the floor looking up at the ceiling’s beautiful patterns.

“Ron, I thought you were going to go find them not get drunk with them,” Luna said, tapping her foot on the ground.

“I’m sorry I just-”

“Just what, Ronald?” Ron flinched at the sound of his name.

“Hermione, please don’t yell at me anymore,” Ron said, giving Luna a bear hug.

This had taken Luna by surprise; he had never touched her like that. He thought that she was Hermione and was hugging her to apologize.

“I’m Lu-” Ron kissed her on the lips as the words left her mouth. He retreated and looked into her eyes. Her eyes melted into his and she smile at her wonderful gift.

“I love you so much, you know that,” Ron said, kissing her again.

He thinks I’m Hermione, but ohhh, Luna thought, when Ron started kissing on her neck.

“Stop, Ron this isn’t...right,” Luna said, pushing him off and taking a few steps back.

“Yes it is, who’s to say it isn’t,” Ron said, stepping forwards and nearly tumbling over.

“You don’t know what you’re saying, you’re drunk and you think I’m someone else,” Luna said, thinking of the kiss that he had given her.

“I don’t care,” Ron said, kissing her again. She couldn’t help herself he was such a good kisser. He picked her up and slowly made his way to Hermione’s room so that he didn’t fall.

“Ron put me down. I’m going to fall, put me down now,” Luna said, clutching on to his shirt for dear life.

Ron didn't listen to her; he went through the door and closed it behind him. Luna's eyes widened. She believed in some pretty crazy things; Ron taking her to a bedroom and closing the door behind him, was not one of them.

She wasn't afraid of him, she was afraid of herself. If Ron kept things up she wasn't going to be able to resist him.

But he thinks you're Hermione, she thought, watching him get closer.

"Is it just me or do you look very beautiful today," he said, putting his hand behind her neck and pulling her closer.

She swallowed watching him lean in for another kiss. If she hadn't become entranced by his lips, then maybe she might have stopped what was to come.

"I need you so much, you have no idea what you do to me," Ron said, picking her up and placing her around his waist. Luna tried to get away but without success.

"Tell me you need me too I want to hear you say it," Ron said, when she was on him.

"Ron, I need you to stop. You just can't-

"You don't love me. Why, I love you?" he asked, putting her down and falling to the floor childishly.

"Get up, of course I love you, but I'm not me," Luna said, pulling at his collar.

"Yes you are. You're the girl of my dreams and if you won't have me I think... I think I will die."

"Actually you won't. Something in your pants might hurt for a while, but you won't die," Luna said, giving up and getting on the ground as well.

“Yes I will, from a broken heart,” Ron said, with tears forming in his eyes.

“We...can’t...I’d be taking advantage...no matter how much I want to.”

“All I heard was you want to,” Ron said, standing up and taking her with him.

He didn’t let her protest and he didn’t let her speak. He pulled her into a passionate kiss and started to head for the bed. He almost missed it but got there all the same.

What am I doing, oh forget it, she thought, giving in to temptation.

“Fine, make love to me Ron. But I won’t forgive you if you ruin my first time, even if you are drunk,” Luna said, climbing on the bed.

“Sweetheart, just tell me what you want and I’ll do it,” Ron said, smiling at her. She thought he looked cute, even though he was drunk. Her smile was so big it made her eyes disappear.

“You don’t know how long I’ve waited to hear you say that,” Luna said.

Even if those words aren’t meant for me I still deteriorate when he says it, she thought.

“Now are you ready to tell me what you want,” Ron said, getting on top of her on the bed.

Harry had been paying attention to the ceiling and realized the voices he heard a moment ago were gone.

“Ohhhhhhhhhhh!” Hermione made a noise from behind the couch.

“Mione, where are you?” Harry said, trying to sit up. The room was spinning so bad he couldn’t get himself to get up right.

"I'm over here. I don't know where that's at, but I'm there."

Harry lifted his head and saw her. Crawling was his best chance of getting to her. After several attempt he got it right and made his way to her.

"Hey," he said to Hermione, who was sprawled out on the floor. She smiled and turned herself over to face him.

"Hey," she said, giggling and resting her head on her elbows. They must have been staring at each other for an eternity until she finally spoke.

"You're so cute, with your messy hair, your eyes, and those lips."

"Is the know-it-all bookworm of my best friend using the word cute," Harry said teasingly.

She slapped him on the arm but lost her balance and rolled over on her back.

"Let's sit on the sofa," he said helping her to stand.

"I'll have you know I have a couple of words for you as well. You're so beautiful with your curled hair that bounces up and down when you laugh. With those eyes that can see right through my soul, and with those lips that with one kiss can command me to their every will."

She smiled and kissed him on the lips. He was sitting in the middle and she was on the edge. Without warning she moved her leg over his so she was straddling him.

Harry was sure if they both weren't under the influence, this would not be happening. Her hands were placed at his shoulders and his on her hips.

"I love you," she said, leaning into him.

"I love you too." Harry saw her eyes glisten with something that he had not seen before, or perhaps it was just her drunkenness.

She leaned her head back and he had to wrap his hands around her back to keep her from meeting the floor. When her head repositioned, her eyes showed mischievous thoughts running amok behind them.

He penetrated her mind, and saw she did that on purpose so he could get closer. She heated up and a glow started emitting from her stomach. It hypnotized Harry and grew brighter and bigger by the second. She closed her eyes as it passed through her body and then followed into his. He felt the warmth direct from her into him so he closed his eyes.

He was feeling the pleasure she must have felt when it was passing through her. It didn't hurt at all but it was hot.

"What was that?" Harry asked, wondering if he had missed some sort of magic.

Hermione shrugged and stared him in the eyes. When looking through them he saw what was on the surface and recognized the answer to his question.

"Mione, you want me, I can feel you want me so much. It's burning into my skin like fire," Harry said, closing the gap between them.

Two hands were placed on his face to force him to look up. She kissed him. Harry's hands dug into the side of her hips. She pulled back playfully making him crave for more, leaning in as if to kiss him, then pulling back at the last moment. Every time she was leaving him hanging, savoring what was to come.

Enough, he thought.

He shot his hand up so fast; she didn't have time to even scream. His lips were already parted so as soon as their skin connected, his tongue was ready to battle with hers, and win.

She pulled the back of his hair to allow for a better entrance in his mouth and started grinding on his hips. Her kisses were as hungry as

his were, never wanting to depart from this moment. But everyone has to breathe.

She panted loudly, out of breath while he began trying to undo her skirt. Her hand grabbed his to abort this action.

“Leave it on,” she whispered.

Harry gave her a confused look and raised an eyebrow. Staring at her straight was hard because the room was still spinning slightly.

I think it will look sexier if I only had it on, she thought pushing down on his rapidly growing erection. He looked at her, and then the skirt. Then he looked at her and back to the skirt again.

“You’re right, leave it on,” he said reaching for her once more. Her lips were bruised from his kisses but yet begged for more. He scrambled to get her robes off and tried to never stop their kissing. She reached up for air faster than he needed, so he directed himself upon her face, kissing everything in sight. He kissed her whole face and proceeded to her neck, while she tried to frantically take off her shirt.

When she was only wearing a bra and her skirt, he lifted her up by her waist and with his wand made her knickers disappear. She was only too happy to sit back down and continue her adventure. She purposely put his face into the top of her breasts, making him go wild. With all his senses in overdrive, he became desperate to get to the ending.

She let out her first loud moan, one that he was sure anyone in the other room could hear. Since he wasn’t an expert in taking bras off he had to fumble with it while his mouth started biting at her exposed flesh.

He didn’t care that he was leaving marks all around her, or that he just ripped her bra off. He didn’t care that his shirt was taken off of him, and thrown over Hermione’s head landing in the fire. He didn’t care that when he kicked off his shoes, they knocked a cup off the little coffee table nearby and shattered it. He didn’t care that she

magically made his pants disappear along with his boxers leaving him exposed. All he cared about was her, having her, and making her his once again.

She looked him in the eyes with lust written in every line of her face before aligning herself with him. She didn't move down but only looked at him, and let her face motion itself from side to side. She let her fingers wander down his chest to his Quidditch toned body and parted his lips teasingly with her other hand.

Harry could swear he had died and gone to heaven at how she looked kneeling over him. She pushed him back and he felt his tip connect with skin. He tried to sit but she would not allow this.

"No, you are going to have to stay where you are," she said, scratching his jaw line.

"Is that what you think," Harry said, hooking his hands with her shoulders and pushing her down while he moved up.

She let out a shriek, but it was only momentary. She was plenty wet for him to adjust quickly and find the right rhythm.

He began playing with her breasts but that didn't last for long because she pushed him down again. She had pinned him so only she could move. After getting used to this foreign object inside her she proceeded to hop on the spot. Harry heard a groan escape his lips and watched her bounce happily in his lap.

She smiled seductively as he wrapped his hands around her ass to help her with the movement. Her hands shot to her hair, pulling at the strands and then flowing down to her neck. They continued until they reached her breasts, when she began to play with them Harry tensed up.

He had to calm down or this was going to be over before it even really began. He caught her hands and entwined them in his as her hair tossed around in bliss and pleasure.

Her face scrunched together tightly before her eyes shot open. She let out a surprised noise that proved to Harry she had just found a position she liked.

Damn it... why can't I go any faster, she thought, leaning back from him.

Harry didn't need telling twice, he encircled the small of her back and steered her to him. He pushed her so close to him he thought they could pass off being one body. She moaned and bobbed her head when he stood up from the couch. Her instincts made her clasp on to him with all she could muster.

He was so dizzy; he was surprised that he didn't drop her on the floor before reaching the table. He sat her at the base and threw off all the books and paper that were left forgotten from other nights. He spilled ink, quills, damaged essays and tore books, but he laid Hermione down on a flat surface. From the angle he had her on the table he was free to go as fast and hard and she wanted.

"Oh!" she said, in surprise and pleasure, at feeling him hit a special spot inside of her. From that point on she started making so much noise that Harry couldn't think. She made noise in her thoughts and out loud making it hard for him to listen. She would say faster but think harder, so he did both.

When he heard grunting that sounded too deep to be Hermione it took him a while to register they were his own.

"Don't you dare," she said, arching her back up to him.

Harry shook his head trying not to concentrate on the sound of their beating hips pounding against each other. He was not going to rest until she had what she wanted.

I'm not stopping until you cum, Harry thought. He positioned himself to where he knew she wanted him. The great thing about reading minds is that, he knew what felt good, and what didn't.

“I’m so close, OH MY...” she screamed. Harry wouldn’t be surprised if Dumbledore heard her making that entire racket.

Her muscles were tightening around him and he contracted to fight back his urges. Her nails found his back and scratched him severely. It didn’t hurt now, even though he knew he was bleeding, but in the morning...

“Mione,” Harry whimpered, feeling the familiar tingle in his stomach rise. His heart was pounding at his chest and his breath making his speech limited.

“HARRY, DON’T STOP, DON’T...” She let in a gulp of air, her eyes widened like saucers. He saw her eyes roll to the back of her head and her mouth contorted to form a silent O. Harry kept on going, faster and harder pumping into her as far as he could go.

Then she yelled out his name, and did it in such a sexual manner he could no longer contain himself and he burst. He said her name over and over until he exploded from pleasure. Both their bodies stiffened up and finished off at the same time.

He felt energy leave his body just then and hit the surroundings like a sound wave, crashing everything in its course. Anything that had been standing nearby was knocked off. Portraits, glasses, chairs, decorations, and even the sofa went flying from the blast. He collapsed on top of her, burying himself into her neck.

“That was...amazing,” Hermione said, trying to catch her breath. Harry wiped the sweat beads off her forehead and slid out of her.

“We need... to be more... careful,” Harry said, putting on his boxers. He stumbled a little, the damn alcohol was still in his system.

He sat down on the couch and gestured for her to join him. She hastily looked for her underwear, which is hard to do when you can’t even walk straight.

When she found them she went to Harry and slid into his arms.

It's cold, he heard her think.

He didn't have his wand, so he concentrated hard on a blanket. He felt the magic in his fingertips until it broke the bonds of restraint and created a quilt. It was a decorative blanket that looked like I had gold sewn right into it.

"Only the best for you," he said, covering them both.

We're going to have to clean this all up later, huh, she thought, sleep failing her first.

"Yes, but it will be worth it," he said, pulling her hair behind her ears.

She closed her eyes lazily and the end of her mouth held a hidden smile.

"Goodnight," Harry whispered in her ear.

"Goodnight," she said back tiredly.

Always, he thought to her, knowing she was too exhausted to speak.

And forever, she finished in his head.

Luna was on her side facing a door. Ron's snores were loudly acknowledging he was asleep.

Oh, what have I done, what have I done, she thought, staring at the sleeping form next to her. She bit her lip and shook her head.

He's going to be so mad when he wakes up and finds I'm not Hermione. I can't say I was too drunk to realize this, because I wasn't with them, she thought, sucking in the tears that wanted to fall from her face.

Why did I give into you, you'll never forgive me. Unless...you really do think that you did what you did. Even if you really didn't, I can make it seem like you did.

She shot out of bed and put on her clothes.

Perfect, he will never know, Luna thought, going out the door to the common room.

When she saw the state of it she froze. It looked like a train wreck had just passed through and left a few explosives behind that detonated. Hermione was on the couch, being held by Harry, under a blanket. Luna could already tell they weren't wearing any clothes, as if hearing them nearly knocking the school down wasn't a giveaway.

She watched the couple so happy to have the other in their arms, and smiling smugly about their recent events.

Sorry guys, she thought, taking out her wand and pointing it at them. She gathered Harry's clothes before muttering the spell to make Hermione rise from her position. Making sure she couldn't see anything she didn't want to, she gathered Harry's clothes onto the sofa next to him. She set Hermione down at the table, which was the only clean spot around.

She muttered a spell that put Harry's clothes on him and she covered her eyes with her hands. When rustling was no longer heard she proceeded to move Hermione with the blanket over her to Ron's room.

Getting her into the door was the tricky part, but she managed to do it without waking her up. She gently laid Hermione on the bed with the quilt still attached to her body.

"Accio Hermione's clothes," Luna said, being thrown a pair of socks followed by the rest of the stack. She scattered them around the room and kissed Ron goodnight before departing without another sound.

Hermione woke up feeling happy inside. She didn't know why but she felt great. A headache erupted in her brain making her blink her eyes open a few times.

What happened to me, damn I don't even remember anything, Hermione thought, trying to recall last night's events.

The morning light was stinging her eyes, waking her up. She was on her side staring at the door to her room. Yawning she turned on her back and stretched out on half the bed.

Then suddenly her hand hit something warm, something solid, something like skin. Her head jerked into the other half of the bed and saw the sleeping body of Ron Weasley. Her mouth came open and she clutched the blanket around her.

"What have I done!" she yelled.

AN: Ok there is chapter sixteen. Yeah I know I know. I finally put them together to tear them apart. Sorry. Please, reviewing is good for the soul. I promise you will love me...eventually.

Chapter Seventeen A helping hand

Then suddenly her hand hit something warm, something solid, something like skin. Her head jerked into the other half of the bed and saw the sleeping body of Ron Weasley. Her mouth came open and she clutched the blanket around her.

“What have I done?” She yelled.

Ron stirred and turned to his side. She defensively moved as far from him as she could without causing him to wake up.

No, this can't be happening, please tell me this is all some sort of bad dream. I don't remember anything...wait. I remember Harry, me and Harry were...oh shit. I must have done it with Ron but thought I was with Harry, Hermione thought wanting to cry.

She gently got out of bed and put on her clothes. She was hoping to make a quick exit hoping she could avoid Ron, if he didn't remember; leaving him would be easier for her. However when she was turning the door knob Ron voice stooped her actions.

“Where are you going?”

Hermione inhaled a large amount of air and turned around reluctantly.

“I was going...to go...eat breakfast,” Hermione said fiddling with her nails.

“Let me get dressed and I'll come with you.”

“I'll wait outside,” Hermione said getting out before he could protest. When she shut the door she leaned back on it and felt her eyes swelling.

The water bridge stopped when she noticed all the things scattered around all over the floor. Everything was turned over and her papers were in odd places.

What the hell happened here, she thought cleaning up the mess magically. We must have been real drunk to make such a mess.

The last thing left to do was over turn the sofa that was near the fireplace. When she walked over to it to be in better range she noticed Harry was sleeping on it.

Her stomach wanted to throw up its contents, remembering what she must have done. Somehow betraying Harry felt worse than betraying Ron, but then she remembered how Harry betrayed her.

The knot in her throat was making it hard for her to breathe and she swallowed many times to subdue it.

A slamming door startled her; Ron had already gotten dressed and was awaiting her.

With one last look at Harry and a silent apology she headed to the Great Hall.

On the way there she unconsciously held a tight grip on her clothes. She was trying to avoid any conversation with Ron but that was inevitable.

"I hope you had an okay time last night," Ron said stepping closer to her.

"Uh...I don't recall what happened." Hermione said avoiding his eyes.

"I do." Hermione's head shot in his direction.

"You do?"

"Well sort of. I know what we did, I wish you did too." Ron reached out and grabbed Hermione's hand.

"What did we do Ron, exactly," Hermione asked. She pulled her hand up and held her robes closed at the top.

"We...well, we had a little too much to drink and then... we went to your room and-" Hermione cut him off.

"Alright so we did do something, bad. Oh Ron, I wish this hadn't turned out like this," she said kicking herself mentally. She hadn't meant to say that last part out loud.

"Yeah it kind of sucks that our first time with each other was like this but at least it was with you," Ron said kissing her on the cheek.

Great he took my comment the wrong way. I was thinking that it shouldn't have happened at all and he thinks I mean I shouldn't have happened that way, she thought.

"Ron, don't take this the wrong way but I don't want to talk about what happened. It's done and...frankly I am a bit ashamed," Hermione said dropping her gaze.

"No, Hermione you don't have to be ashamed. If you're worried about sex before marriage and stuff it-"

"That's not it Ron it's...how do I say this without saying it the wrong way. Uh...ok we did it and let it be that. Just a memory between us that we can...cherish," Hermione said blinking out tears.

"Ok, yeah, I understand." Hermione had to look up at Ron now. He didn't look hurt at all, but she couldn't deny she saw he was glowing with happiness.

Harry woke up and clutched his head in agony. He had an enormous headache.

He sat up and realized the couch he was sleeping on was over turned. He fixed it and sank down into it.

So this is what a hangover feels like, he thought trying not to throw up. He felt like major crap and needed a cure.

It's a good thing I bought one when I bought the Firewhiskey, he thought going to his room to retrieve the potion.

Wow, its morning already. What happened last night, he thought chugging down the potion.

The soothing effect began immediately and his headache was cleared away.

"Why is my shirt inside out," Harry said taking it off and flipping it over. He looked at himself in the mirror, there were some memories he had that were slipping away from his fingers.

"I had the weirdest dream last night," he said trying to subdue his messy hair.

"If it has anything to do with why you look so messed up then I suggest a sleeping potion." The mirror responded to him.

Harry ignored it and went to freshen up. He remembered Hermione...and the couch...and a blast.

The living room was practically destroyed, but if that were true then it would be messed up now. The only thing I saw out of place was the sofa I was on. I must have had a wild dream last night, he thought brushing his teeth.

When he finished he strolled out to the common room and deliberately stared at Hermione's door.

Maybe she is awake and I can try to explain what happened, he thought remembering she still thought he cheated on her.

Knock, knock. No answer.

KNOCK, KNOCK. Still no answer.

He placed his hand on the doorknob and slowly twisted it open. He peered in a little but saw it was deserted. He swung it open all the way and sighed.

She must have gone to breakfast early to avoid me, Harry thought.

“Ginny why are you eating so fast, stop it” Ron said frowning at his little sister. Ginny shrugged and continued eating.

“What’s wrong with you Hermione?”

“Nothing Ginny, I just have a bad headache,” Hermione said anxiously glancing at the door. She was nervous about facing Harry, what if he saw right through her.

“You’re not going to eat, love,” Ron said pushing a plate towards her.

“No, I’m not so hungry anymore,” she said massaging her temples.

Ron started stuffing his mouth and chewing with it his mouth open. Ginny stared at him with disgust and suddenly put her hand over her mouth.

“You look like you going to be sick, are you alright,” Hermione asked watching the girl scrabbled out of her seat and run out the Great Hall. Hermione didn’t have a doubt she went to hurl all the food she had just eaten.

“I do not eat that bad,” Ron said swallowing his food. Hermione didn’t blame Ginny for throwing up but she thought she would be used to it by now. Hermione was the only one who noticed Malfoy hastily get up from his table and run after Ginny with worry.

The huge doors to the Great Hall were closing but right before they did a raven-haired boy jumped inside.

He walked past the Ravenclaw table and spotted Luna who was crying heavily. She was sitting at the end without any company so Harry sat to join her.

“Who did this to you?”

“Excuse me,” Luna said clearing her eyes.

“I said who did this to you so I can go hit them,” Harry said making a smile appear on her face.

“No one, its Ron, I-”

“Ron,” Harry said connecting his eyebrows.

“I can’t talk about it, but basically he is the reason,” she said sniffing.

Harry patted her on the back and told her, “Sometimes, people don’t see who they should really be with until it’s too late.”

She nodded and opened the latest issue of the Quibbler.

“I wish I could get him to notice me more,” she said keeping her eyes on the paper.

“Luna, just be there for him when he needs you and one day he will,” Harry said not even believing his own words. “I’ll see you around,” Harry said feeling eyes upon him.

Over at the Hufflepuff table a group of girls were pointing at him and chattering madly. Luna nodded and continued with her paper.

The girl that had kissed him in the Room of Requirement must be telling all her friends what happened. Great, they will learn to never try that sort of thing with me, Harry thought.

Sitting at the Gryffindor table was easier than he thought it would be. Hermione didn’t leave or make any notion to him. She played with her food deep in thought, thoughts Harry wasn’t able to penetrate.

Ron was glowing madly, and he played a smirk on his face wider than the gap in the Grand Canyon.

“Harry, did you sleep alright. I don’t suppose you remember anything from yesterday.” Ron said with potato in his mouth.

“Uh...no your right, it’s all hazy to me.” Their eyes locked and they made a silent agreement to never speak about that day again.

“Hermione I’m going to go to Quidditch practice will you do me a favor,” Ron said getting up from the table.

“Sure, what do you want me to do,” Hermione said rather unenthusiastically. Harry saw a glint of sadness in her eyes when she spoke.

“Go check to see that Ginny is alright, see you,” Ron said waving at her and telling Harry to follow him.

The nearest bathroom was nearby so Hermione started there. The hurling sounds were heard echoing form the bathroom when you opened the door.

“Ginny is that you, it’s me Hermione.”

“Yeah,” Ginny said faintly from one of the stalls. The door unlocked and she came out.

“You look worse than I did this morning,” Hermione said taking her helping her to the window for some fresh air.

“Ron can be gross sometimes,” Ginny said wiping her mouth with a piece of napkin.

“Are you sure that it was because of his eating habit that you threw up,” Hermione questioned.

“Of course I’m sure. I got my period three weeks ago.” Ginny said yanking her hand away from Hermione.

“Oh ok...have...have you and Draco...”

"That is none of your business," Ginny said turning around and leaving. The last glare she had given Hermione held traces of tears starting to form. She slammed the bathroom door shut and left Hermione angrily.

"That went well," Hermione said to the now empty bathroom.

After practice Harry made his way up to the castle from the back way. He was hoping to avoid the players who mostly joined to get his autograph.

"Harry, hey Harry, wait up," Ron said trying to catch up to him. What was he to want this time?

Having no choice he waited on his best friend, and impatiently started for the castle.

"What's wrong with you Harry, you have been acting strangely ever since we got here," Ron asked in a deep voice.

"Nothing, I just don't want all the attention of the Quidditch team, ok."

"I wasn't talking about that, I was talking about since we arrived to Hogwarts. You're hiding something from me and I would like it if you told me what."

Harry heart compressed with his chest. He hadn't expected Ron to be so straightforward, or to ask what he did. What was he to say on the matter, better yet how would he say it.

"It's personal," Harry said accidentally.

"When has something being personal ever stopped you from sharing things with me. If you can't trust your best friends then who can you trust," Ron said making Harry feel bad. He had already gotten over his guilt for sleeping with Hermione and now here goes Ron bringing it up again.

"When I'm ready to tell you, you will know," Harry said in a small voice.

"Is it about Hermione?" Harry didn't dare look up out of fear that he would give himself away. Ron definitely suspects something is going on, he could feel his eyes watching his every move waiting for an answer.

"Her-Hermione, why would it be about Hermione," Harry said unconvincingly.

"I don't know, you two seem to be acting weird around each other. Did you guys get into a fight or something?"

"Yeah, but it was about something stupid like homework. I guess...it has to do with all the things I've been through. No one understands, no one ever could because they didn't live through it," Harry said stretching the truth a little.

"We have been there Harry, Hermione has always been there. And I've always been there for you..." Ron said with his voice trailing off.

"Yes you have," Harry said sadly.

In a distant patch behind one of the castle walls a flicker of red hair blew with the wind accordingly. Ron was focusing on him and saying something in the background. When they neared the place where he saw the hair his eyes widened in shock.

Ginny had her head on Malfoy's chest and he was rubbing her back soothingly. She looked like she had been crying but Harry couldn't pay too much attention. His brain was telling him that this was not something Ron should see.

He grabbed Ron and twisted him around before the boy had a chance to look anywhere near the site.

"Uh...do you want to..." Harry said loudly.

“Do I want to what?”

Out of the corner of his eye he saw the couple was well alerted to their presence.

“Go play some wizard chess in the common room,” Harry said watching the startled couple silently escaping.

“Yeah sure but why would you stop me like this just to say that?”

Ginny and Malfoy were walking rapidly, as fast as they could without making noise. Ginny was taking anxious glances over her shoulder to make sure Ron hadn’t found them yet.

“Then we would have to go in the other direction if we were,” Harry said without thinking. They were getting close to the end, but Ron was starting to twist his head.

“Harry this is the way to the common room, what is your problem,” Ron said turning around just as the last inch of the couple rounded the corner. Harry let out a breathe he didn’t know he was holding.

“Well I’ve got to say this school year has been more chaotic then when Voldemort was alive,” Harry said under his breath.

“What was that?” Ron asked.

Harry just shook his head and continued on his way.

Right before he reached the portrait whole, Dumbledore emerged from a corner.

“I was wondering when you would return.”

“We were at practice,” Harry said motioning for Ron to enter without him.

“I see you have been keeping busy.”

"Yeah, I have to get my mind off of things." Harry's face fell thinking about the events that had passed.

"I have heard from whispered ears that the prophecy has been divulged to you, care to talk." This was exactly what Harry wanted to do. He nodded profusely and then followed the Headmaster to his office.

"Have a seat Harry, you looked exhausted," Dumbledore said sitting at his desk.

I don't just look it, I am. Merlin knows what I did last night to wear myself out, Harry thought. Dumbledore smiled at him resisting an urge to laugh.

"Ah, I forgot your ability to read my mind. Don't' be offended if I shut you out, it's private." Harry said doing just what he promised.

"Naturally," Dumbledore said coughing loudly. It was a fake cough, but Harry knew what he meant by it. He tried not to blush but it crept up on his cheeks anyways.

"So tell me what the prophecy said, if you can remember."

"I do every word strangely. It said 'In a year after the fall of the Dark Lord there shall raise a new power, one that can only be controlled by the fate of two. The ones who brought about his downfall shall face a new battle...Two born under the same night shall bear a destiny that will be mark by the choices made. If the one who twice defied does not do so a third...one will have to face the other and darkness may once again prevail. In both worlds evil will consume plaguing the lands with diseases and death. Two made shall seal the fate and bring about a light or dark. Four pieces all have betrayed' or something like that"

"Ah, so that's what the missing pieces were," Dumbledore said in a low tone.

“So you did hear it,” Harry said trying not to let his anger get the better of him.

“My dear boy, anything of such a notion that would contain you in it, would have my full attention.”

“Oh.”

“Have you figured it out yet.” Dumbledore leaned back on his chair to survey Harry, and his reactions.

“Well, not...not really. All I really figured out was that Hermione, Ginny, Malfoy, and I are involved.” Harry felt stupid for not trying to gather more information before.

“The year after the fall of the Dark Lord is approaching.”

“I never thought about it that way.” Harry said blinking many times.

“The ones who brought about his downfall would be you, Ron, and Hermione am I mistaken.” Harry thought back to the day that he defeated Voldemort, flashes of the day he wished to no longer be apart of.

“Yes, I don’t care what people say, I was the one who did it but I was only able to because of them. We did it together.”

“So we can conclude...” Dumbledore was trying to aid Harry but was avoiding telling him himself.

“That we will have to face a new battle, but what battle, and why did you skip the one about the fate of two.” Harry thought it meant him and Hermione but he wasn’t about to put his foot in his mouth.

“I do not know yet what battle you will need to face, and I skipped nothing. If it involves two people then I assume they would be the ones who brought about his downfall. Obviously since you know the prophecy is about you and Hermione, then it is talking about you two.”

“Wa...oh” Harry felt dumb for not realizing the obvious as Dumbledore put it.

“Ok, so Hermione and I will have to face something near the end of the school year.”

“Simply put.”

“What about two born under the same night, it makes no sense at all. Is it talking about someone who has the same birthday as me,” Harry said coming to the only conclusion he could think of.

“Interesting theory...so therefore...”Dumbledore said. Harry was getting annoyed by the way Dumbledore was making him think so much.

“That in this battle the choices that are made will change what is to come of the future. I guess if it means me and whoever has my birthday, we decide.” Dumbledore stared at him and didn’t respond. Five minutes past of pondering.

“Sounds...correct. Continue.”

“Um... the rest sounds like if a person doesn’t make the right decision, then evil will regain power over everything. But it says it like they are talking about a new set of people. I don’t see how Ginny and Malfoy fit into all of this, and I know I don’t have the same birthday as Malfoy so that can’t be it.”

“I haven’t figured it out either. If this is the only outcome you can come up with, your guess is as good as mine.” Dumbledore said giving Harry the impression he was lying.

“Harry you must understand, I know what you know. I believe that certain redhead girl had become romantically involved with Draco.” He must have felt Harry’s suspicions that had seeped their way out of his mind block.

“Your right they have gotten together, I still can’t figure out how they are involved in all of this, but I suppose to know I must let it unfold.”

"You're not as dim-witted as I thought. My guess Harry is that you won't truly understand what is going to happen until the very end. Now about this relationship going on under our noses, what do you think about it." Dumbledore started tapping his fingers lightly on the table.

Is that a trick question, Harry thought.

"I don't like it, because I don't like him." Harry said stating the truth.

"Ah, but Mr. Malfoy has been claiming to have changed his ways. You have not fully accepted this I presume." Harry immediately started nodding his head.

"He hasn't showed me true signs, so I will not be made a fool."

"Did you know that the Weasley's and the Malfoy's have hated each other for centuries."

"No I didn't, but it doesn't astonish me." Harry said trying to picture how it all began.

"Yes, they have not once mixed their pure blood lines together. Being limited on who is pure blood, the Malfoy's haven't gone far. The Weasley's happened to do this by accident, but all the same they are pure blood. Imagine what it would do to combine these two together." Harry opened his mouth several times to speak but said nothing.

"Their power may not lie in what they have but what they will. The relationship that you and Miss Granger have is far more-

"There is no relationship, not even friendship," Harry said cutting him off and staring at his feet.

"Nonetheless you cannot ignore the astonishing amount of power that you both conjure when working together. Reading each others mind is not a power given lightly."

"You...you know about that," Harry said making eye contact.

“Hermione told me.”

“Oh.”

“Harry I would like to give you private lessons from here on out, something that would not collide with Quidditch practice or Head Boy duties. If fact just come whenever you are available.” Dumbledore said sitting forward.

“Private lessons, for what I might ask.”

“You have been concealing a power that is uncontrollable to you. I want to help you learn to will it to your hand.”

“My magic is fine; I can even do wandless magic if I choose.” Harry said raising his voice.

“I’m talking about your little outbursts you have been having. Windows crashing... things flying...these little things are uncontrollable.” Harry kicked the desk. He hated not being in control, but Dumbledore was right.

“Why though. I already defeated Voldemort, what else do you want of me.” Harry said rudely.

“I want you to be prepared. It has cone to my attention that Durmstrang has been made the headquarters for the surviving Death Eaters. You killed their leader but their numbers are still great. This thing that will happen at the end of the year is something they want to happen. Don’t you remember what they were trying to retrieve form the Department of Mysteries before term started? They are getting more viscous Harry, are you ready to battle an army by yourself.” Dumbledore lost his pleasant voice and sounded angry with him. The way he spoke sent chills up his spine and his heart race rapidly.

“No I’m not ready, I never am.” Harry said wanting to pull his hairs out.

“Then let me help you be,” Dumbledore said staring at him. He gave him a look that didn’t want him to reply.

AN: I had to put a chapter like this out because of constant requests from my readers and reviewers. With out you I am nothing, so am here to give you what you want. h/hr will happen. I promise. Please be patient and tell me what you thought about this chapter.

Chapter Eighteen Some Secrets Revealed

Harry would be going to see the Headmaster the following day around eight o'clock. Hermione had made a pretty good job of avoiding him so he still hadn't been allowed to explain himself.

Dumbledore had given Harry specific instructions to leave his wand in his room for the lesson. He was most anxious to see what was in store for him, and soon the time came for him to head out to his lesson.

"Hershey," Harry said to the statue that gave him entrance to his destination. He knocked, but no one answered.

"Professor, you said it would be alright for me to come down at this time," Harry said behind the closed door.

"DIE, I WANT YOU TO DIE AND SUFFER. CRUCIO," a voice yelled behind the door.

Harry panicked, the voice sounded dreadfully too familiar. A scream of agony broke his ears making his first action be irrational.

He burst through the door and almost fainted. Voldemort was standing over Dumbledore pointing his wand at him. He was torturing him. Harry never imagined in his life the Headmaster would look like this, sprawled out on the floor, helpless.

"AVADA KADAVRA!"

"NOOOOOOOOOO!" Harry yelled. His body raised an energy that was unbearable to hold on to. He didn't know what he meant to do for the killing curse would kill what it reached. Everything went into slow motion. The curse was blasted but was advancing like a slug.

This could not be happening, not now, why now.

Harry had reached his hand out towards Voldemort in desperation before his forces broke the time slot. It hit, right in the chest and Harry could do nothing to stop it. The green light devoured Dumbledore's body flashing his eyes open in fright. Voldemort's laughing and shriveled cries were his undoing.

Harry's muscles contracted and stiffened to a point of pain. The magic that swelled thought him was felt in his hand. It tingled at first but grew to a hot metal feel on his skin. Voldemort had a chance to look up and be hit with sparks that had originated from Harry.

Instantly weakened Harry fell to his knees, the people before him were not acting...normal.

Instead of falling or dying like Voldemort should, he never reached the ground. His figure swirled around in gray smoke filling the room. Dumbledore's dead body was consumed by the mist and Harry's surroundings started to change.

He grabbed his chest to try and calm his heart down. He felt like a half his blood had been drained right out of his body. Not only were the people beginning to swirl in the mist but the whole room itself. All of the smoke settled itself in a cloud above him then shot over his head.

"I hope you are alright," Dumbledore said behind him. Harry twisted his head around and wanted to cry. There Dumbledore stood completely unharmed and undead.

"Wha-what ...is..." Harry said gagging profusely on the floor.

"I'm sorry Harry but I had to see exactly how much power you wield. What you saw was all an illusion. I hope you weren't too worn out by that." Dumbledore helped Harry up while Harry caught his breath. He was furious, how could Dumbledore ever think to scare him like that. Was he barking mad or just liked to see him weak?

"Don't look at me like I'm crazy Harry. I had good reason to do what I did and how I did it. You have the ability to surface your true abilities

only when you feel a strong emotion. Wandless magic is harder than you are making it out to be.”

“So what...making me believe...that Voldemort returned and was killing you was an exposure to my magic...I have to get use to this,” Harry said sinking into the nearest chair. It looked so real to him, it felt so real. He was having trouble believing what he saw was all an illusion.

“You can do little things just fine, but when it comes to the serious magic you’re unstable. Your emotions are what get the better of you and I’m going to show you to bend it accordingly. This gift is both your weakness and your strength, let it not be caught on the wrong side of things. It is all about patience and channeling. Now then, I have showed you what I intended, until next time.” Dumbledore gave a short bow and his hand flowed to the direction of the door.

“That was my lesson...I mean is that all you will be teaching me today sir.” Harry said trying not to forget his manners.

“I dare say you are too drained of life to continue to my next lesson. Today was merely an observation test to show you what you needed to know. Until next time, whenever you are available.” Harry wiped the sweat off his forehead and departed from the office.

Harry was deep in thought on the way to his common room. He still could not shake the feeling he got from seeing Voldemort back, even if it wasn’t real. He thought back to the times he did use wandless magic, and Dumbledore was right. He only did it when he felt a strong emotion, but with his lessons things would be different.

He headed off to patrol the Astronomy Tower like he was supposed to do; Hermione had avoided telling him his hours and sent a Prefect to tell him instead. He had also learned that she had specifically made her hours so they didn’t collide with his. But he had a plan; he was going to get her to talk to him even if he had to say it in front of the whole school.

The only problem was that his idea took time and even though time would be the perfect thing that would aid him, he was getting anxious.

When Harry got inside the common room he was not expecting to see what he saw. Malfoy was whispering madly with Ginny and they were standing outside Hermione's door. They looked up when he entered and Ginny hastily wiped away tears.

"What's wrong?" Harry asked about to knock the living daylight out of Malfoy.

"Shhh, nothing I need to talk to Hermione," Ginny whispered. Malfoy threw up his arms in defeat and sat down on the couch. Ginny saw the way Harry was looking at him and grabbed his arms to make him face her.

"He came with me because I didn't want to come alone. But I didn't tell him why I was coming and he wanted to know before I went into her room." The door swung open and Hermione's gaze was first pointed to him and then to Ginny.

"Why are you outside my door," Hermione asked questionably.

"Uh...I need to talk to you please," Ginny said blocking Harry's view of her.

Hermione stood there for a few seconds then took Ginny by the arm and dragged her in. She looked past Harry and saw Malfoy sitting on the couch before hastily slamming the door in Harry's face.

"Ok," Harry said at the door.

"This is the last place I want to be right now," Malfoy said digging his hands in his face.

Harry went over and sat across from him. Was he to say something back or just ignore him completely? Should he go to his room, or stay

to keep him company? He opened his mouth several times and shut it again. Malfoy heard his attempts to speak and looked up.

“Am I bothering you,” he asked.

“No...uh...”

“Awkward I know, so did she tell you why she came here,” Malfoy said easing the tension. Harry shook his head and stared at his feet.

“I’m sorry, you know,” Malfoy said looking up with sincerity.

“For what,” Harry said stupidly.

“For everything, just for acting so dumb and immature for the past seven years,” he said looking down sadly.

“Apology accepted,” Harry said without hesitation. He still wasn’t going to trust him, but that didn’t mean he couldn’t forgive him.

“Just like that,” Malfoy said with a small smile.

“Yeah, just like that.”

“I don’t recon they are talking about dresses in there. She’s been crying all day and I still don’t know why,” Malfoy said with his hands shaking slightly.

“Have you asked her,” Harry said thinking of possible reasons.

“Of course, she just starts crying and won’t let one word out of her mouth. I’m so worried; I keep thinking it is something that will tear us apart. Were not even allowed to see each other, and that is hard as it is. Keeping a secret like that is frustrating.”

“I know,” Harry said leaning back on his chair.

“I forgot you do know,” Malfoy said with a mischievous smile.

“I did know,” Harry said blinking out tears.

"Ginny told me what happened. I think it's so stupid that you two aren't together, you love each other that's all that matters."

"It's not my choice right now, if it were we would be," Harry said running his hand over his face.

"I barley get to see her now that she is being watched, I can't imagine what it would be like to never be able to see her again. Trust me when I tell you to get a hold of her and never let go." For once Malfoy actually had good advice, it made Harry smile. Ginny has changed him, and it sounded like he actually cared for her.

"I don't plan too, I just need...to do something."

"Well you better do it soon, before it's too late," Malfoy's eyes were saying something odd. Harry got the feeling he knew something he didn't, almost like warning him.

"What are you saying Malfoy," Harry said sharpening his eyes. Malfoy's face immediately changed and his eyes softened.

"Call me Draco; I think if we are going to work things out you shouldn't call me by my last name." He didn't answer the question, so Harry stared at him.

"I'm saying sometimes it gets to a point where it's too late to turn back. You don't want to get to that point, it will eat you alive."

"When did you get so insightful," Harry asked teasingly.

"When I fell in love." This took Harry by surprise, was it possible Draco was in love.

How could he be, he has only been with her for a few months. But then again, Hermione and I had been together for just as long and I love her, Harry thought.

"Love hurts," Harry finally said.

“But it’s worth it,” Draco finished for him.

“Ginny why are Malfoy and Harry outside,” Hermione asked sitting Ginny on the bed.

“Don’t call him that, call him Draco,” Ginny said rudely.

“Ok, why are Draco and Harry outside.”

“Harry is outside because he lives here, Draco because he is waiting for me.” Ginny was avoiding all types of eye contact.

“Talk to me Ginny, I know you have something to say.”

“I...I lied to you. I’m sorry,” Ginny said bursting into tears. Hermione wasn’t sure what she was talking about so she just tried to calm her down.

“It’s ok Ginny, what did you lie to me about,” Hermione asked confusingly.

“When I told you I had gotten my period three weeks ago, it was more like six.” Hermione stopped all the movement she was doing. Her mouth came undone and she stared disbelievingly at Ginny.

“So you... you and Draco...when,” Hermione asked.

“About a month ago, it was the day after I confronted you about sleeping with Harry. I wanted to do it before but I had a few doubts. Even though I didn’t think it was too early, I still didn’t want to give in so easy. But when I found out you and Harry did it, I...” Ginny started crying so hard that Hermione didn’t catch the rest of her words.

“My relationship with Harry is totally different from yours; we had known each other for seven years.” Those were the wrong things to say to her, she got angry and started heading out the door.

“Ginny wait, I didn’t mean it.” The truth was she did mean it, but she was her friend, she had to help her.

“Hermione I don’t even know if I am pregnant, but I have already imagined how horrible it will be.”

“You can take a test,” Hermione said going to her mini bookshelf and searching for a book.

“He loves me, I know he does. He wouldn’t leave me, but my family...”

“Will have to understand. They will have to accept it and one day, him.” Hermione found the book she was looking for and sat down next to Ginny.

“Hermione what am I going to do if I am.”

“I have never been thought something like that and I don’t plan to anytime soon so I can’t tell you.” Hermione flipped through the book and the page she was looking for appeared.

She read it carefully to understand what she had to do.

“It says here to mix this potion and then do this spell. You aim it to your abdomen and if it turns blue you pregnant. If it turns red your not, but you have to be at least three weeks pregnant for it to work.” Hermione said reading the instructions to Ginny.

“Do you have the ingredients,” Ginny asked going to her cupboard.

“Yes I believe I do it’s a simple potion, the thing that is complicated is learning the spell. I will practice on myself until I get it right and then on you.” Hermione said reading the list of ingredients.

While Hermione was mixing the potion she couldn’t help but say the thing that she wanted to say from the beginning.

“How come you didn’t use protection Ginny?”

“What...I don’t know... I got caught up in the moment. We only did it once, and then we never had the time,” Ginny said letting her tears fall down again.

“Even so...there are other ways. You could take a potion that makes you sterile for that month, or check to see when you are ovulating. That’s what I did,” Hermione said smelling the potion to see that it was ready.

“I’m not as smart as you Hermione. I wish I was.” Hermione instructed Ginny to sit straight up, and she poured two flasks full of the potion. She handed Ginny one and she drank the other.

She pointed the wand to her stomach and spoke the incantation, “Embarasario.” Her stomach grew a faint pink and then faded away. She repeated the spell until her stomach glowed a bright red. Ginny drank her potion hastily.

“Ok, your turn.”

Ginny put her hands up defensively and started shaking. Hermione had her wand pointed to her abdomen but couldn’t proceed without her moving her hands.

“Ginny I have to. You can’t keep your hands up, or I won’t be able to do the spell.” Very slowly she removed her hands until they were out of the way. Hermione took a deep breath and so did Ginny, “Here goes nothing.”

“Embarasario,” Hermione said waiting attentively. Nothing happened, the room got quite as they watched the same spot. Ginny gasped when the glow started to appear and illuminated to a blue light.

“Oh my god...oh my god. I’m...no,” Ginny said but couldn’t finish. She stood up and paced the room. It wasn’t nothing Hermione didn’t expect, her suspicions started a long time ago.

“Are you going to tell Draco,” Hermione said holding her still. Ginny nodded turned to the door.

Harry and Draco had a good talk; Harry hadn't realized how much in common he had with him. He was able to get his mind off of Ginny until the door swung open.

Ginny walked out slowly with a swollen face from crying. Draco immediately shot up and went to her. Hermione stood back in the background; she leaned back against the wall away from the couple.

Ginny carefully walked up to Draco who had stopped halfway because of the state of her face. They were inches apart but Ginny still had her head down. Draco many times tried to reach his hand up but kept it down.

"Draco...I'm sorry," Ginny said choking on her words. Harry was still watching carefully confused at what was happening. Draco shook his head and lifted her to meet his eyes.

"What is it," Draco said softly. She averted her stare to the floor.

"I'm pre-pregnant," she said shakily. Draco didn't move a muscle; she made herself look up to him. His reaction was important to her.

Harry's jaw shot open and his mouth became dry. Forget being friends with Draco, now he was going to have to kill him.

Draco was still for about a minute; his eyes were glazed over with thought. Harry noticed his mouth lift from one side with a smile. He looked like he was trying to contain it but that wasn't happening.

"You're...you're not mad," Ginny said faintly.

Draco's smile widened and he pulled Ginny into a fixed embrace. His eyes showed signs of tears, tears of awaiting joy.

"Forgive me for being so delighted, I love you so much Ginny," Draco said rubbing her cheek.

"I thought...I thought you would get scared. You do know what this means right."

"I'll deal with them, I'll do it for you," he said lacking hesitation.

"I'd appreciate it if you guys would keep this a secret until I decide to reveal it," Ginny said surveying Hermione and then Harry. They both nodded and watched Draco console Ginny in an affectionate way.

Hermione contacted her eyes with his, but only for a second prior to entering her room and shutting the door.

Ginny was still in Draco's arms and she was smiling now instead of crying. At least she was happy, if only Hermione could be happy. She glistened sadness right down to her toes when Harry saw into her eyes.

Harry left them to their privacy and went to his room. He didn't possess the mind power to scramble what he just heard, into logic. Has the world just flipped upside down without consulting him? He can already imagining how he was going to take it... not good.

Sleep was going to fail him tonight because of all the things he had to ponder, so he did what he always did to put him to sleep. He went to his dresser and took out his mother's ring, and played with it. He twirled it around in his fingers, it dazzled marvelously. When sleep started consuming him he put it away where it belonged.

Two days later Harry woke up and went to Dumbledore's office. This time when he walked in there was no scene illuminated before him.

"You see that rock I have upon the table. I want you to move it with your mind." Dumbledore already had everything set up and Harry hadn't even told him he was coming. This was the way Dumbledore always was though, he knew everything.

Harry concentrated on his task and thought, locomotor rock. Nothing happened; he reached out his hand and repeated his thoughts. Still

no movement, he tried to clasp the application of magic and break away the bonds, yet still nothing happened.

He was getting frustrated by the immobility of the rock in front of him. He was straining repeating the words in his head, yet he couldn't lift up the object.

"I can't," Harry said giving up.

"Yes you can just keep trying, find the current that locks the magic in your head and break it."

Harry forced it again, and again, and again. He tried for three hours straight without getting an inch moved from the material.

"Come on Harry, Ron can do better than that. How can you kill a man with this magic but lack the ability to move a simple object. Why have you grown so weak and defenseless Harry, move the rock." This was a simple task appointed to him, and he couldn't do it. Harry was getting enraged; Ron certainly couldn't do this kind of magic. The very idea was outrageous to him.

"Hermione wouldn't be impressed by the lack of magic you have been showing me. It's a wonder why she even looked your way; you are starting to get too confident."

Harry forcefully tossed up his hands and sent the rock flying in the direction of the Headmaster. That part was a total accident, but it didn't hit him anyways. It stopped inches from his face and glided down to the floor.

"Your emotions are still what control it. We have a lot of work to do," Dumbledore said placing the object back on the table.

"You got me angry on purpose," Harry said clearing his face from sweat.

"You see the difference in your magic from when you are angry and when you are calm. I did anger you purposefully, and I will continue

until you learn how to tear away both categories and make them one." Dumbledore said dismissing him

The lessons continued for the next four weeks, and took up all of Harry's extra time. He was only able to go to them twice a week due to homework, Quidditch practice, and Head Boy duties.

In his last lesson he had learned to finally yield the rock without being extremely angry, but it took him the entire lesson to do it.

Hermione had been absent from Harry's sight for the better part of that month, but he was happy to hear that her and Ron were not doing so well. When he was asleep in his room he would wake up to hear them fighting, and her slamming the door in annoyance.

Many times he thought about knocking at her door and apologizing. Instead he would take out his mothers ring and play with it until it put him to sleep.

The next day was one he didn't think much of; only it was the day he was planning on winning Hermione back. He gave her, her time but now it had gone on too far. He had everything set up; now all he had to do was wait until dinner time.

It would be the first time he would join the Gryffindor table in eating for the past month. Excitement had woken him up early that morning and made him get out of bed.

He went down to breakfast, it was a Saturday and no one was up too early. When he got there he was surprised to see that Hermione was already there with Ron.

"Hey long time no see," Ron said playfully as Harry sat down across from him.

"I see you all the time at Quidditch practice Ron," Harry said fixing himself a plate.

"Yeah, but you haven't been here in ages. And even when we are at practice you ignore me half the time," Ron said serving himself double's.

"This year has been hectic that's all, so I hear your going to be leader of the new chess club that has been established."

"You heard right," Ron said confidently with a smirk on his face.

Harry dared himself to look over to Hermione, she looked pale. This year was sure to bring her a lot of stress; she wasn't the type to let studying be a last priority. She was picking at her food and lost in her eyes, her hair was a right good mess as well.

"Hermione are you going to eat, you haven't eaten properly in weeks," Ron said urging the plate to her.

"You haven't," Harry said irritatingly. She lifted her head startled to hear Harry's voice; her eyes were red from crying. It broke Harry's heart.

"No she hasn't, she's starting to get me worried."

"Don't talk about me like I'm not here," Hermione said bitterly to Ron.

"Sorry Mione, I didn't mean to piss you off," Ron said cautiously.

Mione, that's my name. When did he start using it, Harry thought blocking his magic that was a little tamable now.

"Good morning everyone, hey Harry nice of you to join us," Seamus said sitting next to him.

"Thanks, is it just me or is everyone looking at me funny," Harry said glancing around the room.

"Everyone always looks at you Harry; you just haven't been around in a while to notice it." Neville said a few seats away.

"Where's Ginny, did you wake her up before coming over here,' Ron said searching for Draco. Harry looked over and spotted him sitting with Crabbe and Goyle as usual, but a bit apart from the regular Slytherins.

"She said she would be down in a minute, she wasn't feeling very good." Hermione had started reading a book at the table.

"So what has happened since I've been gone," Harry asked around.

"Nothing much, Lavender and Parvati got into a fight and are not speaking to each other. Did you notice that no one found out what happened the day we got wasted? It goes to show you that when it involves something they want to keep quite, no one knows. That's why they know everything, it has to pass by them first," Ron said getting laughs and nods from the table.

"Wow that's interesting," Harry retorted back sarcastically. That kind of information was completely useless.

"There has been a break out," Seamus said reading him the news paper.

"What," everyone said rushing over to him to read the headline.

"It says here that two prisoners were broken out from Azkaban's highly watched facilities. Both men were scheduled to be killed the following morning. The escaped convicts were Malfoy and Drew," Neville said. Harry snatched the paper from him and reread the information.

This cannot be true; he was so close to getting what he deserved. Harry watched Draco grow pale when reading the news. He had no smile on his face, only fear.

"What's going on you guys, why is everyone crowding around Seamus," Ginny said trying to look at the paper.

"I'll bet you all my gold he knows what happened," Ron said fiercely.

"If you're talking about Draco, I don't think he's too happy to hear the news," Hermione said speaking up.

"When did you start using his first name," Ron said jealously.

THUMP

Everyone flipped directions to face the noise that had eradicated across the hall. Harry searched around for potential answers and found it lying on the floor. Ginny Weasley had fainted holding the Daily Prophet in her hand.

Harry was sitting in the Hospital wing tending to a swollen eye. When Ginny had collapsed Draco had come running to her, Ron inflamed with anger and started to provoke a fight.

Harry had tried to separate them but ended up having a black eye for thanks.

"Where is she, I want to talk to her," Mrs. Weasley had just walked into the infirmary worried sick.

Madam Pomfrey couldn't restrain her so she let her pass. Harry, Ron, Hermione, Neville, Seamus, and Draco were the only ones permitted in. Hermione was the only one who didn't have injuries to tend for.

"Are you ok, what was it," Mrs. Weasley asked anxiously. Mr. Weasley had just walked in and sat down in the corner to await Dumbledore.

"I'm fine, mom I'm ok," Ginny said pushing her off. Mrs. Weasley said hello to everyone but Draco.

"Madam Pomfrey what happened, why did she faint," Mrs. Weasley said coxing her daughter's hair. Madam Pomfrey had been the one who called her down from her home.

"Perhaps we should talk in private," she said gesturing her to the door. Harry and Hermione exchanged quick glances.

Dumbledore had arrived; he went to talk with Mr. Weasley who was looking quite calm about the matter.

Draco was talking to Ginny in sign language from across the room; Harry had to hold Ron back to stop him from going after him again.

"Ron stop that, come here," Mr. Weasley said waving his hand to him.

"Rats and fiddlesticks," Ron said under his breath when he got up to tend to his father.

"This is going to be bad," Hermione said clutching on to Harry's sleeve. He couldn't resist a smile. It crept up on him and gave away his true feeling.

Oh how I miss that smile, he heard her think.

She let her barrier down, Harry thought letting out large amounts of air.

She smile back at him, it was all he needed. He wanted to kiss her, and hold her, tell her he loved her for the rest of his life, but he couldn't. She was listening to every one of his thoughts and started to blush. Her face shone with color for the first time in that month.

BOOM

A door was swung open with such ferocity, it broke off the hinges. Mrs. Weasley marched madly in Draco's direction with Madam Pomfrey behind her.

SLAP

She hit him in the face; he turned his head from the blow but repositioned it proudly.

“HOW COULD YOU, MY ONLY DAUGHTER.” She moved and faced Ginny.

SLAP

“I told you to stay away from him, and now look you went and got your self...KNOCKED UP!” she yelled.

Everyone in the room except Harry and Hermione was in shock. Ron lunged his way to Draco but didn't get far. Harry had to tackle him and hold his face to the floor to get him to calm down.

“Stop this I won't have it in my wing,” Madam Pomfrey said trying to calm both the Weasley's down.

Ginny started crying and Hermione went to comfort her. Ginny pushed her away.

“She's only sixteen, she's a child herself. Is there any way to get rid of it,” Mrs. Weasley said making Ginny cry even louder.

“Now see here Molly, we do not do that at this school. I suspect they may do it at a muggle hospital but it will cost you. Apart from that it is looked down upon in our world, as you well know.” Professor McGonagall said interrupting her.

Harry was having a hard time holding Ron down. He was spitting madly from the effort of getting free, but Harry wasn't about to let him go. Ginny got up and did the unthinkable. She ran right into the arms of Draco Malfoy forming a stir around the room.

“GET YOU HANDS OFF OF HER YOU-”

“Don't you dare finish that sentence,” Professor McGonagall said angrily.

“Molly, try and calm down, you making a scene,” Mr. Weasley said restraining his wife.

“Poppy, I believe it would be wise to attend to the less injured so they can be on their way,” Dumbledore said taking Mr. Weasley aside.

“I DON’T CARE WHAT I AM MAKING, SHE’S PREGNANT WITH HIS BABY.”

Mrs. Weasley had to be held down by Mr. Weasley to stop her from strangling Draco.

Madam Pomfrey and Professor McGonagall put a soothing spell on both Ron and Mrs. Weasley to calm them down.

“It will only be temporary but by that time they will have calmed down enough,” Professor McGonagall said.

“I would advise you two to keep your hands to yourself,” Madam Pomfrey said to the snuggling couple. Ginny was crying into his chest and he ignored her comment.

“Off to lunch all of you,” she said throwing them out. Harry dragged Ron away and headed off to lunch. The effect of the spell helped him out a lot, if not Ron would be impossible to be dragged out of the room.

The rest of the day was mostly sorting things out, Ron eventually calmed down. He still wanted to kill Draco but could contain himself. Mrs. Weasley didn’t go home; she talked about private things with Ginny in the Hospital Wing.

She pulled Ron aside and discussed matters with him that Harry could not hear. Ron kept nodding his head while she smile and let tears fall from her face.

What is going on, Harry thought uncomfortably.

Dinner finally came and he couldn't have been more nervous. He had thought about canceling due to the events that had occurred, but thought twice. He had too much riding on this day, and too much already set in motion since this morning for him to stop it.

Any minute now, it would start.

His palms were starting to sweat. Ron sat back to his seat and watched Hermione oddly.

His heart was beginning to compressed against his chest and beat loudly. People were chattering away, the news had already traveled to Lavender and Parvati. They made up to tell the whole school of their discovery.

He was biting his nails.

"Are you going to eat," Ron said not touching his own food. Was it just him or was Ron pale. He shook his head and rubbed his arms.

Are you ok, you're making me sick from your nervousness, Hermione said in his head causing him to jump in alarm and fall out of his seat. Seamus laughed along with the rest of the Gryffindor table.

He got up and told everyone he was fine.

Don't do that when I'm not expecting you, Harry thought back to her.

Sorry but I had to you were making me queasy. Why are you so nervous, she thought to him. He shut her out; he couldn't risk having her know ahead of time.

His heartbeat was reaching his eardrums; he was surprised no one could hear. A fluttering noise made everyone stop, and look above the Great Hall.

It's starting, Harry thought. His stomach flipped and wiggled with butterflies, he took a deep breath and closed his eyes.

AN: Ahh cliff hanger, I'll just go hang myself now for you guys, oh wait then you won't get to know what happens. Zero, yes. Please reviewing is good for the soul.

Chapter Nineteen The Break Up

His heartbeat was reaching his eardrums; he was surprised no one could hear. A fluttering noise made everyone stop, and look above the Great Hall.

It's starting, Harry thought. His stomach flipped and wiggled with butterflies, he took a deep breath and closed his eyes.

Every eye was upon the ceiling of the Great Hall, a flock of a dozen white birds had flown in, and were now encircling above them.

"What is that," Seamus said trying to get a closer look.

The group of doves, flew and danced in a recited manner, making an 'ohhh' and 'ahhh' be eradicated by the females in the school.

Come down, come down now, Harry thought not forgetting to block Hermione.

The teachers were getting up from their seats to get a better look. Except Dumbledore who had his chin propped up by his elbows.

Harry let out a breath he didn't know he was holding when he saw the doves dive down towards Hermione.

"There coming right at you!" Neville yelled. Hermione must have realized it too because she got up from her seat and took a few steps back.

She was the only one standing, all the attention was directed upon her. Her instincts made her cover her face and scream out waiting for an attack.

"Look they're holding something," Ron said from the table.

Very slowly she opened her eyes, they were flying around the top of her head. Ron was right, something was glistening at the foot of every bird.

The perfect circle was broken by one dove that came gracefully fluttering in front of her. It didn't land or make any other attempt to stop. The gray vapor was in the form of words, from what she could tell. The message detached from the foot of the bird and floated a few inches from her face. The dove having accomplished its mission departed from the Great Hall.

The other birds were still flapping around atop, but her attention was on the message in front of her.

"Smoke, it looks like smoke," Seamus said squinting to get a better view of the words.

Indeed that is what it looked to be, it was a silvery substance that swirled into a fixed form. It wasn't solid, for you could see right through it. But it looked too clear to be smoke.

Another bird broke the formation and fluttered down in the same pattern as the one before.

It dropped the flowing message and took off. Now there was two messages , that were still unreadable, but floating about magically.

SWOOSH

Another dove flew by, faster than the one before it.

SWOOSH

They were all breaking formation and dropping the silver mists they had attach to them in order.

SWOOSH, the last three went by so fast it almost knocked Hermione off her feet.

Who is doing this, Hermione thought.

Ron had made a strive to come forward where she remained. The last three doves that had almost made it out the Great Hall changed formation and flew to him.

SPLAT

He had made it as far as two feet when bird shit hit his eyes. An impulse drove him back landing on his seat. His temporary blindness was hilarious to watch. Laughter was ringing in the still air.

Before she could look up and determine who the culprit might be, the messages that were placed to hover overhead her started to glow.

They aligned themselves and flowed like the wind around her once. There she saw what they said at last. I love you was written faintly, by the beam of vapor that was lightly illuminated.

Harry watched as the words I love you he had so cleverly did, danced in a circle around her. He had gotten the idea for this by Tom Riddle from the Chamber of Secrets. He had to do a lot of research to learn how to make the mist stay in one place and form those words.

The tricky part was having them start glowing when they were all detached from the birds. Now all he had to do was keep concentrating on where he wanted them to go, he was the one controlling their actions.

The words twirled around her arm lifting it from beside her, then they flowed to the other arm and did the same. They started to pick up speed and felt like wind when they flew past her.

Whispering broke into Hermione ears, the words changed directions and dove down to her feet. The glow was starting to get brighter as it encircled her ankles. The words were no longer visible because they were moving so fast and the light was too bright.

The circle that the messages had formed at her feet rose, and so did she. The ferocity of the wind that they were creating was lifting her. The circle was moving up and had now reached her waist.

She started to panic, even though she wasn't far from the ground she was afraid she would fall. The whispering grew louder, and she realized that they were coming from the words.

By the time the encirclement had reached her chest, she could hear what the words were saying.

"I love you, I love you , I love you... was repeated over and over again each time the words circled around. By this time her hair flew up like a gust of wind had just burst through the Great Hall. Her arms lifted from the pressure, and she closed her eyes and the sensation running in her body.

She felt like she was flying, being lifted by unseen arms. The words that were dancing around her started to cease. They played at her fingertips and slowly brought her down.

Once on the ground they joined forming a single cloud of haze. Right before her eyes it began to sculpt into letters. The Script was beautiful calligraphy that spelled out three words.

When Hermione read them, she wanted to faint. Her heart literally skipped a beat and then stopped completely. Tears burned her insides, while she tried to hold them off.

Always and Forever

It spoke the words out, softly, at once she recognized the voice, it was Harry's. However she was the only one who was able to hear it.

The message broke apart and raced up like fire. Four feet above her it flashed violently and burst into gold sparks that fell upon her skin warmly. It glittered harmlessly around her, showering her in light and love.

The Great Hall erupted into applause, bringing her sound of the world back into her ears.

The show ended, now all that was left for his finale was the song.
THE SONG!

PLAY, PLAY, it's suppose to play now. Why isn't it playing, Harry thought panicking. He needed the song to play for her, or everything would be ruined. Ron was sure to figure something out soon.

He tried to summon the music to play, but the noise in the Great Hall was too loud.

PLAY, Harry thought wanting to cry.

He was digging his fingernails in the table from the attempt to will the music to play.

Crying was inevitable for Hermione, as was looking at Ron. His face was fixed into one shocked looking position. His mouth was hanging to the floor. He must not yet be registering what happened into his brain.

If he had his face would be red with anger. Perhaps he was surprised to find someone other than him would do that for Hermione.

"That was the sweetest thing Ron, how did you do it," Susan bones said when the applauding ceased.

"Huh," Ron said being knocked out of his trance.

"Yeah Ron tell us how you did that, I never heard of that kind of magic," Neville said eagerly beside him.

"I...uh..." He couldn't finish his sentence. His stare was placed upon Hermione, who was crying silently in the same spot.

Harry did this wonderful thing, not Ron, Hermione thought wanting to scream out. Her speech was impaired. She tried to talk but her mouth had gone dry as well as her throat.

"I..." Ron looked down hurtfully, and pondered his words. You probably could hear a pin drop if someone actually had the courage to drop it. Suspense was in the air, even some teachers were on the end of their seats.

Ron stood up, Hermione noticed him battling with himself. He was fighting to sit back down or walk up to her. She had not had the courage to look up at Harry yet.

"Hermione...no...Mione..." Ron said uncomfortable. Was he going to asked her who she thought did this. Would he make her look like a fool in front of the whole school. He seemed to get cold feet and turned to walk away.

"Aw screw it." Hermione heard him say before he flipped around and got on his knees.

NOOOOOOOOOO, Hermione thought in her head.

Now she really couldn't breathe. Someone had closed her air hole and cut off her oxygen. With one hand on her throat and the other at her mouth, she watch Ron pull out a small box.

"Hermione Jane Granger, I love you so much, and I want you to marry me." Ron's voice was confident, it lacked nervousness and didn't falter one word.

Hermione started to cry so badly , sobs came out flatulently. Mrs. Weasley started crying in the corner too. The different between these cries, was one was from joy and the other from pain.

When those words left Ron's mouth Harry dropped his hands with a clunk. He stopped trying to get the song on and thought the world had

ended before him. His beautiful Hermione was fiercely crying, but that was all he could think about right now.

There was no premature magic to control or anger to subdue, he was empty. Everyone awaited her answer, including him unconsciously.

After about two minutes of silence, even though it felt like an eternity, she inhaled a large amount of air. This delight to her brain, started up her brain cells, making her aware that every eye was upon her.

"I..." She couldn't say no because her crying had shortened it. Ron's eyes looked up hopefully, like a starving puppy who wanted food from your hand.

Don't look at him, she thought scanning the Great Hall. The faces were too many, the number that stood at the edge of her word was too great. Harry would be the last thing she wanted to look at.

Her chest was compressing into her body, and her head light. She placed her hands on her face and bawled giving a slight nod.

She said yes, Harry thought feeling all will to live leave him.

She said yes to him, she nodded and that means yes, I lost. I didn't do it first. But I was going to, I was...she said yes, Harry thought disbelievingly to himself.

The lyrics of his song to win Hermione back started playing in the background.

Damn baby
Just don't understand where we went wrong
I gave you my heart
I gave you my soul
I gave you...

Perfect timing, Harry thought feeling his cheeks burning. He was crying badly, but wasn't making any attempt to clear it away. He was far from anger, but it was there waiting to unleash. And right now he was still in denial.

"Yes," Ron yelled picking her up and twirling her around. A song started playing in the background, she instantly knew that Harry had been the one to put it on.

As a matter of fact I was the one who knew I loved you first
It was about seven years ago, don't act like you don't know
We were sittin' in a private livin' room
Cause, we couldn't be alone

Hermione wanted to die right now, she was two seconds from forgiving Harry, but he would be far from forgiving her. She blocked out the cheers that was going on in the Great Hall, and listened to the words Harry meant to tell her.

See you were with someone else, and you knew how I felt
Back then we were in school; and he was your favorite excuse
Growin' up I was a fool; and I can't lie I'm missing you
Listen and don't trip
I think I need a bottle with a genie in it
Here's my wish list

People were now listening to the words and got confused looks on their faces. The lyrics were not something Ron would play after he proposes. Ron was too busy being hugged by his mother to pay attention. To Hermione each words stabbed her heart, breaking it further into little pieces, that couldn't be put back together.

First one, I would create a heart changing love
Second one, I'll take yours and fill it all up
Third one, but I don't need a lot of wishes cause I'll be okay if I get one

"I knew you would say yes, I kept telling Ron not be nervous but the poor boy was a sweating pig. After the tragedy with Ginny I had to have something done right. I told him to do it today and look how great this turned out," Mrs. Weasley said hugging Hermione who didn't reposed physically or emotionally.

If I had one wish, we would be best friends
Love would never end, it would just begin
If I had one wish, you would be my boo
Promise to love you, trust me I'll trust you
If I had one wish, we would run away
Making love all day, have us a baby
If I had one wish, I'd make you my whole life
And you'd be my wife, make it right this time

She was like a statue standing still while the rest of the world functioned around her. Harry was the one who was proposing all those words to her, not Ron.

"Why did he play this song," Lavender said listening along with the rest of Hogwarts.

If I had one wish
One wish, one wish, one wish
One wish, one wish, one wish
One wish, one wish, one wish
One wish, one wish, one wish

Hermione looked over the crowd and noticed Luna was sitting alone at the Ravenclaw table. She was the only one who hadn't stood up and congratulated her. She also had the same look on her face that Hermione was sure she had on hers.

Now tell me is this the only way I can get you right back in
If so then searching' I'll go, then I can have you for sho
Then you'll be loving me, holding me, kissing me
So girl don't tell me what I'm feeling is make believe

"Where's Harry?" Ron's words finally penetrated her thoughts.

Harry did dare get up and try to wish congratulation to his best friend.
Maybe if he really wished it hard enough, he could make it all a dream.

I swear if I lose a second chance with you
I wouldn't know what to do
I'd probably check myself into some kind of clinic
I couldn't be alone because without you I'm sick
Here's my wish list

He got up and walked calmly out the door. The Dementors might as well have kissed him and sucked out his soul, he was hallow.

The music was traveling, and so was Harry. He walked out rather calmly out the doors, and without thinking Hermione ran after him. The music boomed louder as he departed. She had to make him understand why she was doing this.

First one, I would create a heart changing love
Second one, I'll take yours and fill it all up
Third one, but I don't need a lot of wishes cause I'll be okay if I get one

Ron called out after her, but she didn't listen. His foot steps were heard bouncing off the floor behind her. She was close to Harry if she kept up her speed, she would reach him before it was too late. she looked over her shoulder and found not only Ron was running after her, but half the school. The music was cascading off the walls from Harry gaining volume as the people behind her advanced forward.

If I had one wish, we would be best friends
Love would never end, it would just begin
If I had one wish, you would be my boo
Promise to love you, trust me I'll trust you
If I had one wish, we would run away
Making love all day, have us a baby

If I had one wish, I'd make you my whole life
And you'd be my wife, make it right this time

Hermione was dead tired, her side was stabbing at her painfully, but she was not going to stop. Harry was aware that he had a field of people going his direction, so he had broke into a run. She was going to reach him if it killed her.

I don't even know how we ended upon this road
And, even though we are grown, Girl I just want you to know

Those words consumed her body, making it obvious he was directing them to her.

If I had one wish, we would be best friends
Love would never end, it would just begin
If I had one wish, you would be my boo
Promise to love you, trust me I'll trust you
If I had one wish, we would run away
Making love all day, have us a baby
If I had one wish, I'd make you my whole life
And you'd be my wife, make it right this time

Harry turned a corner, Ron and the other people were far behind. She song suddenly stopped and she turned the corner Harry had.

BAM

She ran right into his arms. He kissed her, desperately, painfully. He didn't even open his lips, simply bruised his on hers.

He retreated trying to keep a straight face. He had been crying madly, Hermione didn't know what to say.

"Mione..." Harry said grabbing her arms fiercely. He contorted his face to keep from breaking down in front of her, but it was useless. He let the sobs and the tears out resting his forehead on hers. She accepted him gratefully.

"I..." He struggle to say between bawling.

"I never cheated on you Hermione," he said tearfully. Hermione got a spasm in her mind. He flooded her with his thoughts. Flashes of images on the day she had walked in on him broke into her.

She saw everything, felt everything. Her eyes rolled to the back of her head while she let them seep into her, understanding things clearly now.

He really didn't hold back anything including...something clouded that was, distorted. Curiosity got the better of her, and she entered into the dazzled territory.

Flashes of a dance scenery she was familiar with shot in front of her eyes. Then suddenly her eyes widened, she saw him kissing her that same night that she had slept with Ron.

Without warning Harry closed her out and wiped his face. The voices behind her confirmed that the Ron was arriving.

"Mione," Ron said making her turn her head.

"Why did you run off like that," he said with a tint of anger in his voice. Right now he sounded like then most annoying person she had ever come across.

She turned to look at Harry but he was gone. They were close to their common room so he must have entered when she had her head turned.

"I was making sure Harry was alright," Hermione said in a low voice.

"Why wouldn't he be," Ron said being joined by the rest of the followers.

"He's been feeling down lately," Hermione said lamely. Before she could stop him he began to head for the common room.

"Wait don't!"

She crossed her finger and prayed, to all the lords that were worships on the earth, that Harry didn't hurt him.

"I'm just going to talk to him in private," Ron said opening the door and closing it behind him.

The crowd behind her stirred, they thought they were going to get a show but didn't.

Draco emerged from the crowd along with Ginny and Luna. Ginny pulled her into a tight embrace and Luna stared at the ground.

"I know what to do," Draco said giving her an honest to god genuine smile.

"What," Hermione said muffling herself from Ginny's hair.

"Trust me," He said telling Neville and Seamus to hold Ginny back.

"I don't want her to get hurt." He told them.

"Wait, the only way she would get hurt is if...there was a fight or something," Luna said fearfully.

Draco shrugged and whispered to Hermione, "You did me and Ginny a favor, now I'm going to pay it back to you."

"Fight, Fight, Fight, Fight." The crowd chanted in unison.

Hermione was not just going to stand there she and Draco went to the common room followed by a persistent Luna.

Harry had barley escaped the mob outside, he had seized the moment and escaped by a hair. He sniffed in his runny nose and tried not seem like a pathetic baby.

The portrait door opened and Ron came in.

Is there a god somewhere out to get me. I mean did I do something so horrible that I deserve this to be happening to me right now. Isn't all this shit hard enough to deal with, without Ron having to show up demanding explanations, Harry thought bitterly,

"You ok," Ron said cautiously.

"Yeah, I'm great. I feel like a sundae cone, with nuts on top of me, and a cherry in between two wonderful scoops, of chocolate and vanilla ice cream," Harry said thinking the first neutral thing he could think of.

"Your not happy for me and Hermione are you."

"Ron, I...I don't care. My two best friends are going to be married to each her, why on earth would that make me unhappy," Harry said sarcastically. Ron didn't catch it so Harry started to pace around the room.

"Something got to you," Ron said pushing his luck.

Why won't he just leave, Harry thought.

"Look...don't take this the wrong way but right now...I'm in no mood to talk. If you...I may...hurt you and...just leave," Harry said pulling at the end of his hair.

"Your just jealous," Ron said making Harry stop.

"Wh-what...what are you talking about," Harry said trying not to give himself away.

"Your mad because I'm going to settle down after high school with Hermione and you don't have anyone."

"I don't...don't care who you end up with," Harry said bawling his fists up.

"Sure you do, me and Hermione will be together and you think were going to leave you by yourself. We won't do that Harry, and I'm sure you'll find a girl that's right for you soon," Ron said smiling at him.

If I punch him right now, will I be wrong, Harry thought.

"Why are you even marring her, I didn't even know things were this serious between you two," Harry said without thinking. He kicked himself mentally and began to pace the room again.

"Actually, things have gotten serious. You remember that night we got wasted, that night, me and Hermione... well...and it sort of happened. We..."

They might as well have gotten Harry's heart and placed it on a silver platter. Not only did he beat him to proposing, he slept with her. His Mione, the body he knew to be his and his alone. The anger he had been repressing was starting to creep up on him. He was trying so hard to suppress his magic, and his knuckles were white from the pressure of holding on so tight.

The portrait door swung open revealing Draco who was smirking. Harry was about to take this moment to hit Ron but Draco's appearance held him back.

"What the bloody hell do you want," Ron said facing Draco.

"Nothing, it's just funny how you had to go impress your mother by proposing."

"I didn't do it to impress no one, get out how did you even get in here," Ron said bawling up his fists like Harry.

To answer his question Hermione came walking in behind him. She stood by the door, pulling at Draco's arm to get him out.

"No leave him, he wanted to come pick at me, ok let's go." At this point Harry knew Ron was showing off. He had completely forgotten to be angry and was now trying to see a show.

"Let's take this outside," Draco said flipping him his middle finger and rushing out.

"He did not just do that," Ron said running after him. Harry was compelled to do the same, any fight between Malfoy and Ron was worth watching. Especially because he was keen on seeing the crap kicked out of Ron.

Both boys were no longer in sight and Harry was left with Hermione. Realization hit him over the head, it was a trick to get them alone.

Hermione stood by the door, unsure of her next move. What was he to say to her, she betrayed him. She blanked out on him, after a minute of catously picking her words she spoke.

"Harry, I love you. I want you to know that I truly and deeply love you. I will always love you, always and forever-"

"No, I don't want to hear anything from you right now. A moment ago I was a completely different person. Five minutes is all it took to change my mind about you... and us. So go to him Hermione, that's what you're here to do. You're here to tell me why you chose to say yes to him and not to me..."

"You didn't ask anything in the first place...and I came here to make you understand-"

"Make me understand, Hermione you don't need me to understand anything. I get the picture, I'm not an idiot. Sleeping with him meant more to you than sleeping with me." Harry as angry now, angrier than when Ron was in the same room with him. He was furious at how Hermione could not tell him something like that.

"Harry it's not like that at all, I didn't...I didn't..." Hermione was now crying hysterically. Harry's words were hurting her as they slipped out of his mouth.

"Your going to stand there and lie to me, Ron just told me you and him slept together Mione. How could you, I don't care how much you had to drink...you shouldn't have done that."

"Harry, listen to me. I'm-"

"I don't want to here that your sorry. Apologies are not going to change the past."

"Harry will you let me speak I-" Harry cut her off again.

"Why , why did you do that with him. The most sacred....intimate...WHY," Harry yelled out.

"BECAUSE I THOUGHT HE WAS YOU," Hermione yelled sobbing into her hands.

"Wh-what. Me, how can you think it was me," harry said softly with his eyebrows connecting.

"That's all I remember. Thinking it was you," Hermione said between crying.

"You still did it, though, your still going to marry him," Harry said sitting on the couch. Hermione reached over to him but he pulled back hatefully. He looked at her like she was disgusting.

"Don't touch me, your filthy and...I'm tired of playing these games. I am tired of chasing you and I'm tired of always ending up hurt. You think I'm some toy that you can pick up whenever you want, well I'm not. Go, go marry him. Your tainted, and I don't want a tainted girl, I suspect he won't either. But then again he doesn't know your dirty little secrets!" Harry spat out to her hatefully.

He was angry and pissed, he was also taking out his anger on Hermione unconsciously. She just happened to be in the wrong place at the wrong time.

"HOW CAN YOU SAY THAT," Hermione was drenched in tears and it was getting worse.

"How can you stand there and act so innocent when all you've done is fuck around. I LOVED you and that wasn't enough. How can you

stand here telling me you love me while your going to go off and marry him, what is that. I never took you for a slut, or a bitch, but right no-”

“STOP IT,SHUT UP...I said yes because I’m-” Harry stayed cutting off her words.

“Your what falling in love with him, because you don’t want to hurt our friendship. You don’t want to hurt his feeling, BUT DISREGARDING MINE IS OK.”

What was she to say, every time she tried to tell him he wouldn’t listen. He wasn’t going to listen. That night she slept with Ron, she thought it was Harry. Harry even had a repressed memory of them kissing.

“Say something, explain yourself,” Harry said messaging his temples.

“You don’t let me every time I try to talk you cut me off. I’m trying to tell you-” This time she wasn’t cut off by Harry, but from Harry. He let his emotions go on her. He let her feel all the hate and frustration that he was enduring. The intensity brought her to her knees.

There in the shadows she saw the same cloud that was disoriented before. She entered this time not from curiosity but for knowledge.

She grabbed her skull from the power that the flashes had. There were so many of them, and they were going by so fast. She broke away with such speed that she fell back.

Blinking was painful but the outcome was worth it. The reason she had thought she slept with harry was because she did.

He looked like he was going to get up and help her but instead only shut out his emotions for her to be able stand up.

That night she had ended up on Ron's bed by accident, by Luna's accident. She had never slept with Ron at all. But how was she going to make Harry see that.

She sat up letting the distance images settle into the back of her head, her shaking subdued when she caught her breath.

"Why did you do that?"

"It was an accident," Harry said bitterly. She smiled at him faintly. He looked at her like she had just escaped out of an insane asylum.

"I'm not going to marry Ron, Harry."

"What, why would you say yes to him then?"

"I'd like to see you in front of the whole school bearing a burden like that and say no. It would be his humiliation upon no end if I refused. I was waiting until we were alone to tell him the truth," Hermione said lying. She had just now changed her mind but she wasn't going to tell him that.

"LIER, I can see right through you. You came here to make me understand, and now to win me back. I'm sick of this shit, of us, of this relationship. I'm not going to be with a whore who only wants things she can't have. Because that's all you are, and all you do. You sleep with me, and you can't have Ron, so you pick Ron. You sleep with Ron and you can't have me, so pick me. What, next week are you going to change your mind again. That's called being a SLUT" Harry yelled at her with tears of hate coming down his cheeks.

"You have no right, Harry. You don't want to be with me no more fine, I won't be with anyone. I DON'T NEED YOU, I...I HATE YOU," Hermione yelled tearfully. Harry barely caught her words, her voice was so strangled.

"FINE, LEAVE GO TO YOUR FIANCE-PLAYTHING OF THE MOMENT. I DON'T EVER WANT TO SEE YOU AGAIN!"

"FINE!"

“FINE!”

At this Hermione could not take it any more. She turned around and stormed out the common room knocking down everything in her path. If he didn't want to listen to her, she wasn't going to tell him.

When Harry actually saw the back of Hermione's head he wished she would come back. He knew he was wrong, to say those things. How unlikely he would be the one to say them, but he felt the years worth of frustrations rolling off of him. He needed that, and now his body was free from the urge, and left with the guilt.

He didn't mean what he said, not one word. Yet when she stood before him, thought was not an option he could play with.

She was coming to me, and now because of my dumb ass she is going to him. I've pushed her right into his arms. Why did I say those things to her, he thought hitting himself over the head.

He was calming down, and he knew that's what she needed to do, before he could go after her. Who was he kidding if he thought he could let her go that easily. Blasted emotions got the better of him. He recited the words that he told her and winced hurtfully.

He was never going to win her back now. If he was her he wouldn't take himself back either.

Love hurt, and it also killed. The only thing he can safely say he meant was that he was tired of playing games. That is why he did the surprise in the Great Hall for her today, to make her pick once and for all. Now she had, and he gave her the gun and pointed it in the right direction.

Why had all the anger from Ron proposing, and from Ron saying he slept with her, have to come out a time when he was alone with her, why. That's the way life is, it sucks.

Time was his best ally, he had to wait until morning to go apologize his heart out. On second thought he was going to stay up tonight and think. Think of a damn good way to make sure Hermione knew he was terribly sorry. He sobbed there alone, knowing he was getting what he deserved.

She couldn't do it. She could not stand there and try to give him any more explanations. If he felt that way about her then fine, she would live. But Ron, Ron was something she would not, could not deal with any longer.

If Harry did anything it was make her see what he said was right, it was time to stop playing games. Harry's words burned the inside's of her head, repeating over and over.

She was going to be alone, but it was no more than she deserved.

No one was in the corridor's. It was well past curfew so she figured that Ron would be somewhere in the common room. She was hiccupping from crying so much, so she waited until she had calmed down and wiped her face.

Standing outside the portrait door she took a deep breath and prepared to enter.

"My, dear what is-" The Fat Lady was interrupted by Hermione kicking beside her.

"Tapioca," Hermione said gaining anger and losing despair.

"Now that is no-"

"Open the door, I said the password. No one wants to hear you anyways," Hermione said rudely. She was becoming more and more like the Harry she had left behind in the common room.

The Fat Lady opened for her and hit her hard on her ass closing. Everything was starting to boiling her blood, that was already under a fire.

Ron was sitting at the end near the fireplace, while Luna tended to his wounds.

"If you hold still-"

"It hurts," Ron said trying to pull back from her.

Hermione was two seconds away from walking up to Luna and slapping her for what she did. Instead she decided to let it out on someone more deserving.

SLAP

She hit Ron right on his cut, making sure it hurt. Luna backed away as soon as she seen how angry she was.

"What the bloody hell was that for," Ron said clutching his face in agony.

"For going around and telling people our business. I told you to keep what happened the day we got drunk, between us. You told Harry, what were you trying to do show me off," Hermione said coldly. She was provoking a fight, but this way it would be easier for her to leave him.

"I...Mione, it slipped. But why would it matter, it's only Harry."

"Only Harry...he shouldn't have known it because I asked you not to say it. And he is our best friend, you think I wanted him knowing something so private about us. All you did was cause problems."

"It's not my fault the bloody git is jealous," Ron said massaging his new wound.

"Oh my god...I can't do this anymore." Hermione fidgeted with the ring that Ron had put on her finger. He had placed it there when she was too busy listening to the song to notice.

"Hermione what are you doing," Ron said getting on his knees.

"I don't want to marry you Ron, I can't."

"Quite a show you put on in the Great Hall, though," Luna said coldly. Hermione's jaw dropped and then she laughed forcefully.

"You're no one to talk, miss moving bodies. I know what you did and if...I wasn't such a nice person..." What was she doing, she needed to get this over with.

"I overloaded you didn't I. We don't have to get married right away, it can be in five years or ten, just-"

"No Ron, you don't get it. I don't want to marry you at all."

"I suppose not now, I agree I did rush you into this but-"

"I DON'T WANT TO BE WITH YOU ANYMORE," Hermione yelled out hastily before she didn't get another chance.

Ron's face fell. He looked confused and hurt. He was still on his knees but he got up and closed in on her.

"You don't mean that. I love you Hermione, can't you see it?"

"I don't love you," Hermione said plainly.

"No," Ron said getting angry and shaking her violently.

"Let me go," Hermione said breaking away from him and backing up a few yards.

"You love me, you told me you loved me."

"I never love you, Ron. I stayed with you out of pity. I know you think this is a bit harsh but...I can't do it anymore. I thought I could but I was wrong." Ron stared at her, he looked like he was going to try but didn't.

"It's over," Hermione said handing him his ring. He didn't take it, only stood there like a statue.

"Your in love with someone else aren't you," Ron asked Hermione suddenly.

Hermione gasped. She wasn't yet able to deal with him knowing it was Harry she was leaving him for.

"Ron take the ring, and let her go," Luna said anxiously.

"Answer the question," Ron said letting a tear fall down his face.

"This is too much," Hermione turned to leave but Ron caught her arm.

"I heard you were cheating on me with some Slytherin boy. Rumors go around Mione, I never thought one of them would be true."

Hermione snorted. His information was way off, but his idea was right on queue.

"Your going to actually listen to those pathetic rumors."

"PATHETIC," Ron yelled back. Hermione couldn't believe how stupid Ron was. She said the rumors were pathetic not him, but now she was starting to doubt that.

"Let me go," Hermione said pulling at her arm.

"You did didn't you. Sandy told me that you were sleeping around but I wouldn't listen to her. I didn't want to believe it, but-"

"Who's Sandy," Hermione asked questionably.

“She’s this girl from Hufflepuff who tried to tell me the truth about you,” Ron said furiously. He was getting pissed and talking it out on her, just like Harry had.

One major fight was enough to wear Hermione out, she was not about to do another one.

“I don’t have to listen to this, you mad because I’m leaving you. Grow up Ron, that’s what always was your problem.” Hermione said pushing Ron back and releasing his grip from her.

She was heading out the door when she heard Ron call out to her.

“You mangler, you stupid whore. Your nothing but a mudblood,” Ron yelled at her.

“FUCK YOU!” she cried out to Ron who was candy apple red. He was crying but it didn’t provoke any pity or remorse for her.

“No thank you,” Ron said breathing erratically.

“It’s a good thing I’m leaving you, your horrible,” Hermione cried out heading for the door.

“Wait, Hermione wait. I didn’t mean it.”

“Let her go,” Luna said holding Ron back to stop him from chasing her. Hermione was eternally grateful as she headed out the portrait door.

What’s up with everyone calling me names, Hermione thought stopping to lean against the wall.

She knew this was going to be a hard break up but this was ridiculous. Ron said those things to her because he was upset she was leaving him, but that didn’t stop them from hurting. It brought up the memories of her recent fight with Harry, and that was truly painful. Her chest was hurting, her heart wouldn’t be able to take any more.

The tears came, she couldn't remember another time in her life that she cried so much. How can both her former best friends have ever said those things to her. Harry's speech was the thing that killed her the most. She never saw him as the type who would insult a girl.

She expected Ron to say those things because, he's...Ron. She must have broken their hearts badly if they were acting this way. If they felt anywhere as close to how she felt, she was going to be alone and friendless for a while. With all her feelings and overwhelming sadness draping on her, she needed someone to talk to.

She left Ron so he wasn't going to talk to her. Harry was just as mad, if not ten times worse. Any other potential person would be asleep, and she would have to pass through the common room. If she went back to her common room, Harry and her might start fighting, so where was she going to sleep.

She suddenly got an overwhelming feeling to leave. To go somewhere far for a long time and never return. She wanted to forget the faces that burned her eyes from memories, and go start over. Somewhere she wouldn't be called names and no one knew how bad she screwed up.

How was she to do this, she would have to go through the common room. There was no way she was going to go face Harry right now, he didn't ever want to see her again.

Dumbledore, she thought to herself. She could go talk to Dumbledore. He said that he would always be there to listen, now she needed him to do just that.

AN: Ok let me just say that before you come at me with the pitch forks and axes, Ron and Hermione are done. She finally got the courage to breakup with him. Harry might have seemed too OOC and angry but remember how would you be if the love of your life did that to you. He was also holding back a lot of emotions for along time. Like I mentioned before in the chapter, Hermione just happened to be at the wrong place, at the wrong time. Ron was a jerk, cuz he...well he never thinks before he says.

Hope you like this chapter and await the day h/hr get together as much as I do.

Song used was by Ray J called One Wish. I changed it a little to in the beginning to fit h/hr more but other than that...Reviewing is good for the soul. More to come soon.

Chapter Twenty Follow the Snouper

“Ahem.”

Harry stirred by the window where he had been sleeping. He had stayed up until four that morning before sleep consumed him and he fell into a deep slumber.

“Ahem.”

“Harry wake up.” Was that Ron’s voice Harry was hearing or was it just a dream.

“Harry, would you be so kind as to join us this morning.” Now that definitely had to be Dumbledore’s voice. Harry opened his eyes and found the voice’s in his head were not from his imagination.

“About time,” Ron said with his arms crossed standing next to a tall, long, white bearded man.

“Whatsamatter,” Harry said in a mumble. Still disoriented from his sleep, he fixed his glasses and stood up.

“I have something important I want to discuss with the both of you,” Dumbledore said calmly.

Harry scratched his head. Why is it that every time Dumbledore has something to say, it isn’t good.

“Go on.”

“Miss Granger came to me in the wee hours of the night with disturbing news and demanding wishes.”

At this point Harry was wide awake. He had completely forgotten the events from last night. Ron penetrated the circle that Harry and Dumbledore had created amongst themselves.

“Where is she, I need to apologize for what I said to her last night,” Harry said pleadingly.

"Me too. I went off on her and said some things I regret now." Harry sighed. If Ron let his big fat mouth undone and told her off, she must be really depressed right now.

"Unfortunately she is neither here, nor within reach at this particular moment. She came to me last night with a tale of disturbing news and vocabulary I never thought to hear her say. Apparently you boys gave her a good telling last night, so much that she decided to leave Hogwarts," Dumbledore said.

"Lea-Leave Hogwarts. You let her go," Harry said beginning to raise his voice.

"Where is she, will she come back," Ron said cutting Harry off.

"I did not let her go anywhere. She is of age and if wishes can discard her education here if she pleases. I could do nothing to stop her, but I did help her to find an acceptable means of continuing her schooling. She asked me not to disclose her whereabouts with you and I will obey her decision. She will be free to return when she pleases, and don't try and send her owls it won't work," Dumbledore said simply.

Oh no what have I done, Harry thought cementing his hands in his face.

"No, tell her we didn't mean what we said, tell her to come back," Ron said taking the words right out of Harry's mouth.

Dumbledore didn't say anything, he shook his head and turned to leave.

"Tell me where she is, I must speak with her," Harry said blocking the exit point.

"Harry, I cannot do more than inform you about her choice."

"That's not good enough," Harry's said mightily. His impatience was uncontrollable, and he wasn't trying to push it down.

“Restrain yourself,” Dumbledore said losing the calmness of his voice.

“Then tell me where she is.”

Dumbledore’s figure rose. Harry felt small when Dumbledore stood straight up. He didn’t blink and neither did Harry. Ron found his way next to Harry and imitated his posture. Both boys stayed blocking the exit.

“TAKE ME TO HER,” Harry yelled. He didn’t care if he had to duel with Dumbledore himself, he needed to apologize to Hermione, in person.

“Remember this, it was not my fault she fled in the first place. Both you boys drove her away, so don’t try and stand there blaming me for your predicaments. Your guilt is what is driving you to be so compelled to seek her. I will execute her will, and you won’t get any help from me in finding her.” Dumbledore was furious, he hovered fear into their hearts, they were seeing a side of him they had not before.

Dumbledore tipped his hat to leave, and encircled them. Harry wouldn’t be left with his blood boiling. Leaving Ron he reached the Headmaster right before he left the common room and whispered in his ear.

“I will find her. I’ll do it with your help or without it, you know that. I won’t rest until I see her again, don’t doubt it.” Harry gave Dumbledore a cold look and departed in front of him.

When his back was turned to him he sensed his eyes boring into the back of his head. Not only had he ticked off Hermione and Ron, but now the Headmaster. If Harry kept this up he was going to have a very lonely Christmas.

He walked, not sure how long he walked, until Ron came billowing to his side.

“What did he say, I didn’t hear a word you told him.”

"He didn't say anything," Harry said slapping his hands at his side.

"Oh. Well I supposed we deserved that. What's your story," Ron said eager for conversation. Harry wasn't even sure he was still friends with Ron, much less willing to talk to him. In the back of his head he knew Ron hadn't done anything wrong, but it didn't stop Harry from hating him then.

"I don't want to talk about it."

"She came into the Gryffindor common room and slap me you know," Ron said feeling his cheek as if the hit was still fresh.

Harry resisted an urge to laugh, and swallowed his smile. Hopefully she did what Harry hoped she did.

"Then what happened," Harry said trying not to sound too anxious.

"I don't Harry. I left your common room and got in a fight with Malfoy. McGonagall came and gave us both detentions for a week, but I was so mad that I didn't go to the Hospital Wing. Malfoy beat me up pretty bad, I hate to say it. The only reason you don't see any marks is because Luna found me and healed me-"

"Luna? You know she seems to be around a lot when you need her," Harry said trying to push ideas into Ron's head.

"I guess. Anyways, one minute I'm the happiest man alive, and the next I'm the angriest. She came in furious and told me she didn't want to be with me any more much less marry me. I didn't know what to say or do. I was so heartbroken I took out my anger on her. I don't know what went wrong or why it-"

"Ron...can I...can I ask you something," Harry said cutting him off.

"Ask away."

"In the Great Hall...after the show, you weren't the one who did that for her so-"

"How did you know, it wasn't me," Ron said interrupting him abruptly.

"I...could tell. I could tell by the...the way you looked and the...song." Harry mumbled.

"Humph, was a bit obvious then." Ron asked questionably.

"Yeah it was. Well if it wasn't you who did that, why did you propose so quickly." Harry asked cautiously.

"That's easy, I was going to propose to her anyways. I don't know if you have heard but word had gotten to me that I wasn't the only one in love with Mione. When I saw this surprise and everyone thought it was me I...I went with it. I figured if I didn't pluck up the courage to do it then and there, someone else would and I would lose my chance. Mainly it was out of fear from losing her. After a night's rest I feel real stupid," Ron said dropping his gaze.

"Why's that?"

"Because even if someone was in love with her, I know she would never do anything behind my back. She's too honest, and too...Hermione. So really I didn't have anything to worry about. I think...I think I scared her away. Last night she broke up with me. I called her names I promised I would never say, and accused her of being a slut."

No wonder she left, being accused of such things by one of your best friends is one thing. But being accused of it by both, when you're not, is another. I fucked up, and now I can't fix it, Harry thought guiltily.

"Harry did you hear me," Ron said waving his hand in front of Harry.

"Huh, no what did you say."

"I said, that she came in and told me I let out our secret. Remember when I told you, it had gotten a bit far that one night. I didn't mean for you to tell her, I told you. She asked me not to tell no one and you sold me out," Ron said eyeing Harry.

“Well...what happened was-”

“I thought it was clear that it was just between us, not for you to go blabbing to her.”

“She came in, in a foul mood and started yelling at me. It was...over stupid things and...I asked her when things got serious with you and her. I thought it would calm her down but she started ...ranting about how things weren't serious and...” Harry needed to come up with a lie and fast. He hoped Ron couldn't see the sweat that was coming from his forehead.

“She told you things weren't serious, I had just proposed to her,” Ron said disbelievingly.

“That's what I said and it slipped. I said it casually without meaning to. She took it fine at first and then went crazy...I was already in a bad mood because...of Draco.” Harry blinked many times and fidgeted with his thumbs.

“Draco?”

“Malfoy, I meant Malfoy.” Harry said inhaling a large amount of air.

“So you guys started arguing and then she came and took it out on me. It could have been worse for you, I didn't contain myself.”

“I didn't either. When she started yelling I...tried to get her to calm down and then she called me names and I said them back. It got intense and the next thing I knew, I was saying before thinking and she was out the door. We screwed up big time, huh,” Harry said with a sigh.

“More like ample, king sized, mammoth, enormously screwed up. She's not going to come back, at least not for a while.”

“Well have to see about that, won't we,” Harry said steering towards the Great Hall.

Wet, sticky moisture was absorbing into Harry's skin. His jaw was flat against his desk with the feel of water leaving his lips. He brought his head up and massaged the part of his face he was laying on.

It was daytime, last he remembered, it was night. He was studying and must have fallen asleep. Quills, books, papers, parchment, his wand, potion supplies, and a bag of chips were scattered on his study.

Rubbing his eyes to wake up he screwed his glasses on properly and began to read where he left off. In the mist of studying he would occasionally, and by occasionally I mean a lot, would get sidetracked. It had been four months since he had last seen Hermione, and he had not given up the search to find her.

Instead of looking up the proper ingredients to his potions homework, he had taken to reading about animals. It had been on his research for the ingredients that he had landed on an animal that stuck his curiosity.

Having read so many things that let his heart down in the end, it did not keep him awake. Now however his attention was fully on the page before him.

Snouppers are a magical creature that are used to snuff out things. Having the body of a pig, wings of a bird, trump of an elephant, and tube like ears, it is useful in many cases. This uncommon animal was often used in the sixteenth century by muggles to locate the whereabouts of escaped convicts. Unfortunately they became endangered and landed into the protection of the Ministry of Magic. They currently live in the Forbidden Forest, but are very hard to catch and are also illegal to kill or harm. Shy from humans because of their long absence of interaction they are easily frightened. They can smell things for miles around as well as hear, but it is so sensitive that precaution must be made. They are attracted...

What where is the rest, how do I get a hold of one. This is exactly what I have been looking for, Harry thought.

The rest of the page had been cut off, by someone...

Harry looked at his watch, it was two o' clock. He had missed a good part of his classes.

Who would know about animals, and could tell me how to attract one of the Snouppers...Hagrid of course, Harry thought.

He hadn't gone down to see Hagrid in ages, since he already missed his classes he didn't see any harm in going.

He didn't see no one around the hut. Hagrid didn't have a class at this time, so he wouldn't be teaching. Harry knocked loudly, but only a dog's bark could be heard. There was many possibilities of where Hagrid could have gone.

"Who is it?" Harry's heart jumped.

"Um...it's me Harry. Do you have a minute."

The door slowly creaked open and Hagrid peered out. He stared at Harry for a couple of seconds and then proceeded to let him in.

"Only come round here when you need summin" Hagrid said under his breath, Harry hear every word.

"Sorry I haven't been to see you-

"Nah I don't be needed no company. I ain't part human or nothing."

"It's not like that-

"Say Harry have you not been getting no sleep. You got bags under your eyes and you look 'orn out." Hagrid lost the rudeness in his voice.

"I've been overloaded," Harry said with a fake smile.

"Overloaded with what," Hagrid asked. Harry took a deep breath.

“With Quidditch practice, Head Boy and Girl duties because Hermione’s gone. Homework, class work, studying for N.E.W.T.’s exams, private lessons with Dumbledore. Those haven’t been going good, because I keep asking him for Hermione. We usually end up fighting and me storming out. I’d rather not go but I have to learn, I want to learn. Not to mention actually trying to find a way to find Hermione apart from all the rest of the things. Yes, I’m worn out, I’m tired, and I’m exhausted.”

“Gets sum sleep, is all I can tell you,” Hagrid said hading him a cup of tea.

“Do you know how I can attract a Snouper.”

Hagrid’s eyes widened and he nearly spilled the tea pot.

“No, now how would I know.” He was lying Harry automatically knew.

“The truth please, don’t make me loss more rest over this. I’ll figure it out eventually, but with you it is much faster.” Harry was telling the truth, he was going to find out so Hagrid might as well tell him.

“That is a matter ‘tween you and Dumbledore. He don’t want you to know so don’t go sticking your nose where it don’t belong. Siberian Tiger Lilies are a rare plant and you can only find it in my garden. That mixed with Daisy’s would get every Snouper within a mile from here, but I don’t plan on letting you have any.”

Harry snorted at the carelessness Hagrid had sometimes. He just told him what to get and where to find it. Hagrid realized this three seconds after he stopped talking.

“You know what, let’s pretend this conversation never ‘appened. Fact , I think you were leaving. I hope you find Hermione soon,” Hagrid said raising Harry form his seat.

“Alright thank for the-”

SLAM

"Help," Harry said to the door that was closed on him. Hagrid closed all his curtains and locked all his doors. Harry knew he was playing dumb. He went over to his garden and picked out the ingredients he needed.

It took an hour for a Snouper to actually appear behind the thick trees of the Forbidden Forest but Harry was ready. He froze the little animal and approached it cautiously. Looking around to see that no one was looking he bent low next to it and took out a piece of Hermione's robe. He put it up to the snout of the animal and then dropped it in front of it. He pet the frozen creature a little to show trust and kindness.

Taking out his wand he said, "Oculous Visvito." It hit it straight in both eyes and glowed a purple color before fading away.

He got up and went as far as he could without losing range. He unfroze the creature and turned his back on it. He didn't look back to it until he was sure it couldn't see him anymore. It was shocked at first but after a while it began to sniff on the robe that Harry had left on the floor. Instinct took over and its first reaction was to follow the smell.

Harry watched it take flight and let out a breath he didn't know he was holding.

He had exactly ten minutes to get up to his common room before the effects of the Spell took place.

"Going for a walk." Harry turned around startled. It was only Draco. He relaxed his muscles, but only slightly.

"Something like that." Draco was slanting against a wall staring suspiciously at Harry.

"Have you found any word on Ganger yet. I know she got lost or something," Draco said closing in on him.

"No, I haven't had any clues." Harry wondered why Draco would become so interested in Hermione's status.

"That's too bad. Anything I can do to help," Draco said giving him a friendly smile. Something wasn't right, Harry's gut told him not to trust him. He had accepted Draco as a friend but for some reason, he was having a hard time shaking off the feeling.

"Nah, I don't need any help."

"I'll be here if you need me." Harry got dizzy, the spell was starting to take form. He blinked trying to keep his scenery in view.

"You alright," Draco said getting even closer to him.

"So how has Ginny been. I've noticed she's showing." Harry deliberately changed the subject.

"Great, people were shocked to find out that I was the father but other than that. Most of Slytherin was upset, but I don't give a damn." Harry was starting to see spots, he had to hurry or he would be temporarily blind.

"I have homework I need to do, talk to you later," Harry said running off before he could answer him.

He blinked, there was sky and he was flying. He shook his head and blinked again. The floor of the corridor he was running on was in front of him.

Clouds were forming, he almost fell when the creature did a nose dive and he wanted to follow it to the ground.

It was nearly complete, and he was only three feet away from the portrait door.

"Always and Forever," Harry said being cascaded into a world of air and space.

He felt his way through the door. His vision was no longer his own. The spell he did would make him see what the Snouper was seeing. The problem was he wouldn't be able to see what was happening in his own world. Feeling his way over to the couch he sat down and tried to survey his view.

The spell allowed him to see through the eyes of the Snouper, and the advantage of this spell was that it doesn't start working until ten minutes after. The selected thing doesn't realize that you are there, but a human sometime may detect something strange.

Harry learned it in his advanced lessons with Dumbledore. The man had finally taken to teaching Harry complex spells, but warned him not to use them lightly.

So far all Harry was seeing was the same old shape of clouds, and nothingness. The little bugger flew fast, but then Hermione must have been far because Harry didn't start seeing some sort of land until about an hour of flying. Deep down in the depths of the ant-shaped things he noticed it was a village. It was familiar in all aspects but of the conscious mind. He hadn't visited it before but knew it well from text books and such. It was Godric's Hollow.

The Snouper dove straight into a neighborhood, Harry couldn't recognize. It flew over the houses in a confused manner. Back and forth it went and never reached a specific stopping point.

It Dumbledore hid her, he is her secret keeper. But now I know she is in Godric's Hollow, Harry thought.

The Snouper being thrown off the course many times went to leave, but as soon as it was far enough would turn back around towards the neighborhood. Harry figured it sensed her but got confused at how it couldn't find her. It was to be expected, when Dumbledore was involved.

Harry kicked, not even sure what he kicked, but it hit a solid object. The Snouper continued with this same routine, moving its head back and forth searching frantically.

After a while it got tired and really left. Harry disabled the spell and watched his surroundings become into focus. Not a moment too soon in Harry's mind, Ron came in through the portrait door, accompanied with Neville, Seamus, and Luna.

"Hey Harry, you weren't in any of our classes. Did you fall asleep late again?" Ron turned and whispered to Luna. She nodded and smiled before leaving.

"You need a break," Neville said placing a bag of Bertie Bott's every flavored beans on the table.

"I have way too much crap to catch up with and-"

"Damn Harry you're not Hermione, you don't need to wear yourself down. You use to always try and make her stop studying because she worked too hard, why not try to take your own advice," Ron said sitting in a circle around Harry.

"Come on were going to have a bit of fun before you have to go to Quidditch practice," Seamus said.

"We have Quidditch practice today?"

"Yes we do, now we are not going to give up so give in," Ron said smiling encouragingly.

"Blast you."

"That's right. We're going to play a game; it's got to do with the beans. I'm going to pick one without looking and put it in your mouth. You have to eat or else well make you eat two really disgusting ones."

"Make me," Harry said thinking of the words. He doubted that even with all of them in the room they would be able to get them in his mouth. He didn't want to admit it but with all his training he was growing to be very powerful. But he wasn't a spoilsport, he would play along.

"We will stuff them down your throat, if we have to. After you eat it all, you tell us what you ate and pick a bean from the bag. Without looking you take it and out it in Neville's mouth. We will go clockwise; I'll go first with you."

"Figures you guys would make me go first," Harry said laughing.

He obliged and closed his eyes. A bean was placed in his mouth, Harry was almost afraid to start chewing.

"Cherry."

"Lucky shot."

"Neville your next," Harry said itching to get his hands inside the bag. Harry closed his eyes and picked out a bean. Neville had his hands over his eyes and mouth open. Harry placed it in his mouth and watched with anticipation. Neville began chewing and got a sick look across his face.

"You have to eat it all, swallow, swallow," Seamus said patting him on the back. He swallowed hard.

"Vomit."

"Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhh." Everyone echoed in the room.

Seamus got grass, and Ron got blueberry. On Harry's second round he got popcorn. They continued this way until Harry got rotten egg.

"I...I can't," Harry said holding in his residence to hurl.

"Eat it, swallow, swallow." Harry did, but that was a mistake. The disgust was multiplied by five and he threw up the content of his stomach on the floor. Neville and Seamus were worried but Ron started laughing.

"Some friend you are."

“Better friend than you. You should see yourself; you look pathetic on the floor. I can’t believe you threw up, and you already had it swallowed,” Ron said clutching his stomach from laughter.

“Sorry guys I’m out,” Harry said doubling the fill on the floor.

“Chicken shit,” Ron said.

“Your turn Ron,” Seamus said going to pick out a bean from the nearly empty bag.

“I’ll show you how a real man plays this game,” Ron said accepting the bean in his mouth. He chewed it merrily and without consequence for a couple of seconds. His smile faded and his eyes widened.

“What did you get,” Seamus asked.

“Rot-“ He couldn’t finish. His body was having a spasm in an attempt to get rid of the disgusting thing in his mouth.

“Rotten egg,” Harry said wiping his mouth.

Ron nodded, now it was Harry’s turn to laugh. It was the same one that Harry had gotten. He imitated Harry and threw up all over the floor.

“Scourgify,” Neville said trying not to look at the stuff on the floor.

“That’s what you get for laughing so much, I got the rotten egg and I couldn’t handle it.”

“Whatever, let’s go to Quidditch practice,” Ron said with red ears.

“See you guys later.”

“see you.”

“Bye.”

“Bye.”

"I don't feel like going to practice today Ron, can I skip it," Harry said laying on the couch.

"No, this is our last practice, because tomorrow is our match against Slytherin."

"Oh yeah I forgot about that. Ok hurry up let's go," Harry said in a haste trying to wake himself up.

It was a brutal practice. Ron was yelling at everyone who dared make a mistake, or go off the planned routine.

"Harry you still haven't caught the snitch!" Ron yelled at him from ten feet above ground.

"I'm working on it," Harry said rising up in the air. He started flying back and forth, the distance between him and the ground were becoming greater.

The wind was blowing his hair, and he had left his problems down on the ground. His eye lids were closing as he allowed for the air to hit his body. It was soothing to be flying, something he hadn't appreciated for a while.

His eye lids were getting heavy, but he was still flying. No this must be a dream, him flying, he wasn't on a broom. He was floating, not only was the wind billowing past the top of his head but his whole body. Nothing could stop him now.

"Harry." Hermione was saying his name. He loved to hear her say his name.

"Harry." The noise was getting closer, but it was distorted by the wind. Again with the wind, what was Harry doing around wind.

"GOT YOU!" Ron yelled. Harry was jerked awake and yanked violently by his robes.

He was doubled over a broom, a broom that Ron was flying. He was wide awake now, watching the ground get slowly nearer. It didn't take long to reach, they were only a few feet away.

"Bloody hell Harry are you trying to kill me, or were you trying to kill yourself," Ron said when they landed.

Harry was confused, what had just happened. His Firebolt landed a few feet away from him.

"I...I fell." Harry said scratching his head.

"You fell asleep more like it. Go inside already Harry, your too tired to play. You should have told me, you were that exhausted," Ron said with a scared look on his face.

"I did tell you."

"I didn't think you were to this point," Ron said handing Harry's Broom to him.

"I haven't gotten much sleep, thanks for saving me...you did save me right," Harry said unsure of what happened.

"I saved you, got you ten feet before you hit the ground," Ron said shaking his head.

"Sorry."

"It's alright, just go get some sleep, we have a game tomorrow and I don't want you falling off your broom then." Harry nodded and set off for the castle.

He fell off his broom, because he didn't get enough sleep. He let himself be tricked into resting, on his broom. He looked at his Firebolt like it was a traitor, and sighed.

The more time Hermione was gone the worse it was getting for him. Hopefully something good might happen, like tomorrow they would beat Slytherin.

AN: The next couple of chapter including this one are going to be filler chapters. The good stuff is to come. I thought you guys would need a bit light reading as requested by my reviewers. H/Hr will come and they will come with a bang.

-1Chapter Twenty-One Hermione's Return

"Gryffindor is in the lead. Slytherin has the Quaffle, and is making their way down the field," commenter Lee Jordon said.

Harry was currently playing cat and mouse with Draco. He couldn't shake him off his tail.

SWOOSH

"Oh, that almost got him, but you got to be faster to hit Harry Potter."

Harry had narrowly avoided a Bludger that was being sent his way. The Slytherins were fighting tooth and nail in this game, it was getting violent.

"Ron Weasley does a miraculous save, but OHHHHH. Penalty, that has to be a penalty."

The stirred crowd aroused Harry's attention, he turned for only a second. Ron had a bloody nose but was continuing in his position.

One of the Beaters on the Slytherin team elbowed Ron for saving the Quaffle. Oh well he would be alright.

"No penalty shot, that has to be rubbish, it was clear by the way the filth-"

"JORDON," Professor McGonagall said snatching the microphone away.

Pay attention, back to the game. Hurry up and find the Snitch so that this game can be over with already, Harry thought.

He was surprised to see the stands were nearer than he had calculated. He quickly steered his broom up to avoid collision. Circling the stands he was met with Draco to his left.

"Slytherin scores, score 90-100. Gryffindor is still in the lead."

He needed to get away from Draco, but the only way Harry could was to complicate his moves.

SWOOSH

Harry dropped his head, He had seen that Bludger coming a mile away.

Here goes nothing, Harry thought picking up speed.

Draco did exactly what Harry hoped, copy him. He started at the far end of the field to allow the speed to be at it's maximum.

"And both Seekers are off, did they see the Snitch. Gryffindor takes advantage of this confusion and scores another ten points. Score is now 120-200"

SWOOSH

There goes one Bludger, it went right past Harry's ear, he was going to have to be more careful.

SWOOSH

Another one, this one scraped his shoulder.

SWOOSH

Harry rose, it made contact with his foot. He hadn't even see the Snitch and already he was being attacked by Bludgers.

He leaned against his Firebolt, watching beside him as Draco did the same. Harry's broom was a little faster so instead of being neck to neck, Harry was riding in front of him.

"Slytherin scores. They only did because they pushed, Mindy the Gryffindor Chaser, to get the Quaffle."

"I already gave you a fair warning," McGonagall said reaching for Jordon.

“Look what is Potter doing!”

Harry had did a back flip on his broom. With the speed they were going, Draco went well past him, while he turned around to search for the Snitch.

Draco kept going, being caught off guard he went straight into a pile of sand, near the bottom of the field.

All of the Slytherins had joined to make a block. They didn't look like they were going to let him go anywhere.

A flint of gold was fluttering around at the end of the field. Draco was getting to his feet. The Slytherins had left their Keeper to defend for himself, they didn't want Harry getting the Snitch.

Harry glanced around, how was he going to get past them, they had aligned themselves in a tight order.

Draco flew past his head to join the blockage. Madam Hooch was at the bottom with her broom to her side.

Harry had an idea. He dove. Making all the Slytherins follow. They were closing in on him but he didn't care.

“They can't do that, are they allowed to do that. Their keeper is the only one, not in line. Shame because Gryffindor just scored. Score 120-210”

Madam Hooch stared disbelievingly at Harry. He was headed right for her. If it was one thing she knew, was to never move. She stayed stiff as a board as Harry flew right under her.

The Slytherin team almost collided with her. Harry was now free to get the Snitch. And there was the little bugger floating around the audience. Without thinking twice he set off to it.

“Harry Potter has seen the Snitch, oh Draco is too far behind to catch up.”

This was all Harry need to know, he braced himself reaching out his arm. It wasn't going to be too early because he was going so fast that....

He didn't know why he looked to his side, instinct or sixth sense told him to. When he looked a Bludger was coming right at him.

In quick thinking he let himself fall over to hang from his broom. The Bludger hit the top part of his Firebolt, knocking it a bit of course. With his luck that course happened to be in the way of the Snitch.

He was still hanging, with both his feet and one hand from his broom. It flew down past Harry's right side, and he reached his hand out. His reflexes gave way for him to make a quick grab and wrap his hands around it.

"GRYFFINDOR WINS, HARRY GOT THE SNITCH."

An applause was heard around the field, and Harry fixed himself. Upright in his broom he saw who had sent the Bludger to him, Draco Malfoy. He was holding the Beater's stick, and was looking furious.

"Draco Malfoy, the Slytherin Seeker, changed positions in an attempt to get Harry...what...what's wrong," Lee Jordon said stopping suddenly.

Everyone's attention was going to the stands. The Bludger had kept going after it had missed Harry and landed...

"GINNY!" Draco yelled flying ferociously towards her.

Harry followed. Ron was there so quick that Harry was surprised he didn't fall off his broom.

"What have you done," the Slytherin Keeper said to Harry.

"I...I Didn't mean to I-"

“GO GET MADAM POMFREY!” Someone in the crowd yelled. As Harry neared he saw what had happened, his stomach lunged with sickness.

Ginny had been in the crowd watching the game, and the Bludger had went straight for her. She was knocked unconscious on the floor, with several screaming girls around her.

No, no. she'll be alright, Harry thought. He didn't believe his own thoughts, but he needed to think them or else he would got crazy.

“Get off of her, I'll take her down to the Hospital Wing,” Ron said frantically with tears in his eyes. Ginny's body looked so delicate lying there, her bulging belly contributed to the affect.

“NO I'LL TAKE HER, MOVE!” Draco yelled pushing Ron back.

Harry's heart beat was racing, he was becoming anxious. If they didn't hurry up and get her there she might die.

Ron was too mad to do it, and Harry was too nervous. Draco would be their best chance.

“Go I'll hold him off...GO!” Harry yelled at Draco who still hadn't moved.

Draco gave him a deadly look and carefully picked Ginny up. He placed her on his lap with Neville's help.

“Fucking let me go,” Ron said trying to get on his broom to follow. Harry snapped out of his trace and obeyed. He was so scared he forgot.

“Broom,” Neville said holding it out for him. Ron's form was already becoming tiny against the castle. He jerked his broom away and took off after them in haste.

“I’m sorry but you can’t come in to see her,” McGonagall said holding back Ron.

“She’s my sister, I have to come in and see her.”

“Right now there is a heap of St. Mungo’s Healers in there. I cannot allow you to enter,” McGonagall said raising her wand threateningly.

“Malfoy is in there, how can he be allowed and I’m not.” Harry tried to subdue Ron and hold him back by his arm.

“He is the fath-” The door to the Hospital Wing was opened and two bulky men stepped out. They were holding Draco by both arms.

“GINNY!” Draco yelled with tears in his eyes. The men were uncontrollably trying to throw Draco out. He was maniacally wavering to get back inside.

“He’s not letting us do our job,” one of the men said tossing Draco to the side. Dumbledore went straight into the room without even glancing at them. McGonagall saw this and promptly followed him.

Draco was out of breath, while both men stood at the entrance like security guards. He took out his wand, Harry and Ron instinctively grabbed the ends of his arms. By this time the muscular men had taken out their wand and were ready for anything.

Draco pushed them off and turned to Harry.

“THIS IS ALL YOUR FAULT!”

“Hey he wasn’t the one who sent the Bludger,” Ron said menacingly.

“SHUT UP!” Draco yelled in an angry cry. Ron didn’t say another word, but he turned his heel and left.

“Draco, if I would have know she was going-”

“You, you can take a hit. She is six months pregnant with my child. But you would rather win a Quidditch game-”

"I'm sorry," Harry said apologetically. There was nothing more he could say. He knew it was more Draco's fault than his, but he wasn't going to tell him that.

Draco started crying, and by crying I mean like baby. Harry stood awkwardly trying to figure out what to do.

Harry went to put a hand on his shoulder, but Draco shot in the air and stormed off in the other direction.

Harry was left alone with his mouth open and his conscious flowing.

He wasn't a coward for not picking a fight with Draco, he wasn't himself. He didn't blame him for acting this way, he would be the same way too.

Then Hermione came into his head, Harry sighed.

Draco was hostile right now, he needed to go find him. He didn't want to let his mind wonder over to how guilty he would feel if something happened to Ginny.

With a quick pace he set off in the course Draco had disappeared off to.

He couldn't find him anywhere. When he flipped around the corner, he could have sworn he saw a flicker of blond hair.

He had followed the footsteps, but was now at a dead end. Containing his frustration Harry changed angles and proceeded to the beginning of the corridor.

"What do you mean...."

Harry jerked his head around. He was hearing voices, this wasn't uncommon at Hogwarts.

“Just...just what I said...”

Two people where talking in loud whispers, and it was coming from...

Harry neared the wall, he gently placed his hand upon it and neared his ears. He was taken aback when the wall pushed in insignificantly.

He listen attentively to see that the men hadn't noticed.

“Why haven't you figured out where she has gone, the stupid mudblood left four month ago.”

“No-no one knows sir... I doubt even Potter-”

Harry's eyes expanded to their maximum capacity. Snape was talking with...Malfoy.

“Don't give me that bullshit. I have seen you have become good friends with him Draco-”

“I'm not friends with him, we...we just-” Draco made a choking sound.

“Just what, growing a soft spot for the other side,” Snape said venomously. Harry peered into the crake. Snape had Malfoy by the throat and was picking him up into the air. His smile curled as we watched the boy struggle. Then he dropped him.

“I...told...you. I'm not going to...work...for you...anymore,” Malfoy said trying to catch his breath.

“YOU WILL DO AS A SAY...remember I am keeping good contact with your father,” Snape said threateningly.

“I don't give a half ass about my father, leave me the fuck alone-”

SLAP

Draco staggered on the ground but got up.

"You sure didn't mind doing it before. I didn't specify what you should have done, but your choice in curses was interesting. I know you have a soft spot for them, and doing them. You won't change, not for her, and not for no one else."

"That was differ-"

"Find out where she went, or else someone who really does matter will pay..." Draco made to leave but Snape held him at his chest.

"Remember I may be lenient, but your father won't." Draco got a fearful look on his face.

Harry was bawling his fists. He ran off before the door was open and waited. He waited until Snape was out of sight, and Malfoy was left alone.

Snape is evil, Harry didn't care how much Dumbledore trusted him. Malfoy was still in league with him and Death Eaters. The only thing that would stop Harry from ripping him limb from limb was that, Draco didn't seem to want to do it.

SLAM

Malfoy had walked past and Harry had grabbed him by the collar slamming him against the wall.

"What the fuck-"

"SHUT UP," Harry yelled in his face.

"Put me down."

"YOU CURSED MIONE, YOU WERE THE ONE WHO DID IT. TELL ME WHY!"

Although the logical part of Harry's brain told him to be more sympathetic, his emotional side wasn't listening.

"I don't know what you are talking about-"

“DON'T LIE TO ME,” Harry said pushing Malfoy more into the wall.

“Why don't you prove it, before you start accusing people of things,” Malfoy said gasping for air.

Harry let him down. He didn't have proof. Snape as good as said that Malfoy did a curse but he didn't specify which one.

“Did you send that stupid girl to seduce me too,” Harry said without thinking.

“What, how was I supposed to know that you were going to be in the Room of Requirement by yourself,” Malfoy said tugging at Harry's arm.

Harry made to open his mouth, but pondered what Malfoy had just said. He got a dark look in his eyes, and his blood started to boil. Staring daggers at Malfoy he saw the boy whimpered under his grip.

“I don't think I said anything about the Room of Requirement,” Harry spat out to him.

“I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING,” Draco yelled out.

“YOU DENY IT.”

“Every word,” Draco said preparing to be hit.

“It looks like were enemies again MALFOY.” Harry lifted his fist up to punch him.

“,” Professor McGonagall said. Harry dropped Malfoy and hide his tears of anger.

“What.”

“What might I ask you are doing.”

“What does it look like,” Harry said twisting at the end of his wand.

"I won't be spoken to like that, it looks to me like your going to have a busy month in detention. Draco I expected more of you considering what just occurred. I have news on Ginny's condition."

At once Harry's attitude changed.

"Is she...is she alright," Draco asked anxiously.

McGonagall nodded and motioned for them to follow her.

Harry didn't even want to look at Malfoy on the way to the Hospital Wing, it would compelled him to kill him.

"Draco," Ginny cried out with tears in her eyes.

He went up to her and kissed her forehead. Ron came bursting in a while later along with Mrs. Weasley.

When everyone was huddled together, Harry took this opportunity to pull Ron aside.

He told him all the things that he overheard.

"Maybe you should go to Dumbledore and tell him-"

"No Ron, he won't listen to me. I may witness Snape killing Hermione and he won't believe a word I say," Harry said staring straight at the Headmaster. Dumbledore looked his way for only a second.

"I told you that piece of shit was bad news. Worst part is that Ginny's already knocked up," Harry slapped him in the arm.

"It's true, if she wasn't-"

"All you would do is push her more to him. She won't see anything past what she wants to see right now. Your best chance is to leave it

alone, and allow her to see for herself,” Dumbledore said coming out of nowhere.

Awkward silence....

“What happened to her,” Ron said relieving the tension.

“She was hurt badly. I had the top Healers come and save her, as well as the baby.”

Harry stared at his feet. He was still angry at Dumbledore but thought he had not given him the respect that he deserved. If he would just tell him where Hermione was this would all be done with.

“Mr. Weasley, there is a frantic young lady who is outside waiting for you.” Dumbledore pointed to the door and left.

Ron blushed and slowly went to see who was awaiting him.

Ginny looked alright, Harry wanted to throw up seeing how Malfoy caressed her face, and hugged her close.

Bloody traitor, Harry thought.

Mrs. Weasley didn’t even see him, but he preferred it like that.

He stayed there waiting to see that everything turn out alright with Ginny until nighttime.

“Harry Potter, Harry Potter,” a young girl said frantically searching around.

“Right here.” She got startled and approached him slowly.

“Lynda, the Hufflepuff prefect, says that she cannot patrol the Astronomy Tower today because she is ill,” the girl said with her hands behind her back.

“That’s fine, I’ll do it, thank you.” The girl nodded enthusiastically and ran off in a flurry.

On his way to the Astronomy Tower he bumped into Snape, his favorite teacher. Snape kept right on walking as if Harry didn’t exist, and completely ignored him.

Why would Snape want to find, Hermione. What does she have to do with anything, Harry thought.

Damn it.

His feet carried him to the Astronomy Tower naturally. He patrolled it so much that, it was a wonder people still used it to snog.

When he opened the door he wasn’t surprised to see a couple in the shadows lurking in inappropriate distance to each other.

“Ahem,” Harry said crossing his arms.

Ron turned around, allowing for Harry to see a view of Luna hiding behind him.

“RON-”

“I know this looks bad, but I...I swear...” Harry was going to tell him off. That is if he could get the words out. Ron with Luna in the Astronomy Tower, at night.

“This is not one of my best days,” Harry said grabbing Ron by the collar and dragging him out.

“Sorry Luna, he’ll see you later.” Harry winked at her and shut the door. He had to at least pretend to be angry, even though he was jumping with joy.

"Look Harry before you go all, senile with me let me just explain."

"Explain what, you were snogging her brains out. Hermione has only been gone four months Ron." Harry was trying to make Ron feel bad but tried not to cross the limit.

"I know. Don't think that I don't love her, I do just...well I've been thinking. She did break up with me and I have to move on."

"So if she were to come back you wouldn't want to be with her any more," Harry said crossing his fingers.

"It's complicated."

"Don't play with me Ron I need t know the truth, or I'll hurt you."

"I do love Hermione, I still do but...now more like..." Ron paused.

"Like what?"

"Like, we would be better off friends. I think...I think I loved the idea of Hermione, more than I actually loved her. Does that...makes any sense," Ron said scratching the back of his head.

"Yeah, yeah it does. When did you start liking Luna?" Harry asked. Ron shrugged and blushed.

"But you like her, not the idea of her," Harry said playfully.

"Nah its different with her. I actually feel like I'm in relationship. When I was with Hermione I felt...I felt like there was this gap between us."

"Then why did you go thought all that trouble to keep her and propose," Harry asked pushing his luck. Ron thought for a moment

"I was afraid that I would end up alone. I miss her now. But after our fight and four months that have past I realized, she doesn't love me. If she loved me she wouldn't have broke up with me."

Harry smiled. He was doing back flips in his mind. He wanted to applaud Ron for finally seeing what Harry wanted him to see.

“Well as long as your happy,” Harry said patting him on the back.

“I am Harry, I really am.”

3 months later.....

Harry was glad that Ron at least found happiness. He stood at the frame of his door surveying the scene before him. Luna was sitting on the floor with the Quibbler spread out and Ron was sitting across from her.

She was reading him pieces of the article, and he was telling her what he thought was real and what was not.

She would laugh when he got things wrong and smile when he got them right. They sat there and play argued, Harry missed doing that with Hermione. He wiped his face of falling tears.

“Anyone up for lunch,” Harry said distrusting the couple. they turned around and nodded.

He didn’t know that this day would change his life forever....

“Hey Lavender, I heard that some fifth year slapped you,” Harry said teasingly. She put her hand to her hip and pursed her lips together.

“That is not true, she was in sixth year and was a lot bigger than me.”

“He was only joking, but now we know it is true,” Seamus said laughing.

“So Ron you sitting with us today or with Luna,” Neville said when Ron came into the Great hall.

"Sitting with you guys today." Ron sat down and so did Luna. They had started going out about two month ago but didn't show it yet out of respect for Hermione.

"I love Saturdays, you don't have to do anything, but eat and read the Daily Prophet," Seamus said opening the latest edition.

"What's it say today," Neville said chewing on a piece of bread.

"Nothing...uh..." Seamus said nervously pulling the paper down. He turned and searched the staff table.

"Where's Dumbledore," Seamus said. Harry knew that tone of voice. He was scared.

"What does it say," Harry asked.

Neville snatched it from him and read, everyone waited frantically.

"Oh my god," Susan Bones yelled across the hall. She too had a newspaper in her hand.

"Neville what the bloody hell does it say," Harry said getting up to reach for the paper.

"Like Seamus said...nothing," Harry got up but Neville literally ran out the Great Hall with the paper.

Harry pointed at him in disbelief and sat back down.

"Did he just do that." Ron nodded at him.

Harry doubled over, he had an intense amount of pain hit him, at his heart. He felt pain, not physical but emotional. He couldn't breath, he got lightheaded and fell back.

He hit the ground hard, but he hardly felt that. His heart was ripping into pieces, he clawed at his heart and screamed in agony.

“DUMBLEDORE!” Harry yelled.

Everyone was crowding around him, he was being suffocated. Ron got next to him, to try and calm him down. Harry was breathing erratically and started crying. He couldn't help it, his throat lumped up.

“Harry relax, clam down, McGonagall said that Dumbledore is on his way.”

He started sweating, cold, and he was crying, hot. The pain was starting to become physical.

He started thrashing, he couldn't breath everyone in the Great Hall had come to see what was happening.

He grabbed his throat and looked to Ron for help.

“Get back, he needs air.” Ron said shoos the people away.

Ginny who was a full nine month pregnant, stood a few feet away from him.

“What's wrong,” she asked softly. Malfoy was far away, in the Slytherin section where he belonged.

“Something, wrong....” he clutched his heart again and his head fell back from the pain.

A hand came and reached for him. It picked him up by the neck and brought him to a sitting position. It subdued at once.

Harry opened his eyes and caught his breath. He felt sadness like never before. It was pretty close if not worse when he had lost Sirius.

Dumbledore was the one who had lifted him up, he was now staring at him start in the eyes.

"Tell me, what is it," he asked calmly.

"Hermione, there's something wrong with Hermione. She's in pain. Emotional pain, and it's too much for her to take," Harry whispered to Dumbledore.

He nodded and lifted him up.

"Your alright, you can walk." Harry touched his neck and nodded.

He felt childish falling and thrashing like he did. Everyone was staring at him, he always managed to be the center of attention no matter what he did.

He didn't know how he knew it was Hermione, his heart just told him. It was telling him she was in intense amount of suffering, and he wanted to be with her, now.

"Don't worry you will be," Dumbledore said. He had read Harry's thoughts.

"Mr. Weasley, Harry, follow me."

Without hesitation both boys followed.

"Something tragic has happened, I don't know if you have read the newspaper but-"

"No everyone hid it from me." Harry cut off Dumbledore rudely.

"Well something has," Dumbledore said without continuing. They were on their way to his office, Ron was silently at his other side.

"Professor, Harry has something to tell you," Ron said.

"I...I do," Harry asked questionably.

What the hell is Ron talking about, Harry thought.

“Yes about certain voices, and people talking,” Ron said emphasizing the words voices, and talking. He pushed Harry forward and took a step back.

“What did you have to tell me Harry,” Dumbledore said looking his way.

“Nothing, I don’t know what Ron is talking about.”

Ron mouthed, ‘why didn’t you tell him.’

Harry replied, ‘I told you, he won’t understand.’

“Where are you taking us,” Ron asked.

“To my office, I have to speak with you two before I get there though,” Dumbledore said slowing down his pace.

“Are you going to tell me where I can find Hermione,” Harry said not forgetting why he had been angry at Dumbledore for there past seven months.

“Yes, she’s in my office right now.”

“WHAT,” Harry, and Ron said in unison. Harry couldn’t believe his ears. He was going to be able to see her, finally after so long of waiting.

“But I must warn you she is in a...fragile state.” Dumbledore said halting them outside the gargoyles.

“Fragile state,” Harry said confused.

“In the Daily Prophet, it says that Hermione’s parents have been murdered.”

“No,” Harry said wanting to cry.

“Who killed them,” Ron said in the back.

"Death Eaters," Harry said before Dumbledore could answer. He nodded. Harry bawled up his fists in hatred.

"This can't happen to her, it just cant..." Harry said pulling at the ends of his hair. He was started crying, her emotions could be felt from inside the office.

"They went after her parents in search of her. When the Grangers, who were not even aware of her disappearance, didn't tell them, they killed them," Dumbledore said grabbing on both boys shoulders.

Ron was pale, and didn't say a word. Harry started to shake a few portraits.

"Harry control it," Dumbledore said sternly.

"Why is everyone looking for her, is it to find me. Snape was making Malfoy look for her too," Harry said before his mouth could stop him.

"Professor Snape, wouldn't do that."

"He did, he cornered Malfoy and tried to get him to tell him where she was. When Malfoy couldn't answer he got pissed off. I heard and saw it with my own eyes."

"That's impossible, I told Severus myself that she was safe. He no longer is needed as a spy, so he wouldn't do that."

Harry yanked his hands down and gave Ron an I told you so look.

"Why did you keep her away for so long," Harry said boldly. Dumbledore inhaled a large amount of air.

"I was protecting her. As you saw there are many Death Eaters after her, I couldn't risk them getting her here. There is just two days until graduation, and I thought you would be able to get to it without the troubles of evil. They killed her parents and almost found her, I got her out just in time. She is safest here under my watchful eye," Dumbledore said efficiently.

"Why couldn't you just tell me that from the beginning," Harry said vigorously.

"Because I know that you would want to know the real reason why she left. That story is not mine to tell." Dumbledore looked down on Harry, almost with pity in his voice.

Seven months of waiting for Hermione, Harry was bouncing off the walls. He couldn't wait until it actually happened. He wanted to see her, and tell her Ron no longer wanted to be with her. He wanted to tell her he was sorry, and that he loved her with all his heart.

"I know why she left, I'm not stupid. We both got angry and she couldn't handle it. Anyways you still didn't answer my question of why the Death Eaters were looking for her," Harry said waiting for his answer.

"That is a very...complex...why don't you talk to her first and then ask questions later," Dumbledore said for them to proceed.

"When she came to me and told me what had happened, she wanted to leave. I thought if I didn't help her go somewhere safe, she wouldn't get into harm's way. I told her she could come back any time she wanted but, she chose not to. She's in shock so go easy on her," Dumbledore said.

Harry had never been more nervous in his life, he felt like he was going to do an interview to win at least Hermione's friendship back. His palms were sweating, and his heartbeat quickened.

Dumbledore stood outside the room, he knocked and open the door gradually.

She sat almost silhouetted by the light in the office. Her back was turned to them, but Harry would recognized that hair anywhere. She was sitting on a chair, on each side of her was a chair for each of them. He let out a breath, and exchanged glances with Ron.

They both shared the same understanding, but different reason lay in the pools of their eyes. Run was what they were both registering.

They did, they ran to her. Harry sat to her right and Ron to her left. Hermione stared straight neither acknowledging that they were there or blinking an eyelash. She looked like she had been crying for days. Her eyes were bloodshot red and her cheeks were caked in dry tears. New ones were beginning to form, it broke Harry's heart.

Harry didn't know what over came him. Ron and him just began talking at the same time without apprehending.

"Mione I'm so sorry, I cant believe that happened with your parents-"
Harry said

"They are stupid cowards who don't know what the hell they are doing, I hope all of them-"

"I wish that I wouldn't have said all those things to you. They were horrible-"Harry said

"I'll tell my dad to pay extra attention to finding those bastards-"

"I promise you I will ask for forgiveness for the rest of my life if I have to-"Harry said

"I didn't care that you broke up with me, I understand I was being a jerk-"

"I'll personally get each and every one of those Death Eaters if I have to-"

"Never again will it happen, I'll get you anything you want, well as long as it's not expensive-" Ron said.

Ron stopped talking because he noticed Hermione hadn't responded. Harry had said his sentence before he realized it too.

"Why did you leave..." Hermione began sobbing and whimpered in her seat. Harry was fixated on her face because he had never seen anything so sad. Ron was trying to pat her back to sooth her.

"Mione..." Harry said softly. She picked up her gaze for the first time that day, and met Harry's eyes. The way she was sitting there, was so breathtaking to him. The lighting was perfect on her face, and dark enough to give her a mysterious look.

The mournfulness was radiation right off her skin. She didn't answer him. But lay her hands out for both boys to reach.

"Why didn't you come back sooner," Harry asked again.

Her head that was straight up dropped to her chest. She starred down, with a silent, gesture for them to do the same.

The person he saw before him, was a different one entirely. Her curves were more defined, in a sense that they had become rounder, around the middle. Harry's heart stopped beating...

AN: Do with that, what you will. If you can't take the hint, wait until the next chapter and you will see. I told you, you would love me...at least I hope you do.

Chapter Twenty Two Too big To Hide

The person he saw before him was a different one entirely. Her curves were more defined, in a sense that they had become rounder, around the middle. Harry's heart stopped beating...

Had he gone deaf, his brain was screaming in agony. Oxygen, oxygen, he needed to breath, it had slipped his mind. How can you forget to breath?

He inhaled deeply allowing the air to sooth his demanding body. The room was quiet, not one sound could be heard. The whole world had been put on mute; Harry couldn't even hear the fire crackling in the back. It was like this for ten minutes. It didn't feel like ten minutes had gone by, but they had.

Hermione lifted up her head, but didn't look into his direction. All of Harry's attention was focused on her. Fresh tears started to leak out, making the first noise that break the stillness of the air.

Harry made an attempt to reach over and wipe her tears away but stopped his hand in midair. Was he even allowed to touch her, no, not like the way he was planning to. He laid his hand back down lightly.

Hermione swallowed and opened her mouth to speak. Her attempts were fruitless, no words escaped. Harry didn't have thought, not one was running in his mind other than, she's pregnant.

"How...wh...you..." The words were scrambled in Harry's mouth. He couldn't say what he meant to say.

"You're pregnant Hermione," Ron said as if she didn't know. Hermione still sat between both boys and nodded. The tension in the room was getting tighter.

"How...many," Harry finally managed to say. Hermione inhaled a massive amount of air, and turned to face him.

"Eigh...eight months," she said fiddling with her thumbs and letting her head fall again.

"You've been gone seven months. So you left one month pregnant, which means you had to have known." Ron grabbed her hand and placed it between both of his.

Harry was busy backtracking. Eight months. Ron had a point she left one month pregnant, so that means...its Ron's. Harry was not going to put his barrier down for nothing. He was afraid if Hermione accidentally felt what he was feeling then, it might be harmful to the baby.

"I did know," Hermione said in a low voice.

"Then why did you leave," Ron asked.

"I...you guys," Hermione shook her head and started sobbing.

"Why didn't you tell me if you knew," Harry said in disbelief. He had tears in his voice but he wasn't going to show them.

His whole life, along with everything he thought to be good in the world was shattering before him. He felt the walls coming down hard on him. There was nothing more he would be able to do to win her back, nothing he could do to fix this. She slept with Ron that one night and now she is going to have his baby.

He was never to know what true happiness would feel like again, the gods didn't want him to. He was cursed to live this life, and how it dragged his heart and torn it apart. She, from the bottom of his heart, could not look more beautiful, angled how she was with the overlarge stomach.

She was now declared untouchable in his mind, and his heart. A tear escaped his eyes, and she saw it too. He tried not to show her how bad he was feeling. He tried not to let her see how much it hurt. But you can't hide these things from Hermione Granger, you just can't,

especially not him. He cleared it off, while she stared reading his facial expressions.

"I...I tried to tell you...you kept cutting me off," Hermione said blinking away her tears.

How can I have been so stupid, she did try to tell me that night, Harry thought.

"How come you didn't tell me," Ron said breaking off the connection. Hermione flipped over to face him, leaving Harry to gaze up at Dumbledore.

"Ron...." Hermione stopped suddenly and whimpered.

"Are you ok," Ron asked worriedly.

Hermione nodded her head, and took several breaths.

"What's wrong," Harry said anxiously.

"Nothing, I got a pain."

Hermione placed herself in the same position she was when they had entered the room. She appeared to be ok, so Harry stopped worrying.

He looked at Dumbledore he had a serious expression on his face. He winked at Harry, winked; he was a strange one wasn't he.

Ron started smiling, his grin was freakishly large. Harry envied him, in so many ways.

He laughed a little and then got on his knees.

"I can't believe your going to have my baby, Mione."

Harry deliberately watched Hermione's reaction. Her face contorted in a confused and painful manner. She shook her head and said, "N...."

Her mouth came open, and her hands went flying to her lower abdomen.

"Oh shit," Harry said accidentally.

"Wh...wh...what's wrong," Ron asked nervously.

Hermione tightly closed her eyes in discomfort. Harry's eyes went back and forth from her and to Dumbledore.

"I'm fine, I'm ok. It's too early to be ...anything," she said looking normal.

"Actually that is why I insisted you come here. The death of your parents was something that I was afraid would induce your labor," Dumbledore said going around them and sitting at his desk.

"Induce my what, no I'm not going into labor, it's too early. I'm fine, I'm fine," Hermione said casually.

"My mom told me about things like that, she said that when you go through a lot of stress, or that you are in a lot of emotional strain, it can..." Hermione slammed her hands on the table making Ron jump away in surprise.

"I am not under emotional strain, I'm upset, I'm sad and I'm....that's emotional strain isn't it," Hermione said letting her head fall back.

Harry nodded and unconsciously grabbed her hand.

"It stopped, see she's alright," Harry said to Dumbledore who shrugged and got lost in thought.

"We found out who cursed you," Ron said opening his big fat mouth.

Harry gave him a look saying why-did-you-say-that. He didn't need for her to know this now.

"Who," Hermione asked.

"We have theories, we haven't proven anything yet. Ron doesn't know what he is talking about," Harry said glaring at Ron.

"Yes I do, you told me you had walked in on Malfoy talking to Snape and-"

"That is a subject I don't think is appropriate now. I have already told Harry about this," Dumbledore said sternly.

Harry looked at Ron and mouth I told you.

"So how's Ginny been," Hermione said straying far from the subject.

"She's big, a lot bigger than you, have you been eating," Ron asked concerned.

"Of course I've been eating..." Hermione stopped without warning. She made a funny noise that scared Harry. Her hands shot up to his and Ron's on the other side as well.

She squeezed it firmly, and then released it. She held the bottom of her abdomen again and then brought her hands up in horror.

She was staring at them like them were hideous. Harry didn't know why until he saw that they were covered with the moistness of liquid.

"My...my water broke," Hermione said with her hands in the same spot. They were shaking violently, but not as much as Harry's heart.

"It would be a good time to get you to the Hospital Wing," Dumbledore said patiently.

"She...she...she...is going...to have it...." Harry said mumbled. This was not what he was prepared to handle this day. Hermione having a baby was not what he was ready to deal with. He still hadn't let it fully sink in, much less let her have it now.

"No, I can't have it now, it's too early. Please Professor, there can't be something wrong." Hermione started weeping, it didn't help that she got a case of the hiccups at well.

"So are you or are you not going to have it," Ron said stupidly. Hermione screamed and nearly broke the desk from the pressure she was putting on it.

"Yes...I'm going...to...have this...baby...NOW. Take me...to the...Hospital Wing," Hermione said out of breathe.

Harry got up and so did Ron, they both frantically ran out the door. Hermione stared after them in disbelief.

"Wait we're forgetting Hermione," Harry said turning around.

"You were going to leave me," Hermione said rapidly getting angry.

"No, uh well...we need to get you there. Ron help me get her to the Hospital Wing," Harry said nervously. He was scared and frightened. His nerves were failing his strength so as he helped Hermione stand up, they wavered a bit.

"Let's carry her, Harry you grab her arms and I'll grab her legs," Ron said confidently attempting to reach for her ankles. Harry was going to reach for her arms too, but Hermione screamed out.

"ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND, JUST HELP ME WALK," Hermione said bringing both boys to their senses.

"I'll put her under my arm and you get the other side," Harry said frantically.

"I can conjure a wheelchair, there is no need for all of that," Dumbledore said effortlessly.

However both boys were too busy to hear. Dumbledore rose from his seat to follow the frightened trio going out the door.

"We have to go down this hall to the right," Ron said swinging Hermione towards it.

"No the Hospital Wing is to the left," Harry said pulling Hermione in that direction.

"No it's not," Ron said arguing.

"IT'S TO THE LEFT," Hermione yelled.

"It would be easier if you boys would let me conjure up a wheelchair that would magically take her down there," Dumbledore said behind them.

Hermione had cowered a little from the pressure, and Harry and Ron were arguing about the directions. They didn't hear a word Dumbledore was saying but were hastily walking forward.

They started heading up the stairs and Dumbledore made an attempt to tell them they were headed the wrong way. He decided to tap them but every time his hand went down, they changed directions at random.

"You see that, you almost made us all fall," Harry said.

"I almost made us fall; you were the one who nearly tripped on the step back there. Couldn't you see are you that blind," Ron said disputing.

"I lifted my foot up, but you were two seconds late. That could have managed to-"

"SHUT UP, BOTH OF YOU," Hermione screamed folding herself down.

Harry and Ron held her up until the contraction passed. Dumbledore was still behind them, he was going to tell them something, but figured they wouldn't hear him anyways.

"This corridor doesn't look familiar," Harry said looking around.

"Yes it does," Ron said moving the trio to the right. They staggered into the library.

"What are we doing here, this isn't the Hospital Wing," Hermione said tearfully.

"Well this is where you always go," Ron said stupidly.

"That doesn't mean I want to come here now, take me to the Hospital Wing,"

"I told you we were going the wrong way, if you would have listened to me and turned where I had told you none of this would have happened," Harry said adjusting Hermione under his arm.

"I tried to tell you boys but you wouldn't listen, now let me conjure that wheelchair," Dumbledore said without being paid attention to.

"You told me that it was left, and I told you it was right, next time listen to me-" Ron said hotly.

"That was way in the beginning and we were going the right way until...until you lead us up the stair, I think." Harry said thinking back.

"You didn't even know where we were going," Ron said while Hermione started crying again.

"Excuse me for being so damn nervous about her, I just listened to you and look where that got me," Harry yelled at him.

"That's just it you weren't listening to me, if you had we wouldn't be in this mess in the first place."

The Librarian was quickly coming towards them to see what all the commotion was about. Several students were starting to stare. Many of them got wide eyed and started talking in hushed whispers. Harry didn't care right now he was trying to get Hermione to a safe place.

"SILENCE," Dumbledore bellowed about across the library. If they didn't have all the eyes on them before, they did now.

"You don't have to yell we're right here," Ron said rudely.

Dumbledore didn't say anything; he just thrust the wheelchair forward making his point clear.

Harry and Ron helped Hermione onto the chair and watched it magically roll out the door.

"You know, you could have told us that from the beginning instead of making us walk all this way over here," Ron said making Dumbledore shake his head, and chuckled.

The walk to the Hospital Wing was Harry's longest ever. He wanted to get there so Hermione could be safe, but he was afraid of what it might mean when he did.

He couldn't lie that he didn't think about this day many times, but it had been his baby that she was caring, not his best friends.

The only thing that kept him from straight up running was that he was worried about her, the baby would be premature.

The reasonability was no longer on his shoulders so he was free to relax his muscles and fall silent. Ron fell silent as well; he looked pale, which was rare for a Weasley.

Dumbledore lead the way, with Harry and Ron walking beside the magically walking wheelchair.

Every other minute Hermione would break the silence and let out a cry. She had both boys at her mercy, but Harry was more attentive to her than Ron. One peep and he was on his toes, she had to cry out to make Ron turn.

"It's too late in the night to call for any one from St. Mungo's, Madam Pomfrey should be able to do it." Dumbledore started to slow his pace and allow the wheelchair to glide in front of him; he was standing next to Ron.

"She is qualified," Ron asked.

“She is, but the last time she had to deliver a baby at this school, was twenty years ago.”

“Hermione I still can’t believe that you left like that, I mean you’re going to have our kid. Have they already called my mom” Ron asked Dumbledore

“Yes she has been informed, but she is waiting on the other members of your family to arrive to her house before she comes here. She will be transported here by Portkey, and she only wants to bother with one trip.”

“Wow... I’m going to be a father.”

Harry hated to hear those words come out of Ron’s mouth. He was straining himself to control his magic, and not cry at the same time.

And all the Weasley’s were coming down too; Mrs. Weasley was bound to exaggerate Hermione’s pregnancy. Harry loved her but; he wasn’t fond of her reactions sometimes.

“Ron...look...we need...to talk about a...few things before we...go in there,” Hermione said not looking at Harry.

“Don’t, there is nothing you need to tell me that I don’t already know. We had a fight Hermione, and I’m sorry I said what I did. We can still get married if you like and-”

“No Ron I don’t want to get married with you, I already told you and...” She stopped in agony once more. The look upon her face made Harry think she was getting tortured.

He wished there was something he could do to make her feel better. He couldn’t help but be happy that she had agreed not to marry him.

There is something you don’t know, you’re not the father, Hermione thought getting a contraction.

"Alright then I have a confession I want to make to you," Ron said looking down to the floor.

Hermione was too busy trying to block away the pressure that was coming from her lower abdomen.

She could care less that Ron had a confession, but the pain and the fright she had kept her tongue at bay.

"When you left, and after you broke up with me, I thought you weren't going to come back. I didn't imagine that you left because you were pregnant. Well... what I'm trying to say is...I sort of...got with Luna." Ron jerked his head up to see her reaction.

"Oh ok," Hermione said not caring. She was barely able to breathe much less speak

Why couldn't you stay with Luna, Hermione thought.

At the office, Hermione meant to tell Ron that the baby wasn't his, and now she was trying to do it too. But every time she tried to talk a pain would erupt between her legs.

He was going to find out before the end of the night anyways. She was just trying to find a right time to tell him.

She wasn't just going to blurt it out, hey Ron it's not your baby I slept with Harry that day not you. Oh and by the way we had an affair. This is not the sort of thing you tell someone when you're in labor.

"Is that all you have to say," Ron said shocked. His hands were shaking madly.

"Ah..." Hermione removed the tears falling down her face.

"Never mind, I know I shouldn't be telling you this right now," Ron said getting the point.

Didn't she tell him clearly before she left that she didn't want to be with him anymore, how thick could he be.

“Oh, is it suppose to hurt like this,” Hermione said clutching the armrests.

Harry nearly fell on his knees turning as fast as he did.

“Where almost there, hang in there,” Dumbledore said reassuringly.

Harry couldn't believe Ron talking like he was. Ron told him after Hermione left that he realized she didn't love him, and he never really loved her. Somehow he knew Ron would react this way, when Hermione came back.

But then Harry thought about it. Having a baby changes many things, it changes everything. Who would he be to stand there and criticize Ron for loving the future mother of his child.

She is going to have Ron's baby, Harry thought.

He still couldn't get used to the idea, but he had better and fast. The baby wasn't going to wait for no one to adjust.

He resisted the urge to throw up his stomachs contents. That is how bad he felt.

Lavender came walking down merrily until she spotted Hermione. Her eyes widened and she put her hand over her mouth.

Great just what I needed, the world biggest blabbermouth to find out about this, and tell the whole school, Harry thought.

She backed away slowly and they broke into a run. Hermione rolled her eyes.

“I don't...give a rat's ass...right now,” she said exhaustedly.

Ron started to talk to Dumbledore, but Harry couldn't hear what he was saying.

His own breathing and heartbeat were becoming loud against his ears. His head felt light, and he felt the world start to spin. He wanted to faint, but willed himself out of it.

His vision was blurry; he blinked it out several times. He was more nervous than Ron. Slowing his pace down, his hearing began to come back.

His mind wasn't paying attention to what Dumbledore was saying but watching Hermione's back fade away. She let out a small scream, but he didn't rush to her.

He stopped abruptly, while they kept going. No one noticed Harry Potter had ceased to move. They were concentrating on the belle of the ball, his Hermione. They were but a few feet away, and they entered in a rushed manner.

Cautiously he stepped forward, inching his way to the front. She was no longer in his sight, but he didn't want to enter.

His footsteps echoed as they neared the door to the Hospital Wing, when he would go in, his life would be changed forever. It was already different now, but this...this was...

He lifted his hand to enter, but paused inches away. He had doubts about whether he belonged, should he go inside.

The door had a glass window, that you could view into, when he got the guts to look in, he didn't like what he saw. Hermione was being placed onto a bed, while Ron was at her right side. He wasn't holding her hand, but he was kneeled beside her nonetheless.

Madam Pomfrey was getting devices and a tray of gadgets ready. McGonagall entered from the south door, and hurried to the scene. Hermione was placed on one of the beds to the right, in the middle making her really feel like the center of attention.

Dumbledore was going back and forth doing who knows what, but Harry, Harry was still standing there. He was still staring at the

commotion before him. With the scramble of everyone and the entrance of Seamus, Neville, Luna, Susan, Lavender, and Parvati, there was no room for him.

He still had his hand up, and he had made his decision. He didn't belong. He didn't even have a place for him if he had entered. Hermione was thrashing in the bed, but he still didn't enter. His mind was telling him to run in there and take her hand, but his body was not obeying.

A tear leaked out, it was just one, but it burn with the intensity of a thousand suns. He moved his hand down from the door, and it gave it gave him a powerful shock. The pain got worse the further he went from the handle.

The hurt didn't bother him, seeing her laying there did. He loved her with all his heart, so he would let her be. The treachery that he had done would no longer be done anymore.

The tear drop rolled down his cheek, firing away as it did. Harry didn't know how it had lasted so long to reach the bottom of his chin and roll off.

The liquid hit his hand making all the torture go away.

"LET ME BREATHE," Hermione screamed out inside the room, making everyone around her back away.

HARRY,HARRY, Hermione screamed in his head.

She searched around hysterically for him. She started crying, and Harry could tell that it wasn't from the pain. He felt that she was crying because he wasn't in there with her. She lay on the bed with her head facing the ceiling, sobbing while a contraction hit her hard.

HARRY, WHERE ARE YOU, she screamed out to him. He couldn't hold himself back, she needed him. She kept crying out for him until she saw him burst though the door.

The same sound echoed in the back, where Ginny had come in and entered too. She stopped halfway and let herself fall down.

"She's gone into labor too," Madam Pomfrey said running her way.

"What, Ginny's here too," Hermione screamed out.

"Put her to Hermione's left," Professor McGonagall said.

Harry went towards Hermione but stopped at the appearance of Malfoy entering the room. He was as white as a ghost, and looked like he was going to faint.

Harry didn't really care about him right now. Ron however stood up and walked to Ginny's side, leaving Hermione's right side open. Harry quickly ceased it and fell to his knees beside her.

"Oh, Harry, don't leave me alone!" She cried out holding his hands close to her face and kissing them. Ron was currently trying to stop Draco from getting close to Ginny.

Hermione continued to kissed his hands but then got a pain and squeezed it in a bone cracking grip.

"Do you want to get kicked out," Professor McGonagall said to Ron.

Ron balled his fist but shook his head. He turned around and found Harry taking up the spot that he once occupied.

"What is the status," Professor McGonagall asked.

"She's contracting; the baby is going to come. It is premature, so I there is nothing I can do magically at this point." Madam Pomfrey said handing her, her wand.

"Well you can't do two births at the same time."

"No, but you've done this before, you can help me. The contractions are getting worse," Madam Pomfrey said looking up at Dumbledore.

AN: Yes Hermione is eight months pregnant look it up. Also if you have questions about why the spell didn't turn blue on her, it is because she was only a day pregnant. Again look it up. I specifically made her say; you have to be at least three weeks for it to work, to throw you off. Lol I'm mean. Well next chapter should have Hermione giving birth, can't wait to write it. C you guys next chapter.

Chapter Twenty Three The Birth

"Well you can't do two births at the same time," Professor McGonagall said.

"No, but you've done this before you can help me. The contractions are getting worse," Madam Pomfrey said looking up at Dumbledore.

Ron was scrambling, he looked at Hermione, and then at Ginny. Both girls were going into labor, and they both meant something to him. He couldn't decide which to go to.

"Do you think...that there is any way that you can...GIVE ME DRUGS!" Hermione screamed out suddenly freighting Harry.

Ginny was starting to cry in the other bed, and Madam Pomfrey stopped what she was doing.

"You mean like a potion, or a spell that would make it feel better?" The nurse asked calmly.

Hermione had sweat pouring off her forehead so Harry hastily grabbed a towel and wiped it off.

Madam Pomfrey looked over to Dumbledore, who wasn't wearing anything readable on his face.

"You see normally we could....but this isn't a normal pregnancy."

"What do you mean this isn't a normal pregnancy?" Hermione said frightened. Ron turned around and got next to her on her left that way all he had to do was turn right to be with Ginny.

"Mione, she probably means it's because the baby is premature," Ron said making it worse.

"There is nothing wrong with my baby...RIGHT!" Hermione said tearfully.

Harry didn't know what to do beside her. He didn't know if he should calm her down, talk to her, hold her, or just be there. He had never gone through labor with anyone or anything before how was he supposed to know.

"Your baby is going to be fine; we just have to take precaution. Both of your pregnancies are...complicated. I cannot run the risk of using magic and endangering the baby. Since both of them are supposed to have a high MBC, in magically delivering them I may turn them into squibs."

"What is MBC?" Ron asked for Harry.

"It's Magical Blood Content," Hermione said in a swift manner. Harry laughed inside himself at how she could know so much even during delivering. Ginny's voice broke their circle.

"I want it to be out already," Ginny said with her voice trembling. She was talking to Malfoy on the other side, but Ron left Hermione to check on her.

"Harry it hurts," Hermione said in a low cry.

"Uh...I know-I mean I don't know but I'm sure it does...your going to be ok," Harry said reassuringly. He over nodded his head rapidly.

"Breath Ginny its ok, breath," Ron said trying to calm her down.

"At the rate she is going, I think Ginny is going to be the one to have the baby first Poppy," Professor McGonagall said rushing past her to prepare.

Everything was happening so fast for Harry; he needed to take a breath. People were coming and going faster than he could think. Hermione's pains were getting worse, but not as worse as Ginny's. Her screams would echo across the Hospital Wing for a full minute after she actually stopped.

Harry liked the fact that he was there for Hermione to turn to. That even though their relationship as more than friends was ending, it was the beginning of something much more beautiful.

He gazed down upon her, she was breathing erratically. Her hair was damp from sweat, and the stains on her face could not be deciphered. Tears mingled with perspiration were dried on her face.

"You doing ok, great, fine, alright. Hold on a second," Ron said smiling at her out of breath and then turning to see Ginny.

Hermione thrashed to her left and then to her right towards Harry. She did this every so often when she got a contraction that was starting to come too close for comfort.

On one of her turns she landed right into Harry's arms but didn't stay there long. To Harry's dismay when she turned to the left, she landed right into Ron's arms. Either she didn't realize who was holding her, or she didn't care at that point but she held on to him, for her life depended on it, which it did.

After a minute she let go and went back to Harry. Ron went back to Ginny who was making twice as much noise as Hermione.

"Does she....have to be so...loud," Hermione whispered to Harry. That comment made Harry smile.

"You know you're loud yourself, but you can't hear yourself so-"

"I'm not...as loud as...her," Hermione said half laughing and half wincing.

"No you not, but I guess her baby is bigger. She is nine months and your eight," Harry said next to her ear.

"I don't think-uh- a month makes...much difference," Hermione said tossing her head back from exhaustion.

They both looked over at Ginny, who was very upset. She had Draco on one side and her brother on the other, they couldn't resist fighting.

"You right," Hermione said. Her breathing was starting to pick up speed.

"Right about what?" Harry asked

"I just see...her stomach and- oh- it...does look a lot bigger tha-"

"Shhhhh, don't talk right now," Harry said staring down at her.

He went to move a piece of fallen hair out the way of her face and noticed his hands were trembling. Unconsciously he let his barrier down and she found her way in.

"Harry, you're scared," Hermione said so low he barely heard her.

He nodded and swallowed the dry lump in his throat.

"If I put mine down you will faint from....the pain," Hermione said closing her eyes lazily. Harry could tell she was tired.

"I'm about to faint as it is. I'm scared, nervous, angry, upset, exited, happy, confused, and heartbroken...Is that even possible," he added.

Hermione got another contraction and Ron came to her aid.

"I'm right her, you don't have to worry," Ron said stroking her hair. This time she had enough sense in her to think. Harry was the only one who noticed but she played it off well. She managed to find her way back to him, without just pushing Ron away. This act was a bit confusing to Harry, for he could not figure out why she would ever push him away like that, even if it was in a sneaky manner.

Ron went to take a step to Ginny, but Hermione rattled so he turned around to face her. Ginny started to wail in the background so he flipped around again.

"STOP IT!" Ron yelled in between both beds.

Hermione automatically shut her mouth, so Ron was able to pick Ginny's sobbing cries.

"Harr-Harry...there's something I need to tell you," Hermione said with sincerity in her eyes.

"Tell me, I'm here for you," Harry said consolingly. He swallowed hard feeling the liquid of his saliva burn his dry throat on the way down. What was he doing, he shouldn't be allowing himself to get so close to her. He shouldn't even be touching her this way, Ron's the one who should be here by her side.

"That's not the point, I want you by my side," Hermione said with loving eyes. Before Harry could respond the doors to the Infirmary were opened with a creaking echo.

Mrs. Weasley came in first followed by Mr. Weasley, Fred, Charlie, Bill, and Flour. Hiding behind them were Lupin and Tonks who stayed a bit behind.

"Oh great Merlin tell me this isn't happening," Hermione said in a delicate tone. Harry was the only one who heard her.

"Oh would you look at that." Mrs. Weasley stood at the foot of Hermione's bed.

Harry prepared to hear her start yelling at Ron, but that never came.

"I'm...I'm going to be double the grandmother," she said ecstatically.

"Mom, your-your ok with it," Ron said disbelieving it.

"Well I'm not thrilled that both my youngest children are going to have children themselves before they get out of Hogwarts. But this is what I've got and I've learn to accept it. Make the best of the situation."

Not thrilled, the lady is glowing, Harry thought.

Mrs. Weasley eyed Malfoy but didn't say a word to or about him.

“Harry, look at you. My how you are growing, give me a hug will you.” Unaware of his exact distance from Hermione, Harry was yanked from her grip and suffocated in a bone crushing hug.

“Good to see you too,” he said politely.

She clapped her hands together and smiled accordingly at him. He wanted to go to Hermione, but Mrs. Weasley was keeping his actions still.

“Hermione dear, you look...”

“Pregnant,” Hermione finished for her.

“Yes, that and...beautiful. Ron told me that you two had a little misunderstanding, but I presume it was cleared up.”

“N...not exactly.” Hermione stopped for a few seconds to allow the contraction to pass, and she pushed her sheets down when the rest of the family came around to see.

Mrs. Weasley got a stern look on her face but chose to ignore Hermione’s comment.

“Everyone wants to know when the wedding will be.”

She was putting Hermione on the spot, the whole family was gathering around her. Harry felt a trace of suffocation hit him; he had to do something and fast.

“Professor Lupin, what are you doing way over there in the corner. You and Tonks come join us.” Harry saw that Tonks had a matching shirt to wear with her pink hair. Although it made her look much younger than Lupin, it suited her nicely. They exchanged glances and started to head in their direction. The attention was turned to them.

Bill and Fleur immediately started talking about their wedding plans, and soon the crowd disrupted from around Hermione.

Ginny's screams were starting to pick up volume and closeness; everyone was starting to hush up their common talk.

"Is this a meeting zone or are we trying to deliver us a couple of babies," McGonagall said to the group. Mrs. Weasley gave Ron a hug and some supportive words that Harry didn't pay attention to. She only turned to Hermione once, but since Ginny seemed to be advancing far more than her, that was limited.

Harry was just about to get beside Hermione when Lupin called him over to his side. He gave Hermione a calming look and went to him.

"Looking quite nervous are we?" He asked while Tonks blushed.

"Well...I...um...yeah a...a little," Harry said trying not to look him in the eyes. Lupin gave a laugh.

"You're joking right; you look ready to fall flat on the floor from unconsciousness."

"Uh...I do," Harry said falsely. Hermione called for him, and he turned so fast he almost twisted his ankle. Ron got to her first, so Harry held his place. He was unaware of how long his fixation upon them was, but Lupin called him to his senses.

"She'll be ok, calm down. You're acting like..."

"Like what," Harry said interested.

"Nothing forget I said it-"

"No don't do that to him, he'll be wondering about it for the rest of the day, tell him." Tonks winked at him but gave Lupin a demanding look when he eyed her.

"Come on out with it," Harry said looking over his shoulder. Lupin changed views from Harry to Tonks before giving in to them

"Alright don't eat me alive with your eyes. I was going to say that your acting just like James was when...you were born."

“What,” Harry said in a soft pitch. Lupin only nodded and walked over to talk with a nervous Mr. Weasley who was biting his fingernails.

The beds on the right had all been moved and big, comfy chairs had replaced them. Luna caught his eyes, she had been crying. Harry didn't blame her; he knew exactly what she was feeling. The rest of the group was not talking but were on the edges of their seats. The Weasley's excluding Mrs. Weasley had said their hellos to Ginny and Hermione and had now joined the others.

“Must be weird to be here,” Tonks said disrupting Harry's train of thought.

“Huh...yeah a little.”

“You and your a little. Well if I didn't know better I would say you were the one who was going to be a father today not Ron,” Tonks said smiling mischievously at him.

“Why do you say that?” Harry's stomach flipped inside with the very idea, but he knew that to be untrue. He wanted to finish this conversation fast so that he could go back to Hermione. She needed him, he could feel it.

“By the way you're acting. It's your best friend's child; it won't come out and bite you. You're starting to get paler than Christmas morning.” She added with a smile.

“I've... I guess it's because this day will change...everything and-”

“When has it not changed, your whole life has been about changing. So tell me, when are you going to get yourself a nice girl to introduce me to,” Tonks said winking at him.

He head instinctively turned towards Hermione, but he caught himself and repositioned himself pitifully.

“Oh...well that...that one is a bit of a complexity. Bad timing to choose to give your heart away.”

"Give my heart away," Harry said trying to act like he didn't know what she was talking about.

"Harry, it's more obvious that you think, to me at least. It looks like your heart was stolen more like it. Tough luck, cheer up it will get better." Harry was going to have to take her word on that. He made a mental not to watch what he did from now on, if it was obvious to her, than who knows who else can figure it out.

He departed from her and went back to Hermione's side.

"Poppy, we are going to have to switch. I think you would be better prepared to do a live birth than I would, this one is about ready." Professor McGonagall said standing up.

In Harry's opinion she shouldn't have said that. It aroused everyone's attention to Ginny, and now she was the one who was being suffocated. McGonagall took out her wand and conjured up curtains, there were two sets, one in the back that were solid yellow, and one in the front that were white but a little transparent.

"Get back, ok I'm only going to say this once. I want the boys to go behind the yellow curtain and wait; the girls can stay behind the white curtain.

"Why!" Seamus yelled angrily.

"Well Mr. Finnegan, unless you are comfortable with the viewing of a baby's head coming out of her-"

"Ok I get he picture."

"Also I don't want these girls to feel...uncomfortable."

"Why don't we just wait outside then," Neville said loudly. Professor McGonagall paused a moment, she looked at him likes she didn't recognize that he was there before.

"If you feel like joining the rest of the school then feel free to await the news outside the doors. It has come to my knowledge that your classmates have found out about what is going on. Having so many student we cannot fit them in here, but we cannot push them back to bed, when we know they won't sleep either. Professor Flitwick and Hagrid have been assigned to keep the fifth years and above who wished to stay awake in check." Dumbledore said turning many heads.

"No...never mind, I'll wait here," Neville said going behind the curtain.

"When the babies are born I will be free to do my magic, a couple of quick spells and a potion and they will be all set. Right after I have finished curing them, Professor McGonagall will put them down," Madam Pomfrey said exiting the containment.

The silky see-thought, material that separated the girls from them was hanged spaciouly around both beds.

"Do we all have to go," Ron said looking back and forth from Ginny to Hermione.

"No, fathers are allowed to stay," Madam Pomfrey said with a laugh.

"And me, I will get to stay here too right," Mrs. Weasley said coxing her daughter.

Dumbledore stood in the corner, away from anything viewable, but there nonetheless. He gave Madam Pomfrey a short bow of his head, and she agreed to let her stay.

Harry was afraid of this part; he was going to have to leave.

"Ok, this baby is on its way. I need you to hold on tight Ginny, and when I start telling you to push I want you to do with all your strength," Madam Pomfrey said patiently.

Professor McGonagall came to Hermione and lifted her legs up. Harry couldn't see anything, and he didn't want to either. He could see how Hermione was fidgety about having one of her professors doing this, but it had to be done.

Without being told to, Harry got up to leave.

"Where are you going?" McGonagall asked when he was standing.

"Wh-you...you said that-"

"No, not you," she said looking over to Dumbledore. He gave her a quick wink; this must have been a sign for something because she started telling him off to his seat.

"You can sit in this chair I've made; it will disappear when you don't need it and will appear when you do, so sit."

Harry did what he was told, and didn't complain.

"Oh my, your coming right along, aren't you," McGonagall said shaking her head.

"What is it, what's the matter?" Hermione started to breathe tears instead of air, Harry had to try and calm her down.

"Nothing, everything is fine. You're just going to have it faster than I expected."

Hermione bite the side of her pillow, from the pain flowing past her body.

Ginny's screamed loudly, while the chanting push began to be heard. She was sitting upright on her bed, any minute now for her.

Hermione twisted Harry's hand in surprise. Everyone was too busy with Ginny that they didn't know Hermione was coming close now too. Harry was going to ask if he should tell them but then thought twice.

“Are you about ready to start pushing,” Professor McGonagall said to Hermione. She nodded.

“Just don’t chant it out like they are doing,” Hermione said giving a half laugh.

Harry got cold as ice; his fingertips were getting numb from just holding on to Hermione hand.

“Oh one the count of three...one...two...three,” McGonagall said in a low tone. If Harry didn’t know better he would have said she was trying to make sure no one heard her.

Hermione screamed at the same time Ginny did. Harry wanted to fall to the floor. She was contorting her face with pressure, and pushing from what he presumed.

“I see the head,” cried Mrs. Weasley who was blocking their view of Ginny. Dumbledore was still in the corner, looking like a statue.

Two things were happening at once, and it was too much for Harry’s brain.

“Again,” McGonagall asked.

Hermione’s scream was overtaken by Ginny’s last, who yelled at the top of her voice. It broke off Harry’s concentration, as well as hearing the noise of a baby’s cry.

“Congratulations, it’s a healthy baby boy,” Madam Pomfrey said loudly. Chaos erupted from that point on. Harry was so stunned he didn’t hear McGonagall tell Hermione to push a third time.

Upon bringing his eyes back to her, he gazed at Dumbledore. He had a dark and unexplainable look in his eyes. Something that Harry had never seen before. It was something good that was all Harry could interpret.

He walked briskly over to Ginny's side. The position he was standing in was blocking Ron's view of anything. Though Ron was still currently entangled in his new born nephew.

Hermione dropped his hand, bringing him back to where he ought to be. She lifted it back up and he met her halfway.

Their hands joined with an earsplitting crash, but only they heard it. Time literally slowed down, and for a second he thought the world had been put on mute again. Until he heard Hermione, but Hermione alone.

Their eyes locked, and she cried out to him, in a silent wish. Some of her pain, absorbed into his body, but departed out of his skin.

He could only hear her breathing, and their heartbeats that were twice as fast as they ought to be. He kept pouring her pain into him, and departing it out without realizing how.

She sensed it; she knew that there was a change. And she knew that he was doing it somehow.

Her chest expanded gracefully, and her eyelids closed lightly. All the while this was happening he did not break away his eye contact.

In his head, he distinctly heard her think two words. Even though all he could hear was her breathing, it was like if that lowered its volume to make way for these precious words.

For you, she thought.

For a split second he could have sworn she said it with her eyes, because it was a different sensation when he heard it. But he knew he didn't imagine it. Her chest came back down just as gracefully as when it had lifted.

Her eyes closed themselves, he was watching so attentively he could have told you how many eyelashes she had. When she opened them at last, they flashed with a bright light engulfing them, surrounding the corners. Just as fast as it was there, it disappeared.

He had been so connected with her eyes, that he didn't see the expression on her face. It was then that he noticed that he didn't hear anything at all. Not her breath or his heartbeat, not the racket that was happening around them. Not the screaming that was occurring but a few feet away.

Since things were still in slow motion in his vision, what seemed like hours were mere seconds. In the blackness of his hearing something penetrated it, and broke away the chains of deafness.

The faint cry of a baby had reached his ears, and the sound was one he thought more beautiful than the phoenix song itself.

"Oh...oh" Hermione said tearing her hand away from him and laying it up upon the moisture of her sweaty forehead.

"I should be the one to hold it first, it is my child!" Draco said angrily

"You have no right to even be here, after all the things you've done you traitor!" Ron had anger and disgust in his voice.

"Now I am her mother, so neither of you should hold it first," Mrs. Weasley said with great authority.

"Potter." A voice broke his frozen stature.

"Y-yes," Harry said catching his breath.

"I need your help, come here," McGonagall said strictly.

Hermione's baby lay in Professor McGonagall's hands, but it was still attached to her body. He looked at Professor McGonagall like she was insane.

"I can't do this alone, grab those special scissors that are laying there on the tray before you," she said in a rushed manner.

Everything was starting to pick up speed, it seemed like things were going too fast and were trying to compensate for the time lost.

"Wh-the these," Harry said nervously. He was trying not to look over to Hermione's...area. It was bad enough that he was about to faint, McGonagall had to go and make it worse. In the distance he could hear that everyone was still arguing about Ginny's baby, and wanting a turn.

"Yes those, I want you to cut the cord." McGonagall was full of Merlin knows what, she held the baby in her hands, but Harry was staring at the task that was appointed to him.

"You- I...you want me to-cut...shouldn't someone elseuh." Harry held the scissors in his hand and held them out in front of him trying to restrain the movement.

"I don't have time to assure you, DO IT!" McGonagall's scream scared him a bit more from his already traumatized state. But he obeyed and aimed at the cord.

SNIP

He missed, if only he could gain more control over his hands. McGonagall was boring holes in his head, but he didn't want to look anywhere else.

SNIP

Again he missed; Hermione was starting to cry beside him. He stopped, knowing this had to be done and fast. He inhaled a deep breath and held out his steady hand.

SNIP

And he cut it, contents of stuff came gushing out, making him want to throw up. His stomach would not handle this, and his nervousness put together.

"Help me," McGonagall said placing a baby in his hands. She had put it so he had to hold it up with two hands, and in the right place he presumed.

Harry was hit with horror and shock, while she magically cured Hermione and dropped down the sheet at last. She turned and went somewhere, but Harry was focused on the thing he was holding in his hands.

It was mucky, digesting, covered in blood, sticky, alive, and was the most beautiful thing he had ever held on the palms of his hands.

His mouth flew open as he stared transfixed upon the object that came from the love of his life.

Hermione smiled at the way Harry was reacting with the baby, her heart was melting seeing him hold his own child. But the baby was still covered in her body essence, so she knew he would not recognize it.

McGonagall came back and stood in front of him. She didn't want to take the baby away but she had to.

"I'll take her," Professor McGonagall said lifting the baby from his arms.

"What are you going to name him," Mr. Weasley said. Someone had just taken off the curtains.

"Gabriel," Ginny said faintly.

"It's a girl," Hermione said tearfully. McGonagall nodded and cleaned up the baby. Harry was still looking at his hand, as if the baby was still there. He had never experience something like that, to hold a life, just brought into this world in his hands was...

Harry was still perplexed with his hands, they were all full of what the baby had been surrounded with, but this seemed to amaze him. McGonagall went around Harry and handed Hermione her baby.

She looked down on her and had a hidden smile. Dumbledore was watching their every move, and he closed his eyes, in a relieved manner.

Hermione looked down on her baby girl, who was just as beautiful, as she always imagined she would be.

Ron's voice rested a silence in the room.

"I MISSED THE BIRTH, I MISSED IT. I CAN'T BELIEVE I MISSED THE BIRTH OF MY OWN CHILD!"

Hermione looked up startled at him, and then to Harry. He had jerked his head up from his hands and focused on the noise maker.

Hermione was pale, she held her baby close to her in a defending manner, when Ron got closer to her.

"WHAT! SHE ALREADY HAD IT." Mrs. Weasley came bolting to the foot of Hermione's bed. She was holding Gabriel, Ginny's baby.

Everyone was shocked that they hadn't noticed it before, and that they had been so wrapped up with this birth to notice the other one. But Hermione hadn't been as loud as Ginny, because Harry had taken most of the pain away. In their hectic riot of fighting with Malfoy they had forgotten to check on Hermione.

Ron came running to the other side of the bed, going around Harry in the process.

He reached over and practically snatched the baby away from Hermione's arms. It took a lot of self control for Harry not to hit him. One, he was holding the baby. Two, he realized Ron was the father and had every right.

At once the baby started crying and wailing. Harry never knew so much noise could come out of something so small.

"Give her to me, your not doing it right," Harry said picking her up in a swift but gentle manner. Her tiny hands were shaking from crying, and her mouth was held open to revile the gums inside. Her eyes were shut tight to accomplish the strangled wail she was trying to make.

He didn't know what came over him or what made him do it; maybe it was instinct, or something else...

The baby's cry started subduing, but before she could calm down all the way, Mrs. Weasley handed Gabriel to Ron and held her hands out in front of Harry. We rocked her back and forth, and didn't want to hand her over.

What the hell are you thinking, she's not yours, Harry thought. When she had been born he felt instantly connected with her, as if she was is own. Giving her up and walking away like he should, was going to kill him inside.

Lightly he placed the baby in Mrs. Weasley's hands. Ron was trying desperately to calm Gabriel down.

Mrs. Weasley along with everyone else in the room surrounded the baby; she had calmed down of because Harry but was staring up again. Apparently she didn't like the attention.

Harry was just upset he couldn't see the baby anymore, because of the angle that Mrs. Weasley had her. He also didn't see that Hermione was staring dead at him.

“Oh aren’t you the most beautiful little baby I have ever seen,” Mrs. Weasley said with a baby voice. She cooed her, while many people struggled behind her to get a look.

All at once people began to gasp and get shocked looks on their faces. Mrs. Weasley herself stopped in mid-sentence and stared horror-stricken at the baby.

Her mouth was hanging to the floor. Everyone started talking in hushed whispers and pointing madly at something Harry could not see. Ron was still struggling with Gabriel, while Ginny and Malfoy exchanged glances.

“Ho- ip you-so...whe-te...” Mrs. Weasley was saying words Harry had never heard before. She got bright red and glared daggers at Hermione. The baby started wailing again, making some sort of noise, knock of the tension in the air.

Suddenly, calmly, Mrs. Weasley handed the baby to Harry and walked out the door. Harry started after her in disbelief. About three second after she had exited the door a loud clash was heard. She screamed ridiculously high, and something got broken.

When Harry turned back everyone was quite and looking at him. Hermione had a hand over her mouth and was crying insanely.

Harry wondered if they had rehearsed the way that stared at them. Everyone’s eyes looked at Hermione, to him, and then the baby, to Hermione, to him, and then the baby.

“Well, see if you have any luck with this one,” Ron said with Gabriel’s faint crying form, still in his hands.

The air was thick with tension, and Harry didn’t understand or know why. He looked down at the baby, who had taken up following her grandmother in screaming ridiculously.

The drive inside him, told him what to do to calm her down.

"What shall we be naming her," McGonagall said. She was the first to speak apart from the babies cries.

"Harmony," Hermione said without thinking. It escaped her lips before she actually got a chance to think about it. But as she saw Harry coxing her daughter, she realized that is, just what it was. Harmony and it was perfect.

"Harmony what...oh," McGonagall said placing her hand over her mouth.

"Why would that be a question," Ron said. The only ones who heard him were the ones who were nearby, Harry, Hermione, Dumbledore and Professor McGonagall.

"Potter duh!" Someone yelled in the back.

Harry held Harmony in his hands. He had just heard Hermione call out the name and thought it was perfectly suiting. Now that she was calming down and was all fresh and clean he was able to make out her features.

She looked exactly like Hermione, well a baby version of her. With creamy skin and the exact lips that parted rosily in her face. The only exception was...her hair was black.

It was jet-black and messy, the same way Harry's hair was. McGonagall asked for Harmony's last name, and Ron said he didn't know why that was even asked.

Someone that sounded oddly like Neville screamed out.

"Potter duh!"

"What," Harry said deservingly.

Draco had come up from behind him and taken Gabriel from Ron's hands. He must know something was going to happen.

It was when Ron leaned over to properly look at Harmony and she had stretched herself yawning that it hit him. Harmony blinked accordingly and caught all the light's ray in the room, revealing her eyes a startling green shade of emerald...

AN: So tell me did you like it, do you love it. Do you want me to write more...tell me how this chapter made you feel please, or at least your favorite part. More to come soon. Reviewing is good for the soul.

Chapter Twenty Four Fights and Lights

It was when Ron leaned over to properly look at Harmony and she had stretched herself yawning that it hit him. Harmony blinked accordingly and caught all the light's ray in the room, revealing her eyes a startling green shade of emerald...

Harry's mouth fell open. It was undeniable what he was facing. There were no doubts or possibilities. Harmony had to be his, it was just logical.

But how...

Hermione made a noise making Harry stare directly with the first person he wanted. She had her hands outstretched in eagerness for her child.

"Give her to me please," she said. The way she pleaded was something of Harry's weakness. He handed Harmony to her immediately. His body was restraining from letting her go.

As the last touch of her left his hands, he looked up to face Ron. Without warning he saw a fist come at him, but it took him by surprise and strength.

BAM

Ron had punched him in the jaw, to Harry it looked like he had just been waiting for him to place Harmony down.

With the surprised of the blow and the amount of astonishing power, which Harry supposed was contributed by anger, he staggered. With his luck behind him happened to be placed the cart with all the devices that were out for the birth, and he hit the back of his ankle on it.

It made him loss his balance and trip, sending the object crashing to the floor along with him.

Flat on the floor, he blinked a couple of times, and suppressed the blood that wanted to come out of his mouth.

“Ok, I deserved that,” Harry said on the floor.

Ron was standing in the same place, eyes as red as his hair. He was fuming with his fist balled up and anger poking out of every line in his face.

He looked down at the cart of metal that Harry tripped over and without hesitation picked it up. He raised it over his head and threw it right to where Harry was laying. In quick instinct Harry moved out of the way, just as the cart clashed with the stone floor.

“I wouldn’t have deserved that,” Harry said getting to his feet before Ron tried to throw something else on him.

“WHAT THE BLOODY HELL IS THE MEANING OF ALL OF THIS!” Ron was growing red all over, this was the reddest Harry had ever seen him.

“First off you need to calm down. Second, Ron I swear I am just as shocked as you are.”

Ron wasn’t listening he charged to towards Harry swinging his right arm in the process. Fortunately Harry knew this was coming and diverted it easily.

“HOW CAN YOU STAND THERE AND ACT LIKE YOU ARE MY BEST FRIEND, IT’S YOUR BABY, DON’T DENY IT!” Ron spat out, he was trying to catch Harry. Normally Harry Potter wouldn’t run, but he was trying to make Ron see the truth before some real damage started happening.

“Of course I don’t deny it, we...I don’t know how-”

“I’LL TELL YOU HOW, TWO PEOPLE HAVE TO FUCK IN ORDER FOR THIS TO HAPPEN!” Ron had reached over and nearly caught

the hems of Harry's robes. They were going around in circles while everyone in the room just watched.

Harry spotted Lupin give a mild chuckle and Harry stopped for a second.

"This is not funny, not at all," Harry said ducking just as Ron swung air above his head.

"YOU KNEW I LOVED HER!" Ron had ceased from chasing Harry around because he was tired, but all he was trying to do was catch his breathe to have another round.

"No you didn't, you told me yourself that you were in love with the idea of Hermione, beside you had a great time with Luna-"

"THAT'S NOT THE POINT, YOU BETRAYED ME. SHE BETRAYED ME," Ron said pointing to Hermione, who was gaining anger by the minute.

"You need to calm down, so we can talk about this in a calm and rational manner," Harry said with his calming voice.

"RATI-RATIONAL MANNER. WHAT IS RATIONAL IS HOW YOU END UP BEING THE FATHER OF THE BABY THAT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE MINE. AND IT ENDS UP BEING WITH THE GIRL THAT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE MY GIRLFRIEND AT THE TIME!"

"That I can't explain to you because, I didn't know I was the father either. Someone forgot to tell me," Harry said turning to glance at Hermione.

"Don't give me that look, and don't try and blame this all on me. This whole confusion happens to not be my fault," Hermione said rocking Harmony back and forth in her arms.

"It is my fault too, and we didn't mean for it to happen. It just happened, and we really didn't know how to tell you, or rather

Hermione didn't know how to tell you," Harry said dodging the flying pieces of knives that Ron was throwing at him.

"OH, YOU DIDN'T KNOW WHAT YOU WERE DOING. YOU DON'T KNOW HOW OR WHY YOU JUST SO HAPPENED TO BE SHAGGING MY GIRLFRIEND!" Ron's aim was getting a little too close.

"Something like that, NOW CALM DOWN!" Ron took a deep breath and charged at Harry. He didn't have much time to react so Harry was hit full force around his stomach and knocked down.

Ron's first impulse was to punch at his face, but his first miss hit the concrete. Harry had barely missed that one. They started wrestling around trying to get on top of one another.

Harry really didn't want to hit Ron, but his patience was beginning to come to an end, the more exhausted he got.

"STOP IT RON. I'M NOT YOUR GIRLFRIEND ANYMORE, JUST LIKE I WASN'T WHEN I LEFT. LEAVE HIM ALONE," Hermione said tearfully.

"NO, YOU SLEPT WITH HIM, WHILE YOU WERE WITH ME!" Ron had a point there, but his anger was just ridiculous.

"THEN BLAME ME NOT HIM!" Hermione screamed out.

"NO!" Ron said still trying to beat the shit out of Harry.

Why the hell is no one stopping him, Harry thought pushing Ron in an attempt to get him off.

"Ron, I really don't want to hurt you," Harry said dodging another fistful of Ron's knuckle.

"I'D LIKE TO SEE YOU TRY. IN FACT COME ON, HIT ME, GO AHEAD!" Ron was testing Harry's last nerves.

“STOP IT!” Hermione said searching for her wand. Harmony started wailing, diverting Harry’s attention.

BAM

That blow cut my lip, Harry thought swallowing the warm liquid that was mingled with his saliva.

Harry please, do something I don’t have my wand and everyone else is just standing there, Hermione thought to Harry. She sounded very worried, he knew she must feel awful right about now.

Ron had reached his hands up to Harry’s neck and started to try and strangle him.

“Arg...you...crazyyyyyyyyy,” Harry tried to say. Ron had a different look in his eyes.

One that was anger, mixed with humiliation, and it looked like all the hell he had gone through all his life. All of it was being projected toward Harry, into trying to strangle him.

Harry’s hand desperately reached for something, anything, and when his hands found a solid object, he wrapped his hands around it and swung toward the side of Ron’s head. He was thrown off, giving Harry enough time to stand up and catch his breath.

Ron was furious; he got up and made to tackle Harry again, this time Harry wasn’t going to let it happen.

“STOP!” Harry yelled, bringing his hands up. Ron didn’t move an inch forward, but staggered back a few yards. It looked like a gust of wind had just hit him.

Harry stared at his hands in disbelief. He didn’t mean to let out uncontrolled magic, it just slipped.

Ron had a surprised look. A hint of fear was running in his eyes, but his temper was overflowing it.

Across from each other, at each end of the Hospital Wing, they stood. Harry was trying to recover from fighting with Ron and his magic. Ron was trying to recover from being knocked back with such a force, and from trying to kill Harry.

Both boys were exhausted, and now both had their hands in a tight hold contorted into a fist.

Neville stood watching as two of his friends fought violently. Harry was mostly trying to restrain Ron and calm him down, but Ron was literally trying to kill him. He searched around to the adults, wondering why no one was intervening. He could not shake the looks he saw Ron make when he realized Harry was the father of Harmony.

Ron's smiling face had turned into a hateful, envious look. Steam could be coming out his ears and it wouldn't have looked out of place. The second that Harmony was in Hermione's arms out of nowhere he hit Harry.

Dumbledore was no longer in the room, and neither was Professor McGonagall. When Ron had started trying to strangle Harry, he thought it would be a good time to end this idiotic fight. Only when he took out his wand, Professor Lupin lowered his hand and shook his head.

"This is their fight; they need to handle this on their own." Neville stared opened mouth at him, but Professor Lupin said, "If we interrupt this, they won't get it resolved. They need to do it their way, for now. See Harry has everything under control."

Harry had just knocked the daylights out of Ron with a metal piece of something.

"This is Harry who Ron is fighting; if Harry wanted to he could kill Ron with one thought. Ron isn't going to do much more damage than what he has already done," Professor Lupin said backing away as Ron went flying back a few feet. Harry had used his wandless magic.

Slowly Neville started to back away. He had a bad feeling things were going to get uglier; he thought it would be best to wait in the common room for the news.

Since all the eyes were watching the two tired boys he was able to sneak out without much trouble.

He shut the door carefully, and cheered when the door had closed quietly.

When he turned around, he wished he had never left the Hospital Wing.

“What happened, Mrs. Weasley came out screaming?”

“What does Ginny and Malfoy’s baby look like?”

“What did they have?”

“I heard Hermione was pregnant, is it true?”

“She’s in there right now, did she have the baby?”

“What are the names?”

“Did you actually see the whole birth?”

“Is it true Mrs. Weasley was mad because Ginny had a girl and she wanted a boy?”

“When did Hermione return?”

“Did they know she was pregnant?”

“How many months is she?”

“I heard that they had it at the same time, is it true?”

“Alright, alright, let the boy breath,” Hagrid said pushing half the school back, away from Neville.

"Thanks," Neville said trying to head back inside.

"Wait you got to tell us at least sumthin!" Hagrid put an arm on Neville's interfering with his plan.

"Oh...well...I don't remember all the questions," Neville said losing his Gryffindor nerve.

"Is it true Hermione is pregnant?" Hagrid was the first to ask.

Neville nodded, listening to a lot of gasping, and gossip being past around.

"What does Ginny's baby look like and what did they name it?" A boy next to Hagrid asked.

"Ginny and Malfoy's baby is a boy, and they named him, Gabriel. The hair color looks like it's going to take after the Malfoy's with the blond, but you never know," Neville said unsure.

The crowd nodded eagerly for him to continue.

"He's got Ginny's eyes, and lips, but has Malfoy's nose and pout. Uh, I think I heard Fred say that he was going to have Ginny's temper...but look guys I didn't really get to see him that well. I'm just telling you the things that I heard Ginny's family saying."

"What about Hermione's baby. Did she have it at the same time?" Some voice of a girl in the back echoed the question forward. Neville was hoping he didn't need to have to answer this question, but it looked like the crowd had become fixated on that answer.

"Uh...Hermione...had a girl."

"Awww little Hermione and R-"The same voice that had asked the question spoke, but was cut off by Neville.

"Her name is Harmony, and I got to see her pretty well. But sorry guys I must get back before-"

“Wait what does she look like. Tell us before you go, or we won’t let you leave.” Colin was the one who said it. And he was standing in front of Neville with a smug look on his face.

Everyone was encircling Neville making it clear they were going to pull through on Colin’s words. He searched around for a possible exit but found nothing that would let him escape.

“Ok...Harmony looks just like Hermione. And when I say she looks just like Hermione, I mean it.”

“That’s it?” Hagrid asked towering over Neville, who gulped at the size of the half-giant. He knew Hagrid would never do him any harm, but that didn’t stop him from looking scary from time to time.

“She...she...she has raven-black hair. It’s a bit messy, but I assume that will straighten out later. And...her eyes...are...are...emerald green.” Neville swallowed hard, he felt like he was being eaten by each and every pair of eyes that were staring at him in shock.

People’s mouths were hanging open and very little movement was occurring.

Neville moved around uncomfortably.

“That sure doesn’t sound like a Weasley.” The person who said it got many agreeing nods.

“No, it sounds like a Potter to me,” Colin said smiling. He raised his hands, and for a second, Neville thought that he was going to hit him. But he brought his hand down and slapped it into his other.

His hands opened themselves to form another clap and soon everyone in the room was clapping and cheering.

They must be out of their minds, don’t they have any idea what is going on inside, Neville thought breaking away from the ecstatic circle.

Something caught Neville's eye, it had come around the corner in a hurried pace. Mrs. Weasley looked distraught, she didn't glance at him, or anyone else in the hall as she entered the Hospital Wing. He followed her in, glad that he had left the crowd behind.

"That is what happened Ron, and I hope you see past things so we can still be friends." Harry had just told him about how his relationship with Hermione had come to be.

"What does it matter anyways, it's too late now," Ron said coldly. At least he stopped yelling.

"It matters to us, we still want to be your friend," Harry said calmly.

"My friend, please. You two deserve each other, you're both..." Mrs. Weasley had entered the room distracting Ron a bit. Harry was able to let his guard down enough to look around the room. Dumbledore was not present watching or hearing this mess and neither was McGonagall. Of course if one of them had, he and Ron would not be fighting right now.

He didn't like the fact that he had to announce what he thought was his, Ron's and Hermione's business to everyone in the room, but he didn't have a choice. He had to scream it out to Ron to make him listen, and not stop for a second so Ron wouldn't try and hit him again.

"I admit, I don't deserve to be your friend, but Ron...I love Hermione. I love her just like you love Luna-"

"Don't bring Luna into this; this crap is about what happened before I got with Luna," Ron said stretching out his fingers. It looked like he would have loved nothing more than to get them around Harry's neck again.

"Look, we can't change what happened. Harmony is-"

“Harmony is what. I feel sorry for the brat having parents like she does. A mother who sleeps around and a father who is a lying, backstabbing, bastard-”

That was it. It was one thing to insult him, another to insult Hermione, but to insult all that he had as a family, Ron had gone too far. Before Harry could think, or stop himself. He was right up to Ron’s face, and his fist connected with his nose.

BAM

This time Ron was the one who fell back from the punch, it was the force of the blow that knocked Ron down.

Ron wouldn’t have had enough time to react but Harry didn’t care, he jumped right on top of him, determined to cause him pain.

BAM

Ron had finally come to his senses that Harry was beating the shit out of him, and punched him in the temple.

Harry fell left, off of Ron, but was so angry he didn’t stop swinging. Ron got on top of him and started aiming his swings for Harry’s stomach.

Harry was hit with the first blow that knocked the wind out of him, but he took the moment and...

BAM

Hit Ron right in the jaw.

Ron was bleeding profusely from his nose, but he didn’t let that hinder his attempt to defend himself.

Harry grabbed the side of Ron’s face and swung him to the right, giving Harry the leeway to get on top of him. He thought he heard Mrs. Weasley crying, as well as Hermione, but he couldn’t pay attention right now.

Both boys were wrestling on the floor, in a full muggle fight. Harry was getting his fair share of hits, but it would be a lie if he said Ron didn't put up a fight either.

He didn't know when Ron had done it, but he did. When Harry had been concentrating on punching every inch of him, he was met with a hand across his cheek.

SLAP

He had only hesitated for a little bit. He had to think because he could not figure out what on earth would compel Ron to slap him, instead of punch him. It made him feel so....

CLUNK

He slapped Ron, but he did it with his elbow. And with his other one he brought it straight down to meet Ron's stomach.

That was all he got to do. Though Ron was laying there breathless without any air in him, he still managed to get his feet forward. Don't ask how, Harry didn't know how he had gotten his feet, and placed them across Harry's chest, throwing him off of him.

Harry fell back with great force and found the floor. He got up quickly but so did Ron. Ron had drawn out his wand, Harry wouldn't need his.

The wand must have acted like an alarm; both boys were seized by pairs of hands, to stop them from attacking each other again. Fred, Bill and Charlie had Ron, where Lupin, Tonks, Seamus, Neville, and Mr. Weasley were all holding Harry back.

Upon realizing that they were being held back, both boys still tried to reach one another, without success.

"THAT IS ENOUGH!" Hermione's voice rang out, making Harry stop immediately. Ron stopped because of lack of air.

“Hermione I-” Harry tried to say.

“DON’T YOU HERMIONE ME; YOU SHOULD NOT HAVE GIVEN IN TO HIM. I DON’T CARE THAT HE WAS PROVOKING YOU.”

Ron fell to his knees in exhaustion. He had blood leaking down his face ending at his shirt. His shirt was slightly ripped and his hair was messier than Harry’s.

Harry felt his lip cut, but couldn’t say how bad that damage was. He felt the left side of his face stinging. A fresh cut was just now telling him it was there. He didn’t even have his robes on anymore, and the shirt he was wearing underneath, was cut at the sleeves. Since it was a white shirt, his blood, or Ron’s, had sprayed itself across it.

The floor was just as tattered, and so were the object nearby. Harry was a bit ashamed for letting Ron get the better of him.

“How?” Harry asked. He was asking the question that he needed to know before anything else continued. Hermione understood what he meant.

Ron glared up to her as well; he too wanted to know the answer to that question.

“Yeah how, did you sleep with me and then sleep with him or what,” Ron said in a low tone. Harry knew the only reason he wasn’t yelling was because he was tired, just like he was.

“LUNA COMES HERE. YOU HAVE A LOT OF EXPLAINING TO DO!” Hermione yelled out.

Luna, why would she be calling Luna, Harry thought.

He watched as the girl stepped forward slowly.

“I am so tired of both of you thinking I was the one who did wrong. Of thinking I slept around. I DID NOT SLEEP AROUND. HARRY WAS THE ONLY PERSON I WAS WITH AND THE ONLY PERSON I

INTENDED TO BE WITH!" Hermione's temper must have gotten puncture during the fight, she was getting feisty.

"I don't understand, I counted back the months. We slept together a full month before you slept with Ron," Harry said wishing he hadn't.

"DID YOU NOT HEAR ME, I DIDN'T SLEEP WITH RON!"

"Oh..." Harry felt stupid and small at that moment.

"THAT'S NOT TRUE, WE DID. I REMEMBER, AND I RECALL WAKING UP WITH YOU IN THE MORNING. OR ARE YOU GOING TO TELL ME THAT THAT WAS ALL IN MY IMAGINATION!" Ron's attitude was pissing Harry off again. He had better have more respect for Hermione, or it was going to take more than who was holding him to stop him from killing Ron.

"LUNA!" Hermione yelled freighting the girl a bit.

"Why are you calling her for, what does she have to do with any of this?" Ron asked

"Why don't you try asking her, she has a lot of explaining to do, and I'm not going to take the fall for it," Hermione said plainly.

Everyone was now paying their full attention to her, they were waiting an answer. Ron looked just as confused as ever, but Harry needed to hear what was going to be said to fully understand what was going on.

"Wh-well...what happened..." She paused and took a deep breath. "She's right, this is all my fault. Ron I..." Luna had turned to face Ron and Ron alone.

"Go ahead..." Ron said reassuringly. He was probably thinking his Luna could do no wrong, just like Hermione.

"You didn't sleep with Hermione that night Ron...you...you...you slept with me," Luna said not blinking once.

"Tha-that doesn't make any sense Luna," Ron said connecting his eyebrows. Luna opened her mouth but then started crying.

"What she is trying to say is that, she moved my body into your room so you could think that you slept with me, when I had really slept with Harry." Hermione's voice lacked regret or remorse.

"Is...is this true?" Ron asked the sobbing girl in front of him.

"Ron I...I did it because you thought it was Hermione who you were with that night, I loved you so much that..."

"So you thought it would be best to lie to everyone and make us believe false things," Harry said coldly. He was very fond of Luna but what she did was undeniably cruel to make them go through.

"It's not like that at all, I couldn't stop myself and before I knew it, it happened. I knew he thought I was Hermione, and when I woke up in the morning, I thought the only way I could escape from Ron finding out the truth, was to move Hermione into the room with him. I didn't want Ron to hate me because he was with me and not with her." Luna would not look up from the floor.

"So we did sleep together that night," Harry said to Hermione. She nodded.

"Yes we did, that is why we now have Harmony-"

"I'm sorry guys. I didn't think that things would get this crazy. I figured that Ron would end up leaving Hermione or she would do it sooner or later. But then Hermione disappeared and Ron and I got closer. That was like a dream come true, but then Hermione came back and Ron was all over her like we never happened."

"What did you expect I thought I was going to be a father, not be betrayed by my two best friends, only to find out even later that the girl I was starting to fall in love with also betrayed me. This fucking world is full of bloody traitors," Ron said glaring at everyone in the room.

“Why didn’t no one stop this fight sooner?” Mrs. Weasley asked.

“Were you not watching us, we were. Harry did something so that we couldn’t get close. I’m sorry but I got shocked one time to many to try and reach for them another time,” Lupin said shaking his head.

“I did?” Harry had no idea he had done all that.

“Yes you did. Now what’s going to happen now. I know things can’t go back to the way that they used to be.” Harry loved Tonks, she always knew what to say and when.

“I love Harry, I want everyone in the room to know that. Before I left I broke up with Ron, and I told him the truth. I told him I didn’t love him and that holds true today. Obviously Harry is the father of Harmony so...”

“To many of you this might come as a shock, but we do love each other. I love Hermione and I tried to forget about her for Ron, but love won’t let us forget about each other,” Harry said smiling at the love of his life.

“I still have feelings for Ron, but it looks like he still hasn’t gotten over Hermione, so...” Luna said trailing her voice off.

Now all that was left was Ron’s reaction and how he was going to handle things.

He kept shaking his head and looking up and down.

It looked like Luna didn’t get the response that she was looking for so she went to sit down at her seat.

Ron didn’t look angry anymore, but his face showed he was deep in thoughts. The room grew quieter as they awaited his response.

He still didn’t say anything so Madam Pomfrey hurried over to Hermione and Ginny and handed them a potion to drink.

“Ok, I need the full names that you have decided upon, to write it down,” Madam Pomfrey said recording all the details of the birth.

“Oh...uh...Harmony...Harmony Lillian...” Hermione stopped to see Harry reaction.

He never thought about it, but it was a great idea to have his mother's name as a middle name for Harmony, so he nodded.

“So that will be Harmony Lillian Potter. Lily for short am I correct,” Madam Pomfrey said with a small smile. Hermione laughed but stopped at the appearance of Ron. “Very well and you Miss Weasley.”

“Huh...well we hadn't talked much about that.” Ginny looked up at Malfoy who shrugged.

Harry didn't know if it was just him or was Malfoy extremely nervous and pale. He thought that that part of him would have been calmed down by now, the baby is born after all.

“Make up your mind I don't have all day I have to send this in to St. Mungo's as soon as possible,” Madam Pomfrey said pressurizing them.

“How about...Gabriel Isaiah Malfoy,” Ginny said getting a little squeak out of Mrs. Weasley. Harry looked over to her. It seemed like she wanted to intervene but held her tongue.

“Perfect,” Malfoy said in a low voice kissing her on her forehead. He was attaching himself pretty close to Ginny.

“Well...I guess that all that is left to say is...congratulation,” Mrs. Weasley said to Harry and Hermione. She did something unexpected, she walked up to both of them and gave them hugs.

Now the attention was going back to Harry and Ron.

Both boys were still facing each other, but Ron still hadn't responded. People were now backing away, though Harry was not sure why.

Maybe they wanted to give them the privacy that they had needed since the beginning of the fight.

Staring Ron down got boring after a while so he cautiously took a few steps toward Hermione.

He wanted to look at his new daughter again, and hold in his arms if that was going to be possible any time soon. Even thinking it, was strange to him.

I have a daughter, I have a daughter, he thought to himself. But he stopped halfway due to Ron's voice finally breaking out.

"I wouldn't do that if I were you, scar head. You have taken everything from me so how about I take it back." Harry couldn't believe what he was hearing, the way Ron was speaking he couldn't have sworn it came right out of the mouth of...Malfoy.

"Ro-Ron-" Harry didn't even have time to finish his statement.

Ron had got a blank look in his eyes. For a moment he just stood there like a statue. But after a minute he started to jerk his body around, like he was fighting an inner battle to not do what he was about to.

His hands went down and then up again, Harry didn't know what the hell was wrong with him, if not he would have stopped him.

"Are you...alright?" Harry asked.

Ron stopped his movement and dropped his neck. Slowly, devilishly, he brought it up, revealing his intentions pouring right out of his eyes.

He didn't falter one bit when he raised his wand from his pocket, and pointed it straight towards Harry's heart.

What would happen next, happened in a matter of seconds. Only a few seconds it took to change your life. It was a time frame of a few seconds but to Harry everything slowed down and seemed to take forever.

“AVADA KADAVRA!” Ron yelled shooting sparks of green light out of his wand. Harry’s reflexes moved him to the right as the spell came forward. It narrowly missed him, but that was a very close call. A thousand screams filled his ears, but he had to concentrate on one thing.

“STUPIFY!” Harry yelled raising his hand to the unsuspecting Ron. He had to bring Ron down before he caused any more trouble. The red sparks collided with Ron’s chest. But Harry’s magic was stronger than he calculated. With the shock of Ron actually trying to kill him, and the anger he felt swelling up inside of him, Ron was sent flying back to the nearest wall.

Harry only got a chance to do that and to turn to see a flash of green headed right for Hermione.

“NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!” Harry screamed out watching as the killing curse headed right into the arms of Hermione Granger. It landed into the very last spot would ever wish for, where his daughter was laying.

Harry looked to his left to see how the spell had diverted from its path, to her’s, and saw the unmistakable scorch on the metal cart that Ron had tried to throw on him earlier.

Hermione screamed out with an earsplitting shriek. She instinctively held her daughter to her chest protectively put nothing blocked the killing curse.

Harry fell to his knees, and felt that the air in his lungs had disappeared. It was too late the spell had hit her, there was nothing he could do to stop it now.

He yelled out in an angry cry, shutting both his eyes in the process. He balled his fist together and slammed them straight down into the concrete floor. The ground rumbled and cracked where his fists had hit, and small earth quake filtered the room. When that had stopped he said only one thing.

“WHY!” He screamed with tears in his eyes and voice.

“HARRY!” Hermione called for him, with a different note in her voice. It was a mix of fear and hope that brought Harry to look up from his place.

A bright light, was starting to form coming from where Harmony lay. Hermione looked frantically from Harmony to Harry unsure of what to do.

The light got brighter and brighter until the whole room was filled with it. It was so intense Harry had to close his eyes, to not be blinded by it. His last view was of Hermione being consumed by it before he could not look anymore...

AN: Sorry guys that it took me so long to upload this new chapter. I don't have the chapters written and I have to find time within my hectic days to write, which helps me relax. Next chapter should be up in 2 to 3 days with a maximum of 4. Hope you keep up the wait and thank you to all of my faithful reviewers. And don't forget tot tell me your favorite parts.

Chapter Twenty Five Shadows in the Dark Dedicated to Kathryn

The light got brighter and brighter until the whole room was filled with it. It was so intense Harry had to close his eyes, to not be blinded by it. His last view was of Hermione being consumed by it before he could not look anymore...

As quickly as Harry remembered the light appearing, it was gone altogether. Harry felt like he had been hit by the Hogwarts train.

He was frightened to open his eyes, scared of what he might find. But something made them shoot open, it was a sound.

Not just any sound but the sound that had not even developed into words yet. He thought back to but an hour ago when he first heard that angelic sound fill his ears, he had to say that this time it was more dramatic. He sighed in relief and let out the breath he had been holding for a while now.

If Harry didn't know better he would have said that the noises that Harmony was making were giggles.

Harmony's delicate arm was moving around uncontrollably, she was alive. Harry wanted to fall to the ground with relief and the heart gripping moment he was just forced to pass.

What was that light, and where did it go? Harry did not know the answer to those questions and he didn't need them in pressing time. He was happy, no matter what the miracle, as long as it had occurred.

"Harry," Hermione said softly. He looked up with hopeful eyes, and wiped away all the traces of tears, as he ran towards Hermione. She shifted her gaze from him to Harmony many times, unclear of the events that had transpired.

She was trembling badly; he could see that all the way from where he had been standing. There was much commotion in the background but he didn't pay attention to it. Right now he was trying to focus on

his girls. He was certain things would be explained later, and that was all that really mattered to him.

“Hermione!” Harry said anxiously wrapping her into a hug. He pulled back to surveyed her better. “You’re ok,” he whispered to her holding her face. His eyes penetrated hers, as if to see that there really was a soul inside her somewhere.

She looked startled, shocked, and scared but nodded.

He kissed her forehead, her cheeks, her eyes, and her lips, feverishly. After quickly glancing at his daughter he buried himself in Hermione’s neck, never wanting her to part from him again.

His adrenaline was going, so keeping still was not an option. He lifted himself from her shoulder, and cleared away the stains of moisture on her face.

“Don’t you ever, EVER, do that to me again,” Harry said moving her hair out the way.

Now this was the first time, since he realized he was a father that he would look down upon Harmony through different eyes.

“Can I?” Harry asked uncertain. Hermione looked like she was going to slap him for asking. That look alone told him he was very welcome to carry her.

He told himself to be gentle, for as much as he wanted to grab Harmony and kiss her the same way he did Hermione, he knew better. He didn’t know one thing about babies, but what was instinct if you weren’t going to follow it.

“What happened?” Hermione asked.

Harry shook his head and put his attention to Harmony. She looked tired, but was blinking curiously at Harry. She made a baby noise that made Harry half smile.

Was it just him or did it feel like the whole room was watching him.

Whatever the matter, he couldn't bring himself to tear away from the moment he was having with his daughter. Her hands were up and moving uncontrollably, as to be expected from a new born child. What would not be expected is that she would survive such a treacherous thing as that curse at a young age.

"Just like me," he accidentally said out loud.

The only thing he could hear in the background was Hermione whimpering, he thought about it for a second and realized he had taken Harmony a bit too far for her comfort. So he sat down right next to Hermione and put Harmony right between them.

Harmony was yet again lifting her hand uncontrollably in the air so Harry reached out his hand and caught it. He put his finger in her hand so that she could grip it, feeling the pressure she unconsciously was putting on it, made his relief that much bigger.

Her hands were so small they were barely able to wrap around his finger.

He couldn't resist looking around her body to see if there were any scars on her, and it was when he pulled his finger away that he noticed it. In the palm of her hand was what looked like a phoenix on fire to Harry.

It was glowing bright red, but the color was slowly fading back to normal.

"Look," he whispered to Hermione who gasped and put her hand over her mouth. Any further discussions on that matter were put to rest when a noise broke Harry's silence.

Luna screamed, and Harry could not help being dragged right back into the reality that was his world.

"YOU KILLED HIM!" She screamed trying to reach Ron who Harry had forgotten was unconscious on the floor.

“What?” There was no way; he didn’t hit Ron with that spell hard enough.

Mrs. Weasley who had been trying to reach her son for a while now began screaming at what Luna was accusing.

Harry exchanged fearful glances with Hermione before getting up and heading Ron’s way.

“STOP, ALRIGHT. Someone help me get hold of her and take her outside,” Mr. Weasley said trying to calm Mrs. Weasley down. Lupin was making sure no one got close to Ron. Tonks had apparently already checked on him and placed him on a stretcher.

The way that his body was laying and how his hand fell off the platform made it appear lifeless.

“I didn’t...I didn’t...” Harry mumbled.

“Relax Harry. HE’S NOT DEAD,” Tonks said raising her voice when she said the last part.

“No he’s not dead, Luna stop crying he’s just knocked out cold. WILL SOMEONE GET HER!” Lupin was trying to get a very hesitant Mrs. Weasley to leave to room.

“He’s not dead, but he smells bad,” Seamus said getting many hateful glares in return.

“When you die it takes a while for your body to start to stink, Seamus,” Neville corrected him.

“Dear me never in my years, have I seen such...” Madam Pomfrey said under her breath.

“WHY WON’T YOU LET ME SEE HIM!” Mrs. Weasley said trying to break through to Ron.

“Mom, it’s obvious why. Ron did something very bad, and they are going to need to contain him when he wakes up,” Bill said pulling his

mother back. Mr. Weasley was trying to comfort Luna who was distraught with bloodshot eyes.

“Ron would never do that,” Fred said shaking his head.

“I want to leave,” Fleur cried to Bill who hugged her tightly.

“Fred’s right, Ron would never do that,” Neville said stepping out of the corner.

“He didn’t,” Harry said bringing all the attention back to him.

“What’s that you’re saying?” Seamus asked.

“Ron couldn’t transfigure a cat into a kettle let alone perform the Killing curse,” Hermione said knowingly.

“I know what happened. Ron was being controlled by someone, by means of the Imperius Curse. It was...” Harry turned around towards Ginny who was still in bed with baby Gabriel in her hands. She too had been crying fiercely.

“Where’s Malfoy?” Harry said demanding. Ginny looked to her left and then searched around her. It didn’t seem like she knew he had even disappeared.

“Malfoy, I saw him leave,” Lavender said calmly.

“Leave?” Harry questioned.

“Yeah I saw him go too, but I didn’t think anything of it,” Parvati said standing next to Lavender.

“The fight must have gotten all our attention,” Susan said looking at Neville.

“Malfoy is the one who did it, that is why he fled,” Harry said angrily.

“So Ron didn’t use an Unforgivable,” Molly said hopefully.

Harry shook his head.

"No I noticed he had acted strangely too, that is why I need you to get out so when I wake him, he will be able to be questioned," Lupin said giving Harry a slight nod.

"Are you sure it was Malfoy, Ron had nothing to do with it," Luna said desperately.

"It's Malfoy I'm sure of it. Ron's reaction to all of this was pure up until your confession. He changed I sensed it, the way that he spoke was unmistakable signed-"

"That-that's not true," Ginny said with an angry cry. The baby started wailing with her.

"You would rather believe your brother was trying to kill me. Ginny, Ron no matter how angry he was would not go to the extent of using an Unforgivable on me-"

"He-he was standing right next to me, I-I didn't hear one word come out of him!" Ginny was now fighting to hold back her tears, but they came anyways. It was one of the few times Harry could remember seeing her cry.

"I KNEW IT; I KNEW IT FROM THE BEGINNING THAT THAT BOY WAS BAD NEWS!" Mrs. Weasley was making matters worse. Mr. Weasley knew it would be best to just take her outside and wait, so he hauled her off with the help of Lupin.

"But I don't understand how the spell went to Harmony. You keep saying that he was aiming for you?" Neville asked. Many people were also confused about this, but the answer was very clear to Harry.

"Look," Harry said going to the metal cart that almost took his life away. And by life I meant his daughters, and Hermione's

"What is that?" Fred asked looking at the scorch mark that the spell had left behind.

“Ron...Malfoy...whoever, was aiming for me, but I moved and it bounced off the cart and hit Harmony.”

“There is no way she could have survived that-” Luna tried to talk but Lupin interrupted her. He had come back but Mr. Weasley had to stay behind to hold off Mrs. Weasley.

“You know they said that once about a young boy who was about a year old, and look he is standing here before you. Impossible I think not,” Lupin said putting a hand on Harry’s shoulder.

“But why would Malfoy do that-”

“STOP IT!” Ginny yelled out. Harry understood how hard it was for her. She just gave birth to Malfoy’s child and now she is being told he was trying to kill Harry.

“Ginny I’m sorry-” Harry tried to show her he really was sorry about Malfoy but she cut him off angrily.

“THERE IS NO PROOF, UNTIL I SEE PROOF, I WON’T BELIEVE ANYTHING. HE LOVES ME; I KNOW HE LOVES ME...” At this point she could not stop the tears from leaking out. Madam Pomfrey held Gabriel for her, because he was crying loudly with her.

“No one said he doesn’t love you Gin-” Fred said but stopped abruptly.

“What is it Harry?” Hermione asked. He was tracing his hands on his scar. It stung, not badly but enough to give him warning. Hermione instantly knew what was wrong.

Something is going to happen isn’t it, Hermione thought to him. He tried not to show her she was right, but she could feel every one of his fears like they were thorns.

There was movement out the window; he jerked his head to peer out. It was too dark to see, with a crescent moon to light the whole of Hogwarts, anything could be lurking out there.

No, we're safe, Voldemort is dead. There is nothing that should come after me anymore, Harry thought frantically

What about Death Eaters, Hermione thought to him.

He watched the shadows dance around mockingly laughing at him. The trees were whispering things that he could not hear. Not hearing didn't mean that he didn't feel. He learned by now to always trust his instincts, and they were telling him danger was nearby.

Just when he was about to pull away, what he thought was a shadow pulled about, moving hastily to another spot. Then another, and another, and then suddenly he was seeing black images floating across the grass of Hogwarts.

And as though they were simply swallowed by the ground, they were gone. Or maybe just standing still, he wasn't sure.

They're out there aren't they, Hermione thought to him. He turned to her and then down to his daughter.

I won't let them harm you, or her, Harry thought actually reaching for his wand. Hermione stared back desperately, she was afraid and he knew it.

I won't leave you, she thought getting up from the bed. He strolled forward to meet her.

Are you insane, you just have birth, Harry thought to her with a bit of anger.

Ha, you should know by now that a thing like that is not going to stop me. Besides I'm cured, Madam Pomfrey fixed me up good as new, Hermione thought stubbornly.

That's not the point, Harry thought back to her.

Then what is, I'm not leaving your side. We have always fought together, this time won't be any different, Hermione thought with a smile of triumph on her face.

I don't know what you're smiling about, you're still not going to be anywhere near here if they come in. You need to go now, Harry thought to her grabbing her by the arm. Since he didn't have a hard, firm grip on her she slid out easily.

You know it would be useless to try and make me go off without you. I'm just as stubborn as you if not worse. Face it I'm with you till the end.

Hermione it's different this time.

How?

If something...if something happens to you, Harry thought, not continuing because it made him feel uneasy.

The same thing could happen to you as well, and I'm not going to sit in a corner to let it happen. Harry tossed his hands up after hearing her think that. All he wanted was for her to be safe, why was it so hard for her to understand.

There are other issues involved this time Hermione. Did you ever stop and think what would happen if both of us died, Harry thought. He noticed Hermione wince at the words, die, like they were painful for her to hear, but she had to hear them.

Don't, Hermione thought staring up at him with tearful eyes. She looked down for a second and pulled her eyes up gently. He glared back being entranced by the chocolate brown color that was consuming him. She had gotten so close to him unconsciously that he was able to see the lines in her eyes.

If we were both gone then Harmony wouldn't have parents, and I know you don't want that, Harry thought regretfully. Hermione lower lip started to tremble. She was fighting with this new bit of information, because Harry had a vital point.

I...but...It's not like there wouldn't be anyone to love her like we would have, Hermione thought quickly. Harry felt she didn't know

what more to say. He knew she knew he was right, but her stubbornness was unwilling to leave his side.

It's not the same, trust me I know, Harry thought reflecting on his childhood.

But...you were an orphan and you turned out quite nicely. The way that Hermione thought it was a bit playful but Harry knew she meant every word.

Your not going to change you mind are you, Harry thought. If she was saying something like that, by now there was nothing he would really be able to do to stop her. Harmony stirred around in Hermione's arms, they both looked at her and then looked at each other giving knowing messages hidden behind their stares.

No, Hermione thought shaking her head. Harry raised his hand and cupped her cheeks. Her hand came up and covered the hand he had placed on her face.

She's so beautiful, Harry thought getting distracted. Tears were starting to form in his eyes, but he didn't know it. She blushed and grew a worried expression on her face.

Harry had completely forgotten she could read his thoughts and his emotions. He had just been feeling what he would, if he had lost her or Harmony a while ago, or ever, remembering, he pushed the feelings back.

It's ok, I feel that way too. When you said I was beautiful why did you say it like I wasn't listening? Hermione thought questionably to him.

Because you are, and I thought my thoughts, I have to get used to the fact that they are not mine anymore.

Yes they are, Hermione thought angrily.

No I didn't mean it like that I meant...that they are our thoughts now. I didn't say it for any other reason that I forgot you could hear and that is how I feel, Harry said making Hermione blush more.

I'm not-

I love you, Harry thought interrupting her. She smiled and opened her mouth to speak words to him. He took the opportunity to kiss her lips right where she had been standing. He was completely oblivious to the audience that was watching the couple.

While he was kissing her he felt that her happiness was increased and decreased when he pulled away. They had their lips locked for a long time, but time faded away.

He wanted to stay in a moment like this for the rest of his life, but he knew better. They had to break apart sometime, but it was painful.

I love you too, she thought back to him. What more could be done. He kissed her forehead and hugged her, making sure there was ample room for little Harmony who was curled up in her mother's arms.

"What did he see, he looks spooked," Fred asked Lupin who was pushing them back.

"I don't know. Let's wait until he tells us before we ask him anything," Lupin said before anyone else could open their mouths.

Everyone in the room started to watch as Harry turned to Hermione. Several times his hands went up in frustration but no words were exchanged. They were simply staring at each other but with a look in their her eyes like they both knew what the other was saying.

Their facial expressions changed at random and quite suddenly they stopped staring and he kissed her. It was a simple kiss but they stayed in that position for a full minute before breaking.

Lavender wanted to giggle at what she was seeing. Parvati had a love stricken smile on her face. Susan sighed with joy.

The boys just looked at one another awkwardly. Lupin and Tonks just smiled and held hands. Ginny got up from her bed with baby Gabriel and cried watching them.

When things were at its end and still no words were spoken Ginny finally spoke.

"I don't get it, what happened?" She asked the question that many in the room were wondering.

"They're talking let them finish," Tonks said knowingly.

"With what their eyes," Lavender said getting a few laughs in response.

Laughter rang into Harry's ears bringing him back to reality. He hated how he kept being torn from his moments with Hermione.

"What, why is everyone laughing," Harry said pulling away from Hermione.

"Nothing, don't listen to them. Just tell us what's wrong," Tonks said giving him a wink.

"And what is it with the staring at one another?" Lavender had spoken out of turn because when she asked Susan and Parvati pulled her back aggressively.

Harry and Hermione exchanged glances. Harry made to explain to them what was going on but Lupin interfered.

"Sorry to rush you but we still need to wake Ron up from his slumber," Lupin said making Harry remember.

"Wait...I saw something outside. I think it was Death Eaters," Harry said anxiously.

“Death Eaters?” Lupin and Tonks exchanged glances and immediately went to wake Ron up.

The rest of the people started to panic, and to make matters worse the girls started screaming.

“SHUT UP!” Seamus yelled out.

BAM

As if right on queue Dumbledore had just burst through the door. Harry opened his mouth to tell the Headmaster the news he had recently discovered.

“I already know.” Dumbledore said cutting Harry off.

“We will need to inform the Order,” Lupin said magically lifting Ron up with the stretcher.

“They have been informed; they will take a while to get here because the Death Eaters have set up many obstacles.”

“Obstacles, what kind of Obstacles?” Harry asked the Headmaster.

“I’m not sure, but something that will make it difficult to quickly reach Hogwarts. More than anything it isn’t something powerful, but time consuming. They are on their way inside as we speak. Lupin, Tonks, Bill, Fleur, Fred, Arthur, I must ask you to follow me to the Great Hall. That is where we will stand them off.” Dumbledore said briskly.

“I’m going too,” Harry said going to Lupin’s side. Dumbledore was in no mood to complain or he knew Harry could help because he didn’t argue.

“I’ll fight them too. We aren’t staying behind,” Neville said bravely.

“I know I won’t be able to stop anyone who is willing to fight come with us, and I know that their numbers are great, so we will need all the help we can get. However, in the event that we do not succeed there is a problem,” Dumbledore said with concerned eyes.

"What is that?" Harry asked fearfully.

"They won't leave any survivors. If they come through and find any student they won't hesitate to kill them I assure you. Help will not get here in time to see that they won't do it. For you my older students I know you have a fighting chance but-"

"It's just like last time," Susan said crying on Neville shoulder.

"I regret to say yes, it is. I wish I did not need your help, but I feel if I do not give you a chance, a good chance by my side, then you will die anyways." Dumbledore seemed to be rushing the conversation a bit, but Harry had to ask.

"You speak like you will die."

"One does not know the outcome of what lies ahead. It is a possibility that I do not want to wager against. Imagine myself up against hundred Death Eaters, I am not as powerful as you may think." Dumbledore winked at Harry. He didn't know why but it made him angry, how could Dumbledore be winking at him at a time like this.

"What do you want me to do?" Neville asked over a crying Lavender.

"I want you to take the girls, and alert the school. They know protocol it was taught to them last year. All who are willing to come and fight follow you, but make sure that they do not go any further than third year and below," Dumbledore said turning for the door.

"Wait where am I suppose to take rest of them?" Neville asked.

"Some place safe, I have faith you will find a place. You must hurry and go now, there is isn't much time. GO NOW!" Dumbledore bellowed, making Neville jump. He seized the Lavender's shaking form, and motioned for the other to follow him. They were gone and out of sight in the blink of an eye.

“And...what about these two,” Harry said pointing at Ginny and Hermione who hadn’t left with Neville. Dumbledore turned around once more.

“I’m not leaving you, I already told you,” Hermione said angrily. She knew that this was a lame attempt to make Dumbledore force her to stay.

“We do not have time to force people who do not want to go to leave. Now we must be on our way,” Dumbledore said heading out the door this time.

Everyone followed him immediately; it was like a frantic race to get to the end. Lupin just magically made Ron’s stretcher follow them, he needed to question him, and he couldn’t do it on the run.

“Surly you can’t allow them to come with us, what about the babies,” Harry said like Dumbledore was insane. He felt he was the only one who had any sense left in his brain.

“We cannot leave them behind; there is no one to watch them. If their mothers leave who will see to them, I am not forcing them to come Harry,” Dumbledore said calmly. Harry felt like Dumbledore was doing this in purpose.

“Where are you going Ginny, come on we have to go hide.” Mrs. Weasley came with a flourish to the rescue.

“No mum, I have to...I have to see.”

“See what? What on earth would you need to see?” Mrs. Weasley glared back at Mr. Weasley trying to get her to back her up.

He looked at Dumbledore. At this point Harry was sure that these two knew something that they were not telling. Mr. Weasley must have made his mind up and thought of what to say.

“Molly, I admit that she shouldn’t go, but it’s her choice.” Mrs. Weasley looked like she was going to kill him for saying that.

“WHAT, well your not going Hermione. I won’t have Harmo-”

“Harry, calm down. Before I came into the room I was informed of what happened during my absence. I must say that for a baby to block the killing curse, it is astonishing...shows great power behind her and...those who love her. Also do you remember what I explained to you in my office about the Weasley and Malfoy bloodlines. I must stress to you that I feel they will be safer than you and I, and especially if they are not left in the hands of a stranger.” Harry didn’t know he could ever be so angry at Dumbledore. Even when Hermione was gone and he didn’t want to tell him where she was, he wasn’t as angry.

“They won’t be left with a stranger, Mrs. Weasley can stay with them,” Harry said looking desperately at Molly.

“I can, I can stay with both of them. Please don’t do this girls,” Mrs. Weasley pleaded with them.

“She is vight. Vey should not be here,” Fleur said entering the Great Hall.

“No, I have to find Malfoy,” Ginny said walking right in through the oak doors proudly.

“Ginny, Hermione, listen to yourselves, you risking your children’s lives for the men that you love. I’m sure that both of them would give their lives for their kids, why are you going to stay?” Fred asked.

“I...I don’t know but something just...just feels like. There is something telling me that I have to bring Harmony with me.” Harry looked at Hermione as she said these words like she had gone insane.

He tried to speak but he wasn’t even sure what he would say to that.

“Dumbledore please, you can’t be serious,” Harry said entering the Great hall. There were teachers awaiting their arrival. McGonagall was pale but had her wand ready to fight. Hagrid was there too, but the only one who was missing that Harry could see was Snape.

The Great Hall was lacking in their usually tables and chairs. There were many concrete, short walls that were placed close to the doors. Harry assumed that they would be to duck behind when a flying curse was sent their way.

"You brought them all," McGonagall said swiftly. Harry noted the tone of voice she was using was not suggesting he had made a bad decision. Instead it sounded like she was hoping he had brought everyone. Secrets were Harry's worst provocation.

"THAT'S IT! Tell me what you guys know. I will take Hermione and Harmony out of this room and leave with them if I have to, so tell me what you know that I don't. No one is this calm about bringing children into battle, any battle!" Everyone was now staring at Harry; the room grew quite waiting for Dumbledore's answer.

"These children cannot die, so they will be perfectly safe. They are not immortal, trust me when their time comes they will die eventually. They are resistant to curses, and even physical damage to an extent. I do not have time to explain it to you, but believe my words true. This is what the prophecy was talking about. This battle right here, the one that is going to take place. They are involved as much as you are, Harry." Dumbledore didn't yell these words out, but he said them with enough tone to show Harry he needed to listen.

What, how can this be true, Harry thought.

You are powerful, Hermione thought to him.

So are you.

Then we must have both passed that one to Harmony, Hermione thought.

It is still...Harry thought looking down at the small form of Harmony. Was it true, would nothing be able to harm his little girl.

She did pass the killing curse, Hermione thought to him.

Harry agreed, it was remarkable but the worry would still remain.

"What and we are supposed to agree and not ask questions," Mrs. Weasley said rudely.

"Molly, it is true what he says, he has explained it to me," Mr. Weasley said pulling his wife away.

"YOU KNEW ALL THIS TIME!" Mrs. Weasley yelled out. He pulled her away and their words were drowned by Lupin's.

"Where are they entering from?" Everyone knew he was talking about the Death Eaters.

"They are coming in from the trophy room beside the staff table. The hidden door we had set up for the students to escape from last year is their main entry. All other ways have been blocked; I also took the liberty of making sure that they would not be able to go anywhere but here in this direction." Dumbledore had taken out his wand and was now tabbing it firmly in the air. Nothing was happening, but Harry knew he was doing a spell.

All the teachers began to join him, and they started mimicking his hand movement.

He said an incantation Harry could not hear and a bright purple light had come out the end of his wand. He aimed it for the door, but the spell didn't reach the wood. A purple wall was formed a few feet from them. It covered wall to wall, ceiling to floor. It looked like sparks of electricity was running through it. Harry could see through to the other side, though the purple hazed it a bit.

"Is...is this wall going to stop them from coming in," Harry said. It looked like it could hold back an army, but he needed Dumbledore's words to assure him.

"It will hold them back long enough. I'm not going to lie and say this wall will stop them, there are spells that can break through."

"Why don't you place them everywhere then," Harry said.

"I have a few placed at the entrance that they are going to use to enter. I also have placed them on every door that would lead them to other areas of the castle, to bring them here. I did that on purpose so that we will be the ones to face them and not a first year. I want to give the students enough time to go and hide. The Order should be here before the Death Eaters figure out where they are hidden." Dumbledore had placed his hands down and grabbed his wand hand painfully.

"This wall is extremely hard to make, and even harder to keep up. It drives off the maker's energy, but only so much can be placed into it or you won't have any magic left in your body," McGonagall said examining the door.

"How many can you make exactly, can I help?" Harry asked anxious to be of use.

"No Harry, you need all the power you can get. Know you will be a bigger target than I will. You can make quite a few at a time; I sense that the one that I placed in the entrance is being penetrated." Dumbledore continued to massage his wand hand, making Harry uneasy.

"How did they even get in here, that door was a secret from everyone, most of the Order was completely unaware of its existence? Someone would have to have known that the door was a weak entrance point, because it was made apart from the school," Tonks said suspiciously.

Mr. Weasley had returned, with an angry Mrs. Weasley on his tail.

"I had to be someone on the inside, a traitor in our midsts. The problem was not in the door itself, or in the making of it. The problem was that it was chosen to surprise us that entry is not as weak as you claim it to be, I made sure of that. I admit it out served its uses but remained, because it wasn't a threat. Obviously they didn't count on the fact that I knew something would happen and also placed many alarms if anything other than staff and student approached a mile

away.” Dumbledore inhaled deeply and looked around to the people in the room.

I bet it was Snape, Harry thought angrily.

It can be anyone, you don’t have proof, Hermione thought to him. He knew she was right, but she didn’t know what he walked in on his saying to Malfoy.

“Molly, I must ask you to go find the others. I need you to guide the young ones to safety. Neville has hidden them somewhere, ask him where they are, stay with them and only come out if you are positive it is safe,” Dumbledore said in a demanding tone.

Mrs. Weasley looked at her family and began to cry silently. She went around and hugged each one of them including Harry and Hermione. She whispered advice and I love you’s in their ears.

“Make sure you watch out for that lovely baby girl of yours ok Harry,” she said sparkling tears in her eyes.

“You know I will,” Harry said confidently.

“And Hermione, watch out for her too. I’m sure you both will make a lovely couple when this is over...well I must go,” she said giving Harry one last hug. She asked Ginny if she was going to come one last time before leaving. Ginny declined and stood firmly in place with Fred and Bill at her side.

Harry could not understand why evil had to lurk out of corners waiting to take his happiness if he should have it. Everything was happening so quickly. Not a few hours ago he had found out Hermione had returned, found out she was pregnant, was by her side when she gave birth, found out he was a father, fought with Ron, almost lost his daughter, and now found out that Death Eaters were attacking the school. What a busy day this was turning out to be.

His heart beat was starting to beat heavily. He didn’t know what was to come or what was awaiting him. He felt queasy having two girls with their children here, but Dumbledore requested that they stay.

Dumbledore usually has a good hold on things, and he could do nothing more than to agree with it.

Now everyone was just silent, waiting for the worst. There were not many people in the room, and Harry knew that the Death Eaters numbers would rein high. All he could do was think of the life that he might have, if in the end things turned out good. He wanted to think of the things that would bring joy to his life, instead of pain.

There was good in the world, and there was still evil. He killed the leader but had to deal with the supporters. Maybe he was ready, maybe he wasn't. He didn't know how Harmony fit into this, and he knew Hermione wouldn't leave his side.

"Hey, it will get better I promise," Hermione said softly.

"Yeah Harry, you know things have to get worse before they get better," Tonks said behind him.

"We'll give them hell, won't we," Seamus said beside him.

"They will wish that they never came, for whatever reason they did," said Fred confidently.

"Why did they come?" Harry asked.

"Why else. They want complete power and we are in their way," McGonagall said simply.

Harry began to wonder how many more volunteers would come to help; they were going to need a lot of it.

"I never thought we would have to ask our own students to help us fight the evil that is in our world," Dumbledore said reading Harry's mind.

"We don't have a choice, but many of them don't know how to fight like this," McGonagall said shaking her head.

“Do not underestimate them, it will surprise you how much they know and what they can accomplish,” Dumbledore said looking directly at Harry.

“Do you really think that us and a few other students will be able to defeat all the Death Eaters that are coming?” Harry asked. His question was directed to Dumbledore but he was looking at Hermione.

“They have the numbers, but we have the heart.” Dumbledore said proudly.

“We have Harry, that has to count for something,” Seamus said laughing.

“That counts a whole lot,” Bill said playing with Gabriel.

Dumbledore set up chairs and simple tables to sit on to await the next moves.

“Shame zat Durmstrang had to go fraternizing with zem. I heard zat that is where zey stay now, all zos Death Eaters...” Fleur said with her voice trailing off. She has a scared note in her voice.

Harry knew Fleur wasn't as delicate as people would suspect her to be. She did after all get selected to be one of the champions during the Triwizard Tournament.

Her comment however only made their realization that they were outnumbered worse. And so the silence grew on, with only the babies breaking the silence every so often.

Harry pulled Hermione and Harmony close to him, determined to enjoy every bit of them as he could.

Hermione sensed his unease so she wrapped her hand around his and laid her head on his chest with Harmony to be held by the both of them. There they sat in the painfully silence, knowing a dark hour would be upon them soon. Their eyes wandered to others, thinking if this would be their last hour, or the person's next to you.

"We should wake Ron up," Mr. Weasley said releasing the tension in the air.

"I can't believe we forgot about Ron," Hermione said astonished.

"I'll wake him," Lupin said heading towards the stretcher.

AN: Ok I know you guys must be mad for the long wait, but I got busy. I had to work Friday and I rested Saturday and had my little fun for new years I know I know, should have been here writing instead Sunday I had to work too, but here I am and I don't expect the next chapter to take as long, but if it does please forgive, I does take an incredible amount of time for me to write these chapter. I tried not to leave it at a cliffhanger but I really didn't know where to leave it that wouldn't want you to read the rest. I picked a random place and it just so happened to be there, note I don't this is a cliffhanger, but you may. Trust me I was going to originally make it worse. Lol. Well I hope you liked it, and don't forget tot ell me your favorite part

I also wanted to say since the last chapter held a flame I thought this time I could put in a good review, not to want to make it a competition or anything, but I decided to decided the rest of the chapter to a reviewer who I think left an excellent review, please don't just try and make it a competition to have me dedicate a chapter to you, let it be what you feel. And also thank you for those of you who even bothered to leave a review, all of you are greatly thanked. Really, thank you.

Reviewer Harmonyalwaysandforever wrote: OMG, your story is just so amazing! I'm blown away every time I read it. Seriously, I check every day for updates, I mean, obviously you can't update everyday, I mean who can? But I check anyways. Is that pathetic or what? You just write so real. I feel like I'm in the story! I can't resist rereading it every chance I get. I really do think your FF is the best I've ever read. Seriously, I love it to death. You are a fantastic writer! Ok, so now onto the FF. You know what you can improve? NOTHING! It's perfect, literally. There isn't a thing I would change. I loved the part where Harry just couldn't put up with what Ron was saying about Hermione, him, and the baby. I would have started fighting way before that. But, I really think Harry would try to work things out first. You have him so

into character it isn't funny. You have everyone into character so perfectly. It's truly amazing. I'm glad the truth has finally come out. I have been in such suspense, waiting for it to happen. You had it happen so perfectly too. I loved it. I really want to know what happened to Ron. What the hell possessed him? God, I hope the baby hasn't died, but by the sound of it, it sounds like she'll live. I love your couples in this too. They're my favorite. I think they're all perfect for each other. Well, that's it. Hey, like my username:wink, wink: I got it after reading your FF for the first time. Oh, and I also love the names of your chapters. I always have the hardest time coming up with them. God, how do you do it? Yours are all so perfect. :Sigh: To be able to write like you...LOL. Ok, so enough with all that. I really do love your FF, and hope to read the next part soon. (Very, very soon, lol) Your biggest fan, Kathryn

Chapter Twenty Six A Stag of Light Dedicated to
Harry4NDhermione4eva

"We should wake Ron up," Mr. Weasley said releasing the tension in the air.

"I can't believe we forgot about Ron," Hermione said astonished.

"I'll wake him," Lupin said heading towards the stretcher.

"Do you think that he will react like before?" Seamus had been the one who asked.

"Not quite sure what will happen, but to be on the safe side, Tonks you stand to my side with you wand out. If he tries anything funny, paralyze him," Lupin said lifting Ron's head up.

Harry feared that his friendship was ruined with Ron. He didn't want to lose it, but if it meant staying with Hermione then he would give it up.

"Ennervate," said Lupin. He pointed his wand at Ron's heart while he performed the spell.

Ron's reaction to the spell was immediate. Through the disoriented vision, Harry was sure Ron was having, he looked mildly confused.

"Where-where am I?" Ron asked.

"Can you sit up?" Lupin asked him.

"Wha-yeah," Ron said rubbing the back of his head. The blow that Harry gave him must have been hurtful.

"Ron, I need to ask you some questions, are you straight enough to answer properly?" Lupin asked impatiently.

The rumbled from the castle was beginning to get louder. It was a sign that the Death Eaters were not too far behind. Many times Harry actually felt the ground shake from under him, but it was insignificant in size.

"Harry I...did I?" Ron started to look around frantically for an unknown object. It was obvious to Harry that he was looking for Hermione, who was standing behind him with a baby in her arms.

"Ron listen to me, I want you to tell me what-" Ron cut Lupin off.

"I didn't do it. I sent the spell but I had no control over it. It was like bad dream and...and Harry knows I would never...don't you Harry!" Ron's tone was desperate and loud.

"Ron slow down, I believe you. It was Malfoy who did it," said Harry getting a reproachful look from Lupin.

"We don't have proof on that just yet!" Ginny sounded hurt, but Ron wasn't the type who cared much about keeping his feelings for Malfoy inside.

"We don't need proo-" Ron had gotten as far as those words out his mouth when he was forcefully cut off.

"So you remember what happened," said Mr. Weasley stopping the sibling fight that was bound to occur. Ron instantly got a horror-struck look on his face but nodded.

"I do, but like I said I couldn't control anything I was doing. It was the Imperius Curse, remember it from our fourth year with Mad-Eye. Where...where is Luna?" Ron took to looking about more frantic then when he had been when looking for Hermione.

"She went to hide the young students with Neville," said Bill joining the conversation.

"What? Why?" Ron's questions were getting Lupin frustrated, because he was the one who should be asking questions.

"The Death Eaters are attacking," said Hermione, coming proudly from behind, where Harry had been standing.

"Hermione, your alright and...Ha-Harmony?" It was unmistakable to deny the saddened look on Ron's face when he asked her about her daughter.

"She's fine, the spell didn't damage either of us. Everyone is okay, but I don't know how long that will last," Hermione said looking over to the wall that Dumbledore had created.

"You know I would never try and actually kill Harry, or you...right Hermione," Ron asked avoiding all forms of eye contact.

"Ron...of course you wouldn't. I just hope that..." Hermione didn't know what else to say. What could she say that showed she was sorry for betraying him, but didn't regret it.

There was an awkward silence where Ron stared at Hermione. He then took his gaze and fixed it on Harry.

"I get it," said Ron sadly.

"You get what?" Harry asked this to be certain he was not hearing things made up in his imagination.

"I get it...you...her...both of you together. I knew it a long time ago, but I thought...I thought that things could change. We had a connection, but you had it best. Hermione and I were best friends, but you and her were better friends. We would fight nonstop over idiotic things and accomplish nothing. You two would solve all the puzzled that were thrown at you...together. Whether it was rescuing Sirius, preparing for the Triwizard tournament, Battling side by side, or researching a problem. You two could always do it, but it had to be together. I saw the way you looked her and how she looked at you, but you were the ones who were so blind to it that I thought there

might be nothing. Then I guess I just went into denial, wanting to think that the only way that you two would ever think of each other is as brother and sister...but things change. I'm sorry for blowing up like I did when I first found out Harmony wasn't mine, but you have to understand." Ron's eyes were darting back and forth around the ground. Harry hadn't expected Ron to be okay with them being together so easily. A silence overcame them, while Hermione gracefully entwined her hand within his.

"They are getting closer Albus, what are we going to do if we can't hold them off." Professor McGonagall's voice eradicated across the Great Hall. She turned, startled that her comment had been louder than expected. The frightened look in her eyes brought the tired, and doubtful expression on her face, to look older than it was.

"What's all this about Death Eaters again," said Ron getting up from his stretcher and focusing on the wall he hadn't noticed before.

"You want the long version or the short version of what happened after you were knocked out," said Fred. He made sure to emphasize on the words knocked out.

"About that, Ron I'm sorry about tossing you so far and...it was an accident, friends" said Harry with an apologetic tone. He was suggesting to Ron that they bury it all behind them.

"Friends, I would have done the same if you tried to kill me...well I would if I could," said Ron laughing and breaking the tensions around the room. They had made up at last.

"This is no laughing matter, apparently it is obvious to you that Ron wasn't acting under his own accord, but yet you don't allow me to question him properly." Lupin was getting a frustrated tone in his voice.

"What is there to question?" said Charlie. His voice speaking out shocked Harry because he had been silent the whole time.

"Uh...well like Ginny said we don't know who really did it, because we really don't have proof and I'm trying to figure out-"

“What does it matter anymore, that is not the problem that needs to be fixed right now. Do any of you not realize that we are going to be attacked!” Hermione yelled out bringing everyone back to reality.

“She’s right we need to prepare ourselves, we’ll deal with what happened later. Ron do you think that you will be fit to fight,” said Tonks quickly.

“Oh yeah of course, but what are Hermione and Ginny doing here with their babies. Shouldn’t they be going to where Luna is?” Ron asked concerned.

“Thank you,” said Harry. He was so ecstatic that someone besides himself thought this crazy idea was wrong.

“Uh your welcome, for whatever I did.”

“Dumbledore already told you the babies are special,” said Ginny angrily.

“Not special enough to be here when this is all going down, and can someone please really explain to me what is going on,” said Ron desperately.

“Charlie you explain it to him, you’re the only one who hasn’t spoken to him, maybe you can get some sense into him,” said Bill.

“Maybe we should have just left him alone. I think he was less of a bother asleep, don’t you?” said Seamus winking at Harry. He was joking around, and Harry didn’t mind it because it help the thick air loosen up. He decided to play at their game.

“I told Lupin not to wake him, and then maybe he would just be able to play dead and no one would know the difference,” said Harry seriously, even though he wasn’t.

“Hey!”

"No we shouldn't have done that because then he might snore and they will know he's not dead. Then one of us is going to have to go save him," Mr. Weasley said truthfully.

"That's not true!"

"Either way he's a bother, because your going to have to be watching his back all the time, by the way Ron if you see any brains around, don't pick them up," Bill said getting only a laugh out of Fleur.

"I...I can fight. Maybe not as good as Harry and some of you but I can help. I want to help," said Ron defending.

"Ok Ron but don't forget the rules of fighting, no breaks for snacks and no timeouts."

That must have been the last straw for Ron. He got his famous red in the face, and muttering in much the same way that Mrs. Weasley was when she first saw Harmony.

Everyone was laughing really hard inside. The group just wanted to burst out with all the laughter they had, but had retained it. Seeing Ron act the way he did was the peak of their blockage. Ron's confusion on what was so funny made matters worse.

It wasn't until the silence subdued that the eerie silence was more deafening then ever. It was the quite right before the storm hit. Charlie went right on ahead not minding the knotted silence that was enslaving everyone to sink into the dark. And though everyone knew the story, every ear listened attentively to what Charlie was informing upon Ron.

"I didn't say goodbye to my mother, or my father. Did you hear that? They're breaking in already and we don't have anyone yet," said Lavender who was crying viscously.

"That wasn't anyone breaking in, it was just the sound of the stairs changing direction," said Parvati annoyingly.

"We need to be quick their isn't a lot of time," Neville said impatiently.

"I'm going to go right on ahead to the Ravenclaw common room and inform everyone there. Where do you want me to take all the younger ones," Luna said calmly.

"It doesn't matter where they go...we are going to be found. They are going to come in... and kill us all, even in our sleep...they would do it. That's how it was last time...no where to run...nowhere to hide." Parvati was trying to calm Lavender down, who looked two seconds away from a nervous break down.

"No one is going to die if we hurry and get the job done. Luna..." Neville's voice trailed off. He was trying to think but Lavenders sobbing cries were loud and noisy.

"Yes?" Luna respond.

"I'm trying to think of a...BE QUIET!" He was in a panic as it was and Lavender was making it worse.

"I know, Luna meet me in front of the Room of Requirement, I have an idea," said Neville hastily. The girl was off in the blink of an eye, leaving Neville to wish he had gone off in that direction too.

The ground shook beneath them, bringing out their arms, in an unconscious manner. It wasn't too bad so they quickly got their ground again.

"What was that, do you think they really did make it inside?" Susan questioned worriedly.

"I don't know, I really don't know," said Neville turning to face her.

"Come to think of it I didn't say anything nice to my parents the last I spoke to them, what if this is my last night here and-" Parvati was cut off.

“Don’t say that, that is the last thing that we need to hear,” Susan said tearfully. Neville looked around to all the girls who were all pale and held the same expressions on their faces.

“We need to hurry, they might need us soon,” said Neville anxiously.

“Need us, what the hell are we going to do against a bunch of grown up Death Eaters, who know twice the magic we do. Don’t even mention the fact that they are using illegal curses and what do we do, far worse damage,” Parvati said sarcastically.

Neville could tell that she was starting to panic just like Lavender, but if she did he wasn’t going to be able to cope with two insane girls.

“No one said you had to go anywhere, you are going to help take the younger kids to safety, that is all,” said Neville coldly.

“This time feels worse than before,” Susan said uncertain.

“I know, I think it is going to be worse. The Death Eaters have been gaining power over time and know what mistakes not to make this time. Susan I need to go to the Hufflepuff common room and alert them please, meet me the same place as Luna.”

Susan was off faster than Luna had disappeared. Meanwhile he was racing to get to the Gryffindor common room.

“I’m too young to die, I still have to get married and have children. I still have a lot of shopping that can be done, and parties I can attend. My life has been too short....too short to end here,” said Lavender tearfully.

“Were not going to die, beside your not going to be in the fighting, we are,” Parvati said dragging a reluctant to walk Lavender.

“We are?” Neville questioned while he lifted his pace to a jog.

“I’m not staying behind, they didn’t put me in Gryffindor for no reason. Last time those assholes got my sister, and damn them they are going to pay,” said Parvati angrily.

"Brings back old times with DA and stuff huh," Neville said falsely smiling.

"We learned how to defend ourselves, but I don't remember anything, oh no they're coming," Lavender said making a turn to run in the other direction. Parvati grabbed her by the arm and twisted her around.

"Well all the stuff we learned will pay off I'm sure, Harry taught us himself, and you know he is powerful," said Parvati pulling Lavender.

"I guess all that is left is the Slytherin common room, but I can't go there, they will murder me. Last time I passed by their common room they put me inside on of the metal suits of armor and placed a silencing charm on it. I was in there for a whole day before the spell wore off," said Neville trying not to recall the horrible incident.

"I'd do it, that's not a problem. What I need to know is if you will be able to handle this girl," said Parvati with a low tone.

Neville was skeptical, he didn't want to be left alone with this hysterical Lavender, but it needed to be done.

"NO don't leave me Parvati, if we split up they will kill us faster. I don't want to die, I don't want to die. I DON'T WANT TO DIE!" Lavender was now screaming tearfully and had almost let herself fall to the floor. Neville was sure she had already gone over the edge.

SLAP

Parvati had just struck Lavender across her cheek. The sound of her hand hitting skin echoed loudly about their surroundings. Lavender's eyes became wide and her mouth was wide open. Her hand flew up to meet the very spot where Parvati slapped her. Neville doubted that she was even breathing at how shocked she was.

"Don't give me that look, you needed it." Parvati didn't even wait to make sure that Lavender had fully calm down. She mumbled

something under her breath and blinked many times before leaving in a haste.

Lavender's tears came down heavy but quite, and Neville stood impatiently waiting for her to come to her senses. When he thought plenty of time went by he finally called out to her and snapped his fingers in front of her face.

"I'm sorry but there is no time to be wasting, I don't want to leave you here Lavender but if I have to I will," Neville said bluffing. He had to try something, anything, to get her to move along with him.

"I...I'm sorry, I'm just not ready for this. Last time there was so much panic and people running around everywhere. I don't think...that I can handle it." Lavender started sobbing on him, not sure where to put his hands, he settled with patting her gently on the back.

"Lav listen to me, last time was different. Last time there was so much confusion and disorder that they were sending spells off in every direction, not really paying attention who was hit with them. If you don't cooperate with me, you may die, and so many others. I need you to straighten up and show me some of that Gryffindor that you have in you. Go to the Gryffindor common room and alert them, I need to go to the Room of Requirement to meet up with Luna, she should be there by now. Ok, lavender, can you do that?" Neville asked.

"I...yes, yes I can," said Lavender taking in a deep breath.

"Go." Neville commanded pointing her the right way.

With a determined face she set off in that direction, and it wasn't until Neville could no longer see her that he headed off to the Room of Requirement.

Upon arriving, his suspicions were confirmed, Luna had arrived and was swarming with students. Everyone was glancing around frantically. Many scared faces were seen in the crowd, and a few of them jumped when he came into focus.

“Alright Neville what now?” Luna asked. She was at the entrance where the door should be.

“Everyone think of a safe, comfortable place where you can hide. Make it so that if someone goes into this room, you can easily hide. Uh...we have to walk by the door three times with this thought in our head.” Neville wasn’t used to giving commands, and much less having them be followed. He knew now what Harry was feeling when he had to teach everyone the spells in their fifth year.

He passed the wall three times and to his relief, a door appeared. He went inside quickly.

The room had no indication of being different from any other room whatsoever. Neville glanced around and found that there were sofa’s along with a game area. Some he noticed right off the back, were muggle games, but other things like wizard chess were there too. They were placed so invitingly tempting that Neville wished he could stay in this room as well. But this wasn’t what he had in mind and definitely not what he needed.

“Are you guys sure that you thought of a safe place?” Neville questioned. The young frightened faces looked more astonished and fascinated but the devices in front of him that Neville did.

He got many agreeing nods, and Luna simply stood at the doorway looking displeased. “Where are all the places that are suppose to be here for them to hide, if the Death Eaters get in this far?”

“I don’t kno-” Neville stopped talking suddenly. As if the room had heard Luna’s call all the object’s in the room started changing. The wizard’s chess transformed into a pile of broken dishes, and the sofa’s creaked loudly opening itself up. the space that it revealed proved to be big enough for any person, or two to fit comfortably. The same process followed around the room, revealing many hidden doors and converting the games into meaningless dusty objects. The very walls themselves, had doors that could not been seen, unless they opened like they had just done now, along with the lights dimming and broken things to be scattered about.

The group of students that had been behind Neville had crowded together tightly because they did not know what was going on, but soon the room's intentions became apparent.

"Look, the light on top of the door is flashing red, what does that mean?" A young boy with a brown scruffy hair, and eyes like an owl had spoken.

"I think it signals when someone is coming," said Luna opening the door slightly and peering out. "It's Susan she here with all the Hufflepuffs."

She opened the door widely and let her and the others in, while a major group stayed outside.

"WAIT!" Someone cried out right when they were going to close the doors. It ended up being Mrs. Weasley, who ran the rest of the way. "Thank goodness I found you, I had just accidentally came across this hallway," she said out of breath.

"Is this where we are going to stay?" A Hufflepuff girl questioned.

"Yeah but it has games and television and couches, but it's all hiding right now." Neville wasn't sure who had said that but as soon as he did, the room started to rearrange itself to its original objects. He even noted that the room had expanded a little to accommodate the large group of students that had entered.

"What are you doing here Mrs. Weasley?" Luna asked nicely.

"I'm going to watch over this lot I suppose," Mrs. Weasley responded.

"Do you know what the status was when you left?" Neville asked anxiously.

"Not good, but they hadn't entered yet, but I don't know how much that will hold," said Mrs. Weasley uncertainly.

"Then I better go, the Slytherins and the Gryffindors should be get-"

"They're already here," Luna said opening the door and getting a rush a brand new students. Lavender came in last. She still looked pale and like she was going to vomit but had a proud expression across her face.

"That's not right, Parvati should have been here by now with the Slytherins. She left before you did Lavender so I don't know why she's not back," said Neville nervously.

"You know how they get, probably don't want to believe what is going on or acting stubborn, I'm sure they will get here soon," said Luna confidently.

"Alright I guess you have a point. I'm going to take everyone else down," said Neville trying to talk over the noises of the games that were going on in the room.

Neville stood in front of them for a few seconds to really survey what was going on before leaving with a quick pace. Not many of the students who volunteered to come really knew what was going on so he filled them in on the news on the way to the Great Hall. There was more people than he expected, but the absence of the Slytherins made him nervous. He swallowed any doubts and fears trying to gather his courage and place it at the root of his heart, but still the walk was as silent as ever.

"Do you really think that Parvati is going to be back soon?" Lavender asked Luna.

"She's been gone a while, and not one Slytherin has showed up, do you want to go looking for her?"

"What, and risk being caught outside, you heard Mrs. Weasley they can enter at any minute," said Susan. It was clear to Luna that she was very frightened and wanted to stay within the compounds of the room.

"You want to leave her out there alone," said Lavender suddenly.

"She's not alone, just....lost," Susan replied.

"She can't be lost, maybe we need to help her convince the Slytherins or something, come on we don't have a lot of time," Luna said already leaving.

Lavender didn't hesitate in following her out, and Susan had only two seconds to react.

"Mrs. Weasley if we come we will knock three times evenly so you know it's us. We will come back in a while, but you can't risk opening the door for anyone even if it might be the Slytherins."

"Oh Susan is it, of course dear. You don't have to worry, that part is for me," Mrs. Weasley said with a smile. This gave enough initiative for Susan to go bolting out the door to follow the others.

"This is going to get ugly and serious," Ron said surprised.

"What were you expecting Ron, that this battle was going to be a piece of cake," said Harry angrily.

"No of course not I just, I didn't think. A lot has happened today you can't blame me for being so overwhelmed," Ron said in response.

"Well you can tell that to the Death Eaters when they get here. Stop don't fire your spell, I have had a very long day," Hermione retorted back.

"I didn't mean it like that, all I was saying is forgive me for being so unable to sink in what we are about to do."

"Try having a baby and almost thinking your daughter is dead, along with having to watch your two best friends fight and having to confess that-"

"This is not a time to be arguing about that," Harry said stepping in the middle of the two. Harmony had started to cry a bit from the yelling that they were doing.

"She started it," Ron said softly.

"And I'm ending it. Ron I need you to focus, be by my side or get out." Harry wasn't going to dance around the point, it was plain and simple.

"Did you guys hear that?" Fred had gotten the fighting to stop by merely saying that line. When everyone got quite, the noise that he heard was clearer than ever.

"They are just outside the door," Dumbledore said raising his wand to try and strengthen the electric wall that was a few feet from the wall.

Harry instinctively put Hermione behind him.

"You don't have to do that," she said angrily.

"Hermione what are you really going to do, are you going to use Harmony as a shield every time a spell is sent your way. Maybe your going to pause and place Harmony gently down and take out your wand to perform a spell." Hermione grew red in the face from Ron's comment. Harry felt his words were right but he didn't want be on the end of Hermione anger like Ron was now.

"Must make you feel intimidated."

"What is that suppose to mean?"

"That I can hold a baby while I block and perform any spell ten times better than you."

"SHUT UP. The both of you are driving me crazy," said Charlie. The way he said it wasn't in any way offensive, but it got the job done. They were silenced.

"No one else has arrived yet," Seamus said glancing at the door hopefully.

"It doesn't matter we will meet them here face to face anyways. If your too scared then leave," Bill said harshly.

"No it's ok, I'll stay here and help," Seamus said in a small but furious voice.

"What is it with everyone being so rude and fighting?" Fred asked a question, but he didn't intend on getting an answer.

The group was clearly straying from their appointed direction because they were scared. Harry could see it in their faces, it was drawn and sowed into every crease and every shadow. This fear is what made Harry uneasy. They lacked the confidence that would be needed to fend these monstrous souls off.

"They gonna need to be gettin by me 'for they get to you guys. I won't be letting them pass if I can help it," Hagrid said placing himself in his battle position.

THUMB

THUMB

THUMB

Each spell that hit the door and bounced of sent a ripple of sound to dance to the ears of everyone in the Great Hall. It pounded loudly but their heartbeats were even louder. Harry knew he had never been so nervous to do something like this before, because before he didn't have a daughter. Before he didn't have anything to lose. Now he has his whole life and everything dear to him, he didn't care that Dumbledore told him that Harmony was resistant to spells, his fatherly drive didn't let him falter in doubt.

"Albus, they are breaking through," said Professor McGonagall raising her wand to help Dumbledore.

"Any second now," Mr. Weasley said making Harry feel worse.

THUMB.

By this time you could see the door was really going to cave in at any instant. A warm hand was placed on his shoulder, he didn't know how it sent a wave of reassurance running through his body.

When he turned, he saw Hermione staring back at him with a twinkle in her eyes, he had not seen before.

"Together," said Harry holding out his hand.

"Always," Hermione said rolling her hand down from his shoulder.

"And forever," Harry said clasping her hand in a tight grip that sent a song to his ear.

"The phoenix is singing," said Dumbledore knowingly.

Harry and Hermione hadn't dropped their eye contact and everyone was aware of it. Even when the clash of the great oak doors opening announced Neville's arrival, Harry was still looking at Hermione.

No words were needed because he knew she felt what he felt. She knew he loved her with everything he was, and nothing was ever going to change that.

"It's about time, we were starting to wonder if you would even show," said Tonks. Harry broke the gaze, but only because he knew he had to. Hermione had a death grip in his fingers, but he didn't mind much.

In all directions people filed out next to him. There were more people than he expected to come, and relief coursed through his body.

"Well it looks like now we really will have a chance," Lupin said standing next to Ron, who was next to Harry. He couldn't help noticing that Ginny was placed in the back by her brothers.

"Are they near?" Neville asked. A sharp noise answered his question. Harry saw that there were girls that also came, not that he had anything against girls, but usually they were the ones that generally

stayed behind. It also gave him great pleasure that they were mostly girls from Gryffindor.

“One more and they will have gained access,” said Dumbledore faintly. Harry felt that he was growing weaker and weaker by the second. He wanted to help, he felt that he could use all his power and conjure it to that wall to stop them from entering. To his dismay Dumbledore lowered his wand and shook his head at Harry.

Harry kicked himself mentally for forgetting Dumbledore could read his mind, when he had his barrier down.

There was a long silence in which everyone around him held their breaths. Then with a loud bang, it all started.

BANG

The door split into a million splitter-size pieces and flew in all directions. The wall that Dumbledore had up had caught them and disintegrated them within its touch. However Harry couldn't help but notice that the wall flickered a bit out of focus as the door was penetrated.

Harry stood there with his wand up along with everyone else who started to stare around confusedly. The passage behind the door was dark, but that was to be expected. What wasn't was that nothing was entering.

“What's is going on?” Ron asked the question that everyone had in their minds.

The teachers did not falter in their line, they only made it tighter and fiercer, blazing their wands towards the wall to keep it steady and flowing.

When people started to lowered their wands, Harry reacted.

“Wait, listen.” He heard sorting. It was a rattling sound of a breath inhaling the air around him.

Out of the pitch black darkness a face began to form and appear white and visible. Lucius Malfoy emerged singly from behind the door way.

“Well well well, what have we got here. Tiermos Padracius, clever to have used that at the entrance. Now you have a repetition of the spell here right before my eyes. The only flaw in this conjuration is as you strengthen one the other gets weaker, naturally you had to keep strengthening this one and so here we are. Unfortunately for you Dumbledore, I know a better way of getting past your little side tricks and attempted intervenes.” Lucius spoke coldly, powerfully, and mockingly.

Harry let go of Hermione’s hand and took out his wand, he didn’t need it but he was far more powerful with it to assist him. This man has been causing trouble in his life for far to long. Harry didn’t have a particular hate towards him except for the fact that he was always trying to gain more and more power. And now he thinks he is at the top taking over the Death Eaters. He was alone, but Harry wasn’t a fool enough to figure out that the Death Eaters were most likely waiting there mark to emerge from the darkness.

“Do what you must, I will be here to face you,” said Dumbledore calmly. Lucius let out a laugh.

“You don’t think that your precious Tiermos Padracius can stop me, no, maybe you thought that your army of children would do me in good.” Lucius glance evilly at Harry.

Harry wondered why he hadn’t made a joke about him, it was so in the Malfoy nature to try and push him down. Instead he tried to do the opposite and ignore that fact while Harry knew that it was the fear that was stopping him from speaking out his name. it wasn’t something he was proud of, but something that he hoped would aid to get this over with.

“I have my complete faith in the people you see behind me,” said Dumbledore effortlessly but with plenty of meaning.

“So do I, I have complete faith in the people you see behind me, oh wait you can’t see them. Let me introduce them,” Lucius said stepping back into darkened corridor.

A rattling was heard and maybe a few shuffling sounds before a hundred hooded figures emerged from the door. But it wasn’t the hooded figures that were Death Eaters. It was something much worse, Dementors.

Harry immediately felt a rush of icy coldness and familiar weakness fill his insides. They weren’t close enough for Harry to pass out but his lungs were beginning to compress with the chill that was running down his body.

They made a straight line and began sucking the air around them in. All at once, they were aiming for the wall and seemed to suck the life right out of it. The weaker the wall got the closer Harry was feeling the Dementors. Harmony cried a little in Hermione’s arms, and Harry was unsure what the effects would have on her. He distinctly heard Gabriel crying in the background as well.

Harry looked around and saw many replicated expressions on everyone’s faces. Dumbledore had backed away into the crowd but no one seemed to be doing anything, as the Dementors gain more success.

Why isn’t anyone fighting them off, Harry thought impatiently.

Dumbledore is weak from making the wall, and these are a lot of dementors at one time Harry. You cannot expect anyone to be able to do this on their own, Hermione thought back to him.

But he put so much power into making it why would it just fall so easily, Harry thought angrily.

He probably wasn’t expecting Dementors and if he was, not so many of them. Look, they are taking a while to drop it down, they are struggling Harry. They are feeding off of the magic that Dumbledore put into it, and since this spell has a little bit of negative energy in it, it’s like a buffet to them, Hermione thought knowledgeably.

Still, I can feel them...if we don't stop them soon...why is everyone standing around looking, thought Harry.

They probably don't know what to do, or are waiting to see what Dumbledore will do. Remember that Dumbledore is very weak right now. Maybe they just need someone to give them the example, Hermione thought to him suggestively.

She was right, maybe that is all that they needed.

"Everyone think of the happiest memory you have, and say this spell with me," said Harry standing out from the crowd. His sudden outburst alarmed many people. "Expecto Patronum."

"Expecto Patronum," Hermione cried out next to him weakly, pointing her wand at the dementors. Several other people got the hint and started to do it back as well. Ron started to his left as, easing the transaction.

"EXPECTO PATRONUM!" The spell was being chanted out in unison. All the silver wisps from everyone wand were starting to form one giant one. This was when Harry looked over to Hermione.

All he needed for his happy memory was to think of Hermione with Harmony and how one day they might be together and be happy, and that was enough.

"EXPECTO PATRONUM!" Harry didn't know why his cry was louder than everyone's else, but his stag came gliding out the end of his wand and joined the others to go clashing up against the dementors.

The light that the Patronus gave off was bright but didn't hurt their eyes one bit, he watched attentively as they repeatedly crashed against the unsuspecting Dementors. They were being knocked down like pins, and some gliding away through the doors as quickly as possible. When the last Dementor was left, the light strengthened once and dispersed with white warm spark showered upon the crowd.

AN: Yes I know you probably want to kill me for taking so long on this chapter, but I have school now, and I'm a senior so it's hard. Got to get them scholarships and keep that homework up. Anyways enough with me what about you, did you like this chapter, what was your favorite part, can't wait to hear from you. Thank you.

Chapter Twenty Seven The Battle Dedicated to Tired Eyes A.K.A. Katie

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Everyone around Harry seemed to cheer the fact that the dementors had been defeated. Harry however still had his wand raised high awaiting the next surprise to follow through. It would not be that easy, nothing in his life had ever been.

The wall died down and the dust began to settle on the ground. Now there was silence, and as Lucius stepped out once more, all the breaths in the room where held.

"You think that by running off the dementors that you can get rid of us, they succeeded in doing their job, taking down your precious wall." His voice rang with a sinister mock and laughed away. He could never laugh as evil as Voldemort, and it was silly to even try.

The Death Eaters came out from behind the door slowly, and filled the empty space that was vacant on their side of the Great Hall.

When the final Death Eater was inside, Harry knew that the number was double their own. How were they going to win a fight two to one?

Harry stepped forward and so did Dumbledore and Neville. When Ginny fidgeted to be let go, Harry had to search for her provocation.

Malfoy had entered last and was now making his way up to his father.

"Let me go!" Ginny began yelling out to her brothers who could not hold her back.

“Draco retrieve your child,” Lucius said commandingly. Malfoy did not make any eye contact with anyone but Ginny as he made his way forward.

All the Weasley’s instinctively came rushing forward to prevent this interaction but Ginny had already run right into his arms. They had met in the middle of the Great Hall.

“You cannot take him,” said Dumbledore sternly.

“Oh and are you going to stop me.” Lucius’s sneer was sickening, he was becoming triumphant by the second, and he knew it.

“Draco, what happened? I turned around to see you and you were gone, I didn’t know where you went. Everyone thinks that you put Ron under the Imperious curse, but I know it is not true. Tell them what really happened. Tell...” Ginny stopped suddenly. The look on Malfoy’s face and the expression he was holding was clear enough for anyone to figure out. Ginny shook her head in disbelief.

“Bring Gabriel to me!” Lucius yelled out the Malfoy. He flinched a little but proceeded in trying to wrench the baby out of Ginny’s arms.

“No, you did it. Why? Why are you taking him?” Ginny had just as much of a firm grip as Malfoy did; it looked like she would be the one to win. Gabriel knew something was wrong, so he started wailing loudly and growing red in the face.

“I’m sorry,” Malfoy said tugging at him again. He sounded apologetic, but Harry wasn’t going to fall for the tricks that Malfoy had been playing with everyone for this past year.

Bill and Fred made to get close to Ginny to help her but Lucius raised his hand stopping them.

“Take one step forward and I will kill them.”

Everyone looked around confused, was he talking about Ginny and the baby?

"You would not kill Gabriel, you need him," said Dumbledore confidently.

"Oh do I. Well sadly yes that is true I do need my grandson, but I also need one more thing. You're becoming too old Dumbledore; I was not talking about killing Gabriel, why I was talking about killing them." Lucius moved to his left and a way was parted. Parvati was being brought forward with her hands tied to her back and a hand covering her mouth. Her hair was a mess and a cut was bleeding above her eyes. She was dragged forward violently, as placed beside Lucius. Hermione gasped beside Harry, as well as many others. This was something that they were not expecting.

"Let her go, let her go or I'll curse you!" Seamus had made his way up from the crowd and was devil faced with anger. His hands were holding up a shaking wand, but he didn't back down.

Lucius laughed, and made a signal with his hand in the air. The Death Eaters must have known what it meant because a knife was conjured and placed upon her neck.

"I will say it again, surrender the child."

Ginny though crying, had kicked Malfoy on his knee and started heading back with Gabriel.

"If you do not come back I will slit her throat. Hand me the child, you know he cannot be harmed, but your friend can," said Lucius directly talking to Ginny's back. She stiffened up straight and turned around cautiously. Her lower lip was trembling and Gabriel was wiggling in her arms. Through her blood shot eyes, Harry could make out fear leaking out of her pupils.

Parvati was scrambling to free her mouth and when she did she bellowed out, "DON'T DO IT!"

The Death Eater that was holding Parvati hit her on the side of her head before covering up her mouth again. There were many agreeing calls made out with the same words, making Ginny's decisions become harder than it already was.

Harry felt that Seamus was going to rush past him so he called to Ron to hold him back.

“You do not feel that the life of your friend is good enough, well how about three more!” Lucius flung his hand up madly signaling the mark for the rest of the captives to be sent out.

Lavender came first, and as soon as Harry saw her face, he quickly turned to Neville because he knew who was coming out next.

Harry was correct in assuming that Susan was captured because Neville started going ballistic. It took four people to hold him back, and that was including Harry.

“Someone get Ron!” Harry cried out. Ron had been helping Harry but let go instantly when he saw Luna being carried forward like the rest of them.

Bill got to Ron instantly, taking him to the floor.

“NOOOO!” Ron spat out to the dirt with a hand reaching for Luna.

“Calm down the both of you!” Harry let go of Neville to pick Ron up and push him to the back.

“They can’t do this to me Harry; I’m not going to watch her die!” Ron said gushing out tears. Harry understood how he must feel, but it would not help if he went crazy and acted rashly.

“I know Ron, we’ll save her, but we can’t do it while we hold you back. Are you calm?” asked Harry releasing his grip on him. Ron took a deep breath and nodded but did not wipe the horrible look on his face off.

Someone had talked to Neville and calmed him down, so Harry was able to get to the front of the line like he wanted to.

“Oh look at that, I touched a nerve. Now Ginny, would you be so kind as to hand Draco his child, or they die.”

Harry glazed back and forth from Ginny to the girls who were being handled as rag dolls. He saw Charlie from the corner of his eye get anxious and take a few steps forward. Parvati screamed out making him stop dead in his tracks. Someone had entered; Harry could recognize that face anywhere, Bellatrix Lestrange.

“Lucius, you always were too soft,” she said angrily walking up to Parvati.

Harry almost ran forward but Hermione’s hand controlled his outraged. The revolt consisted of the adults holding back the teenagers. Harry had been calmed down by Hermione but Ron, Seamus, Neville, Fred, and a few others had tried to throw themselves forward. Dumbledore held his hands out telling everyone to hold them back. Hagrid literally got in front of them and became a wall.

Bellatrix made no hesitation in sliding the blade across Parvati’s neck and allowing her flow of blood to pour out. Lavender stared screaming beside her, but since her mouth was covered it was sustained most of the way. Luna got wide eyed and Susan began breathing heavily. Each one of their eyes were frightened and in shock. Lavender’s eyes were blood shot and swollen.

Parvati gasped and struggled for air, but all she got was blood that came spitting out of her mouth. She looked right to Hermione and said, “Don’t.”

She fell on her knees and her eyes got blank. Harry could see the life leave her body as she dropped lifelessly to the floor, the pool of her blood spreading out around her.

Harry had no idea why she told Hermione those words, but he had a sinking feeling he was going to find out. He felt a hot prickle of tears rushing out of him, and anger taking its place. Parvati was dead, she was killed and for no real reason, she did nothing wrong.

“WHY?” Seamus called out, through his sobbing.

"So you know we're serious. Ginerva darling, if you do not do as you're told, your other friends will be next. I won't hesitate as you have seen." Her smile and the way she said serious, looking directly at Harry as enough to have his blood boiling.

Ginny was staring at Malfoy, who looked like this was the last position he would want to be in.

"I loved you, I thought you loved me. Why ar-re you tak-ing him?" Ginny questioned walking up to Malfoy.

Harry saw him open his mouth but spoke too low for him to hear. It looked to Harry like he told Ginny 'I have to.'

Ginny handed the baby over but gave him one quick kiss before turning and running off. She was caught by Mr. Weasley who tried to pull her to the back, while comforting her.

"You got what you asked for, now let them go," Harry demanded.

"Who said that we got what we wanted, we're still missing a piece," said Bellatrix fixing her eyes right onto Hermione.

"No, Harry please, you can not let them take her. Please not her, I can't, I won't!" Hermione had grabbed his arm and pleaded with him. She had already been crying but it got worse, and Harry had no intentions on giving up his daughter.

He felt Hermione's heart quicken and begin to panic, but he also felt a rush of determination that was so strong, even he would not be able to get Harmony out of her hands. Gabriel had started crying so badly that some of the attention was not even on them.

"No, why would you need her, she doesn't have anything to do with this," said Harry furiously.

Lucius opened his mouth to speak but Bellatrix shut him off. Harry had to be crazy to ever think that an idiot like Lucius could command this army; it was clearly controlled by Bellatrix.

"Hasn't Dumbledore told you, or is he keeping things from you. He probably didn't want you to know the truth, because if you did, you wouldn't have had the little brat in the first place," said Bellatrix evilly.

"That's not true Harry," said Dumbledore regaining his strengths.

"Whatever the matter, we want your precious Harmony, and were not leaving without her."

"Then you're not leaving!" Harry yelled out sending Hermione back and raising his wand. He sent Hermione to the back with Ginny and walked closer, closing the distance between him and the Death Eaters.

"I suppose you want another dead body on your conscious, that's fine by me. Or should I just play around a little until you make up your mind."

"NO, STOP!"

"CRUCIO!" Lavender fell to the ground and started jerking her body around in pain. It was more than she could handle. Harry knew what it felt like to go through the torture curse, and he knew Lavender was under extreme amount of pain.

"STOP!" Someone yelled out, but it didn't come from Harry's side. It came from behind the door that the Death Eaters had entered from. Everyone focused their attention on the door, and a greasy haired man stepped out.

If you could put all the people that Harry despised and hated the most in one room, excluding Voldemort, it was then. Severus Snape the conniving, liar that thought he had everyone fooled. Harry knew he would turn out to be on the other side, and he was right.

Dumbledore completely regained his strength when he saw Snape walk forward. Lavender lifted herself up and was trying to breathe. Harry was more than sure that this was not a plan that Dumbledore had conjured up, he could tell by the expression on his face and the look that he was giving him.

“Se-severus what...what is the meaning of all of this,” said Professor McGonagall.

“Is it not obvious? I lead them in, courtesy of the Order and you Dumbledore,” said Snape now addressing Dumbledore.

“It had come to my attention that you were no longer faithful, but to go to the extreme as to change sides now, after Voldemort has fallen,” said Dumbledore calmly.

“The Dark Lord did fall unexpectedly that night, but I’m here to make sure that our side does not fall to the hands of a boy and his immature powers. There was something much bigger than Voldemort happening and we didn’t even know it, until you told me of it. Naturally I went right to Bellatrix to reveal the information. Since there is a very probable chance that this time we will win, the offer and chance was too tempting for me to ignore it. By the way I was the one who told Voldemort how to get in the first time he did. I was going to join him, but unfortunately it came to my ears that he was already dead.” Snape spoke so relaxed that Harry got all the tension that he should have had.

“So this is who you truly support, well I’m afraid that your going to have to go through me before you get to them,” said Dumbledore with his wand up and out faster than Harry had ever seen before.

“We meant what we said, about killing them if you do not hand over the child,” said Bellatrix for the thousandth time.

Harry knew that this problem was going to be a complicated one. He was not willing to hand over his only daughter, than he had only known for few hours, to Death Eaters even if she can’t be harmed by them. But he would not have it on his conscious to let the three innocent girls die, while one already fell. These monsters have no mercy.

“Time is essential. Bellatrix get the loony one, there is a particular attachment with that one,” said Snape with a smile on his face.

Harry knew Ron was not going to stand still to watch this. Ron was not screaming the word 'no' out, but the faint whisper he was saying it with was even more heart breaking.

Harry was torn in two; everything was closing in on him as he saw Hermione to his left and Luna to his right. Bellatrix was making her actions slow to give him enough time to react but if he didn't then she would definitely kill her. Back and forth Harry's mind went, as if he was watching everything in slow motion while thinking at the speed of light at the same time. Ron was being held back by others so Harry didn't have to worry about this job. But what was his job, to be a father or to be a killer.

"Harry," said Ron desperately. He knew that Harry was his only hope.

Harry didn't get to finish thinking because at that moment Lavender had gotten loose and charged into Bellatrix's direction. It was then that Harry had figured out what he was going to do. Bellatrix had been two inches from cutting Luna's throat but Lavender pushed Luna out of harms way and her into it.

As quickly as Luna hit the floor, Lavender gave out a strangled cry. She was facing Bellatrix so Harry could not see what was happened, but he was already putting his plan into motion.

"Accio," said Harry with his wand pointing at Luna and his other hand at Lavender. The girls went shooting from the Death Eaters and heading into his direction. He didn't hesitate when he saw Susan break free and run for him. Normally she would not get far but he averted his hand to her direction and repeated the spell again. She had landed right into Neville's arms before any Death Eater was able to even blink.

This is how it started, the Death Eaters were the first to shot a spell, and then everything broke loose. Harry's first initiative was to get the girls behind to the back while he blocked the spells. He motioned to the girls to get behind him, while he dragged a reluctant Lavender away.

“Protego,” said Harry blocking spells that were sent his way. He used all the hate that he was feeling towards Lucius, Draco, Snape, and Bellatrix to redirect it into that spell. This allowed him to efficiently get the girls to safety in the back of the room, where Hermione was.

“Harry,” said Hermione running towards him. The fight had begun and spells along with knives were being thrown everywhere.

“Lavender I need you to stay back here, I had to drag you all the way over here...” Harry stopped talking as soon as he looked down at her. She was holding on to him desperately, and the reason why he had to drag her off was because she couldn’t walk.

“She’s...she’s hurt,” cried Luna.

“Shit,” said Harry seeing the stab wound that was on her stomach. He held her up and placed his hand over her wound to try and stop the blood from coming out, but his shaking hands were doing nothing to stop it. He felt sick, he wanted to hurl and he felt lightheaded on seeing so much blood everywhere.

“I don’t know any spells to heal her!” Luna cried out. Hermione was white as a ghost and didn’t let one word escape her lips.

Harry glanced around in all directions trying to find someone to help him, to help her, but everyone and everything was too frantic.

“Lavender, your going to be ok, listen to me I’m going to go find Dumbledore...Lavender...LAVENDER!” Harry shook her a little too violently, but he didn’t know what else to do. Right there she took her last breath and slowly closed her eyes shut. Harry still had his hand over her open cut, where Bellatrix had cut her instead of Luna, but there was no point, an insignificant amount of blood was coming out, and the girl was dead. Her body stiffened up and went cold, he was holding a lifeless body I his hands, and blood was washed all over his hands and robes.

Harry laid Lavender down gently but got up briskly. Luna bent over Lavender to make sure that she was indeed dead before putting a hand over her mouth and crying. Hermione didn’t need to ask Harry

what happened. She was feeling how he felt and was trying to get him to stop looking at Lavender's body.

It was when a spell went shooting past his ear and Hermione ducked to avoid it that Harry was brought back to reality. They were right in the middle of a battle.

Harry turned to leave but Hermione caught his arm.

"Hermione let go you know I have to go in there," said Harry anxiously.

"I know, Harry." She looked down and then he understood. "Be careful," she said to him avoiding another spell. He opened his mouth to tell her something but she threw herself on him. Her free arm flung around him and her lips locked with his giving him a desperate and passionate kiss. He returned the favor with a small smile and kissing Harmony on the forehead before turning around and heading up the crowd.

A Death Eater was getting to far back and getting close to the girls, already Harry saw that he had his eye on them.

"Reducto," said Harry knocking the Death Eater back a few feet. He lay flat on the ground and didn't get up.

Harry heard a grunting noise and found that Ron was on all fours with a Death Eater coming at him from behind.

"RON BEHIND YOU!" Harry yelled out. Ron got up instantly but seemed to have misplaced his wand by the empty looked he gave his hands. He flipped his hands around as if his wand would magically appear, and the Death Eater was advancing on him, so Harry flicked his wand and said, "Ferula."

A wooden rod appeared in Ron's hand, and he hesitated for only a second before realizing what he should do. The Death Eater got a few feet from Ron before he swung the rod towards the Death Eaters head like a bat. He did it with such force that it knocked him out cold, and by that point Harry had already reached Ron.

“Nice hit,” said Harry half smiling.

“Thanks to you. Where is my wand...” said Ron placing his hands on the floor frantically in search for it.

Harry summoned it to Ron and went to go help Bill out. He was currently under the ‘Petrificus Totalus’ spell so Harry had to say the counter jinx.

“Get him he’s right there!” Someone yelled out to him as soon as he had released Bill. A Death Eater shot a spell towards him. He had only enough time to say, “Finite.”

He had both his hands raised in front of his face so his wandless magic was what saved him. If he had not said the spell it would have hit him, but right now it was currently suspended in midair. Harry simply stepped out of the way and hit the unsuspecting Death Eater with a Confundus Charm.

There was a loud crash and a flicker of yellow light appeared above the Great Hall. Harry searched around to see where it had originated; apparently Dumbledore was taking Snape head on.

The two sides were so scrambled that you couldn’t tell who were your friends and who were your enemies.

Charlie had boils sprouting all over his body but Mr. Weasley had corrected him. Lucius was trying to fight off Professor McGonagall who Harry thought had amazing amount of strength for how old she probably was. And Bellatrix, she was playing tricks and mind games with Hagrid. Harry was about to go confront her when someone grabbed his collar violently.

“Harry! Harry you have to get Gabriel, I can’t go, I’m trying to calm the girls down back there and Hermione can’t get Harmony to stop crying. Please get him, don’t let them take him!” She stared up at him with hopeful eyes. Malfoy had not disappeared yet but was in a corner blocking all spells that were getting even of close proximity to him and

Gabriel. Harry didn't really have a choice; it looked like Malfoy was two seconds from heading out the door.

He nodded and sent Ginny back with the others while he flung a few Stupefy spells at random hooded figures.

Lucius saw Harry running towards Malfoy and yelled out, "Draco get out of here, take the child and run!"

He got caught up because Mr. Weasley had joined in the fight with him, at that instant breaking away his concentration. While Harry was making his way over to Malfoy and ducking about twenty spells in the process, it hit him. A piece of the prophecy had just made sense to him, and he knew what he had to do. With determination he set off at a run.

Thinking of the first thing that came to his mind to stop Malfoy from going through the door he aimed his wand at it and said, "Incendio."

The door caught on fire, alarming Draco and allowing Harry to reach him. When he realized Harry was right next to him, he turned his wand from extinguishing the fire to pointing right to Harry's heart.

"What do you want," said Malfoy suspiciously.

"Draco, don't do this. You know you don't want to do this-"

"How do you know what I do and don't want to do?" Malfoy did a very bad attempt to hide his feelings, Harry could see right through him. Gabriel started moving around hysterically and yelling at the top of his lungs.

"Think about it, if you go out that door you will never get to have a life with Ginny. She loves you and I know you love her-"

"Love has nothing to do with this Potter. I'll curse you; I swear I will if you don't move." He didn't put his hand down; on the contrary, he picked it up a few inches to redirect it to Harry's face.

“DRACO GET OUT OF HERE NOW!” Lucius was screaming angrily to Malfoy when he noticed that he still had not gone. Mr. Weasley tackled him and Bellatrix tried to gain on them but Hagrid was blocking her.

“Come on, is there really much to think of. On one side you got Gabriel, Ginny, friends and family who will always have your back. On the other side you have giving up Ginny, going to a father you hate, and living amongst fugitives that would not sooner turn you in for money, than kill you.” Harry tried to sound as calm as possible but inside he was getting impatient and wanted to punch Malfoy for being so stubborn.

“It doesn’t work out that way,” Draco finally said after a long pause.

“Yes it does, we’ll forget everything you did, as long as you turn back now and give Ginny her baby back-”

“They won’t forgive me; the Weasley’s are not going to want to have a person like me around. They never did and they never will!” The fire that Harry had started was dying out so Draco was inching to get through it.

“They won’t if you leave. Ginny loves you and if you love her and want to be with her than leaving right now won’t get you any closer to doing it. I understand what you had to go thorough-”

“No you don’t!” Malfoy interrupted him.

“Yes I do, your father gets out and forces you to do all these things you don’t want to, and Snape is constantly riding down your back.” Harry knew that he was right and so did Malfoy. Harry finally understood why and what Draco had to go through.

“I can’t Harry, he’ll-”

“Since when have you been a coward? Are you going to let them demand and control your life, because then you won’t have one. Sometimes you have to fight to get what you want, and for the ones

you love.” Harry could see Draco struggling mentally to make up his mind. He hoped that his final decision was going to be the right one.

“I’m not a coward; I just don’t want him to-”

“To what, kill Ginny? Is this what your father has been threatening you with? I promise you on Hermione’s life that I will do everything in my power to make sure that that doesn’t happen. But this is only if you come back. Do you think any of their promises will be kept?” Harry meant every word but Draco still seemed unconvinced.

“I won’t risk it-”

“Right now, you’re already forgiven by me. In time the other will too, it just takes this choice Draco. What makes you think that no one will hurt Ginny now?”

“They have their orders!” Draco spat out defensively.

“Oh yeah, well what are they doing over there,” Harry said turning around and pointing to the Death Eaters that were shooting spells at Ginny. Draco stared at the same spot not believing what his eyes were viewing to be the truth.

“DRACO GET YOUR ASS OUT OF HERE NOW, YOU STUPID IDIOT. HOW COULD I HAVE EVER HAD AN IMBASILE FOR A SON LIKE YOU, DO YOU NOT UNDERTSAND WHAT I AM SAY-” Lucius’s yelling was heard loud and clear. Mr. Weasley was injured but Bill had taken up his attempt to bring Lucius down.

“What’s it going to be,” said Harry calmly, though his heart was going a million miles an hour. Gabriel made a baby noise making Draco look down. That one look that he gave Gabriel was enough to finally convince him.

“Okay,” he said faintly.

“Alright, let’s get back to the other side,” said Harry with a half smile. Lucius was too busy that he hadn’t notice Draco walking cautiously to the other side of the Great Hall.

The one fight that was keeping most of the attention going was Dumbledore's, Snape looked tired and worn out but refused to give in. Bellatrix had said a spell that had penetrated Hagrid's giant blood and had him on the floor long enough for her to get a glimpse of Harry and Draco walking away.

Harry was ducking spells and sending out whatever his mind was telling him to say, but he noticed Bellatrix get an angry look on her face and went to try and face him. Unfortunately she got held up by more people.

He had done his job; he got Draco back to where Ginny had been who took Gabriel away from him as fast as she could. Once he was safely in her arms she didn't falter in giving Draco a good slap. The force was hurtful, Harry could tell from the look on his face, but the noise was drowned by the many voices shouting about.

SHOOSH

Harry tripped over someone trying to duck a spell. At least he didn't get hit. He got up quickly to check who it was but didn't recognize the face. The boy was young, and didn't show any sign of having a pulse.

"AVADA KADAVRA!"

"AVADA KADAVRA!"

"AVADA KADAVRA!" The spell was being shot in every direction; it was so quick Harry had only enough time to hear bodies drop. At this rate there wasn't going to be anyone left.

"STUPIFY!" Harry turned around fast, because that was Hermione's voice that was filling his ears.

About ten Death Eaters were trying to encircle her while Draco, Ginny, and Luna were trying to fight off another ten.

He set off in a sprint while not even bothering to take out his wand yelled, "INCARCEROU!"

Thick ropes wrapped themselves around three Death Eaters at a time. This surprise in multiple effects puzzled Harry but he didn't need to be a genius to figure out that he had an advantage.

"INCARCEROUS!" He yelled out again, but this time really controlling his magic. All the remaining Death Eaters that had been surrounding Hermione fell to the ground, bound and furious.

"Are you ok?" Harry asked Hermione when he reached her.

"Yes of course I am. They confined me and I couldn't send twenty spell like you," she said with a small smile.

"Get out of the way!" Bellatrix's voice rang out, reaching Harry's ears.

Fred had gotten in her way to make sure that she didn't get anywhere close to the girls. Bellatrix only smile her dead smile and stared blankly at him.

"Watch her," said Harry talking to Hermione. He was talking about Harmony.

"You know I will," said Hermione proudly. Beside her a few Death Eaters were starting to head out the Great hall. Harry saw her point her wand to the floor and say, "Aguamenti."

Water sprouted out of her wand and onto the floor. The Death Eaters slipped and fell landing on their backs and some on their heads. Harry couldn't help but feel proud of her.

"CRUCIO!" Bellatrix had Fred on the ground torturing him, while she laughed shrilly at his jerking body full of pain. Harry's fist balled up, and an image of Sirius erupted in his mind. He was letting his anger build, letting it consume him; he sustained it enough so when he chose to he would be able to unleash it. Bellatrix saw this evil look in his eyes, for afar. She immediately stopped playing games with Fred and pointed her wand at Harry. A spell shot past his eyes but it didn't hit him. He didn't even have to duck or waver.

He kept walking forward while Bellatrix took aim again, but then Harry got a blow to his head. He stumbled sideways, blinking to regain his vision. Dots were popping in front of his eyelids. Who in the world had hit him?

Two hands wrapped themselves around Harry neck; he turned around with difficulty and looked for the culprit. Seamus was trying to kill him. He got real close to Harry's face and snarled violently. Harry couldn't help but notice that his eyes were glazed over and seemed distance. He was clearly under the Imperius curse. The spell that Bellatrix had sent towards Harry and missed, wasn't a miscalculation, she had not been aiming for Harry, but for Seamus.

Above him Bellatrix yelled out angrily. She had been trying to cease Harry off guard but had been stunned by Fred in her arm.

"Sorry, Seamus," said Harry placing his hands on Seamus's chest. He pulled in his magic and threw him off. Seamus went flying in the air a few feet before hitting the ground with a clashing sound. He didn't get up, but Harry sincerely hoped he would be alright.

By the time he had gotten his ground properly Bellatrix had aimed her wand at Fred and uttered the dreadful words that Harry hated to hear, the killing curse. Since he was so close, she didn't miss him. The green light flashed into him and dropped him along with his wand to the floor.

Harry didn't know what came over him. He was so furious at having to just watch Fred die, so angry at having all those he cared about suffer, so angry that many innocent lives were being wasted, so mad that she had killed Sirius.

He was sure his eyes were blazing, and that he looked ready to kill, which he was. But Hermione's voice came into him head, don't do it Harry, it's illegal.

He was up and next to Bellatrix so fast she jumped slightly at seeing him so near.

HARRY, Hermione cried to him in his mind. She knew he was thinking of murder, and he hated Bellatrix enough to do it.

He lifted his hands with his magic waiting to be released. Bellatrix was quick in raising her wand and starting her spell, but Harry was quicker.

“AVADA KAD-”

“SECTUMSEPPRA!” Harry yelled this spell out and watched Bellatrix get a deep cut running vertical along her body. The pain and the surprise made her lose her wand, which Harry picked up and snapped in half.

She fell to the floor from the pain and tried to subdue the blood, she cried out several times, and sounded oddly close to a Banshee.

“Petrificus Totalus,” said Harry bonding her whole body. He was standing right over her when he said it with a disgusted look on his face. Being paralyzed like she was, the blood stop leaking out but did not stop the pain from running throughout her body. This was what Harry wanted, for her to suffer like she had made others feel. Lavender’s dying form shot through his head, and he felt a hand being placed on his shoulder.

“You didn’t do it,” Hermione said softly.

“She’s not dead, but she will wish she was, that’s good enough punishment for me,” said Harry shrugging.

“I’m still proud of you for not killing her,” said Hermione smiling at him.

Harry glanced around and saw the Lucius had vanished but Snape was still fighting with Dumbledore.

“Harry some of the Death Eaters went in the castle, what if they find out where the others are hidden,” Hermione said suddenly.

“Where’s Neville, he knows where they are hidden?”

“He went after them, HARRY WATCH OUT!” Hermione grabbed his hand and forced him into a duck while a spell went shooting over the top of their heads.

Harry made an attempt to get that Death Eater back but Hermione pulled him to the doors eagerly.

There were still a lot of Death Eaters around and Harry noted that there was also a good amount of people on their side fighting. Draco was trying to slow down five spells that were being shot his way, so Harry went to help him real quick. He got to Draco’s side and said, “Protego!” All of the spells bounced off of Harry’s protective barrier and ricocheted back to the conjurers.

“BASTARD!” Harry wielded around frantically. Had he not left Bellatrix defeated? Lucius helped her up and had healed her, it wasn’t efficient, but it was effective.

She had her eye on Harry with complete loathing and utter hatred running through her veins. Neville came in out of breath with Ron by his side. Lucius whispered something in Bellatrix’s ear while he was looking at Draco.

Draco stepped forward with Harry and they set off together towards the two people they hated most at that moment. Bellatrix sneered.

“How could you betray your father Draco,” said Bellatrix to Harry’s right. That was where Draco was standing, and he didn’t say anything back to her.

“I warned you,” said Lucius.

“I found out something Potter; I don’t need to kill you to make you want to die, just like you said. I just need to take away what is precious to both of you, AVADA KADAVRA!” Harry and Draco had both got wide-eyed upon realized what she was doing. Harry’s heart had stopped while he saw a flicker of green light rush past him, catching the light, attracting his eyes.

“NOOOOO!” Harry and Draco cried out at the same time turning around, to watch as the spell heading right for Hermione and Ginny. They were both holding the babies in their hands, but the spell was not aimed at them. Hermione opened her mouth in shock as she barley had time to register the spell was coming at her.

Harry ran after it, like if he was going to catch it, desperate to stop it. Hermione and Ginny were standing right next to each other so the outcome of which one it was going to hit was impossible to figure.

What happened next happened so fast that it was over in the blink of an eye, but not for Harry.

The spell changed course and started heading right for the babies. Harry had never seen a spell do that, but since he didn't have time to think he couldn't dwell on it. They both separated the spell to two equal parts and absorbed the spell as it hit them both. They gave out a faint cry before sending out a beam of light, much like the first time Harmony evaded the first spell. Since Harry had been right in front of them it hit him first, sending him twirling around as it got brighter and brighter, filling in the darkness of the room. It gave him energy, unlocking his magic and helping his reach his full potential. He felt it; he could feel the ripples surrounding him.

He opened his eyes, that were on fire and let the powerful energy settle into him. The lights that the babies had created was dimming now, by the Death Eaters were still blind by it. Something triggered in Harry's mind, so he acted on his first instinct.

“EXPELLIARMUS!” He yelled out throwing as much energy as he could into it. Harry was able to control his magic so powerfully now that not one of the people on his side was hit by this spell.

All the Death Eaters were thrown into the air simultaneously, they floated in midair for a second, and Harry had waited for this moment purposely and slowed the magic down so he could stun them in midair.

They all flew back, including Snape who didn't know what hit him. A hundred wands went flying towards Harry and he had to put up a shield to make sure they didn't stab him. They clanked and cluttered around his feet, and they were all Death Eater's wands.

AN: Well that took me a long time to write. lol. I'm sorry if you think that my action wasn't as good as you hoped, I tried my best. anyways if you did like it please be sure to tell me your favorite part. Thank you.

Chapter Twenty Eight Unraveling

They all flew back, including Snape who didn't know what hit him. A hundred wands went flying towards Harry and he had to put up a shield to make sure they didn't stab him. They clanked and cluttered around his feet, and they were all Death Eater's wands.

Harry inhaled deeply getting an extremely heavy pain in his chest. His knees felt weak and gave out easily from under him. When his kneecap hit the stone concrete he immediately lost his balance and tipped forwards, reaching both hands up to stop from hitting the ground.

His breathing was irregular, and as he lay on the ground on all fours, he heard cheering and applause reach his ears. Hermione came rushing forward to his side, lowering herself to his level.

Harry turned his head sideways to see her and saw that she had tears in her eyes.

"Are you alright?" she asked him cautiously. He was still trying to catch his breathe and keep from fainting so he only nodded.

THUMP

There was a sound of intense shuffling that came from the door, where the Death Eaters had entered from.

When Harry saw the Order entering he could not have been more relived, however he couldn't resist saying something to them.

"Just in time," said Harry sarcastically but he didn't mean to be mean about it.

Now as the members of the Order filed in, they were looking around with surprise. Harry assumed they were expecting a still raging battle

to be occurring, not all the Death Eaters lying unconscious on the floor with their wands at Harry's feet.

"What Happened?" asked Kinsley Shacklebolt staring around while he scratched his bald head.

"Harry here did a particularly impressive bit of magic, and the result is what you see before you. We no longer need your assistance but informing the Medi wizards at St. Mungo's that there is a very large amount of injuries would be of usefulness," said Dumbledore looking suddenly very old and tired. Dumbledore conjured up a Portkey and nodded at Kinsley with his head to hold on to it.

"Oh...right," Kinsley said following the orders that Dumbledore gave him at once. He extracted the Portkey which was in the form of a book and disappeared less than two seconds later.

Harry who had regained his breathe stood up with Hermione's help, he proceeded to examine her and Harmony to make sure they themselves were not injured in anyway. When he was content with the matter he turned to Dumbledore for answers. Surely now after all that had happened there was nothing more that he could hide and for any reason at that.

Dumbledore regarded him with a small nod but did not have time to say much more. Kinsley had returned with ten Medi wizards, one that returned by the means of the same Portkey to retrieve more Medi wizards. Madam Pomfrey had appeared out of nowhere and led them to where the Hospital Wing was so that the other could be treated.

One of the Medi wizards was going around to the fallen bodies and checking if they were dead or not, while Ministry officials began entering through the entry the Order had made. Upon seeing all the Death Eaters on the floor, they simply shrugged and tied them up while seizing them away. Below Harry still lay the pile of wands, without even thinking about it he raised his hands and set them on fire with one quick hand movement.

They burst into flames around him and disincarnated into ashes, Dumbledore didn't say a word but looked rather pleased. Hermione on the other hand gave Harry a frightened expression. Harmony's hand extended towards the fire that Harry had created retriggering Harry's memory of her scar. He put out the fire, being afraid it might spread, and stepped out of the ring of ashes.

Show off, Hermione thought teasingly.

Yeah, maybe just a little bit, Harry thought back to her smirking.

Don't smile like that you remind me of Draco, Hermione thought to him.

Speaking of Draco, Harry thought searching around for him. Hermione did the same thing and pointed to a corner where Ginny was currently crying over Fred's dead body. Draco was holding on to Gabriel.

A piercing sensation hit Harry, and he was quite certain that it was not only his feeling's he was experiencing. Hermione gave a sob and turned around so she couldn't see the body. Harry put her face in his chest to keep her from having to watch the outcome of the horrific events.

"It's ok, he's with George now, I'll bet that they are having lots of fun together, wherever they are," Harry said reassuringly, though he himself felt like he needed a place to empty his stomach.

"It still doesn't make it any easier. Did you...did you see how horrible Bellatrix just killed Parvati. She did it so quick and without warning, I didn't have time to really register it until she was speaking to me right before she died." Harry felt a trace of guilt run through Hermione's train of thoughts.

"There was nothing you could have done, nothing we could have done, she had three other people that she could have killed had any of us taken one step or sent a spell. Even with my attempt to get Susan and Luna back there was still a casualty...Lavender." Harry forced Hermione to keep her attention on him and not search for

Lavender. It did not stop Harry from glancing over with his own eyes and seeing Luna sobbing over her while Ron tried to comfort her at her side.

With his anger rising at the sight of so many bodies and the constant shuffle of Medi wizards transporting people to the Hospital Wing, Harry was having trouble not killing each and every remaining Death Eater that had not been taken out yet. All of them lay bound but some were starting to come to their senses and gain consciousness. Bellatrix was the first to fully awake and scream at the feel of being bound and tied.

“POTTER, I SWEAR I WILL KILL YOU AND YOUR STUPID MUDBLOOD, I PROMISE IT. YOU KILLED MY MASTER AND YOU’VE DESTROYED MY ARMY, I PROMISE WITH EVERY BREATH I TAKE THAT I WILL KILL YOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOUUUUUUUUUUUU!” Hermione scrambled her face in disgust and watched Bellatrix be dragged out for the room by four Aurors. Harry was going to run after her and curse her for all she was worth, but Hermione grabbed his hand.

“I have a better plan; let’s make sure she gets the kiss. We’ll tell Dumbledore that that is our one request, and for him to try and make it happen as soon as possible.” Bellatrix’s screams could be heard outside the halls still and Lucius was starting to wake up next.

“Draco, how could you betray me, your own flesh and blood,” he said struggling with his binds. He was not screaming but he was saying his words coldly and harshly. Draco avoided Ginny’s grip and walked right up to his father. He had been pulled up by Aurors.

“If you truly loved me, you would not have asked me to give up the thing that makes me most happy, if you truly loved me you would have kept my wishes granted. There was only one rule, do not harm Ginny and you couldn’t have your friends follow that. If you truly loved me you would not have placed me in harm’s way and not have had that asshole Snape harassing my every move. You don’t give a damn about me, so I don’t give a damn about you. Rot in the cells of Azkaban where you deserve to be. I’d give you a kiss goodbye, but I think you will get plenty from the dementors,” said Draco confidently.

“Fool, the dementors are on my side, and how dare you-”

BAM

Draco had suddenly punched his father in the face, making him fall over in mid-sentence. Harry neared himself leaving Hermione behind for only a minute.

“The dementors are not your friends, they never were, and they won’t think twice about who they get to kiss so long as they get to, even you,” Draco said truthfully.

Lucius scrambled to his feet; or rather he was brought up by the Auror that had been holding him before. Dumbledore had given the signal to continue to allow the conversation to proceed. Malfoy had got so close to his son that Harry barely heard was words were being exchanged.

“Fulfill what I started. Do what was planned from the beginning, you can still do it. Remember what Bellatrix planned out and accomplish it. I will never be more proud than the day I see you again, with my wished executed.” Lucius gave Draco a sinister smile and one of determined convincing. For a split second Harry thought that Draco would actually agree, but this doubt was stripped from his mind.

“You think that I’m going to believe you, after all the times you lied to me. You know I never wanted to do the things that were appointed to me, but I always did them to please you, only I could never please you and now I don’t care about it at all. I have what I want and you or your stupid plans don’t fit into it. I don’t ever have to listen to you again or follow your orders. FUCK YOU!” Draco yelled angrily, pushing his bound father.

Lucius could not have showed greater hatred and furiousness, than that moment. Dumbledore nodded for the Aurors to take him away, and they obeyed.

Draco didn’t even stay and linger in the same spot for long; he had turned and headed towards a very distraught looking Ginny.

"Neville, how are the others?" Dumbledore asked Neville who Harry hadn't noticed before.

"They're fine, Mrs. Weasley still doesn't know about Fred, Bill or Charlie yet, I didn't want to be the one to break it to her. All I told her was that I was making sure that the Slytherins didn't find them, and I left before she could properly question me." Neville bowed his head, giving Harry the feeling that he was ashamed for doing it that way.

"What's wrong with Bill and Charlie, don't tell me they're..." Hermione couldn't finish her statement.

"The Slytherins?" Harry asked as Hermione's voice drifted off.

"Oh, yeah...I locked the Slytherins in a broom closet. Well...me Ron, Luna, Susan and a bunch of us from Gryffindor. They were roaming the halls with orders to find out where all the younger kids were, but not all of them. Susan said that she found some other Slytherins hiding out in the common room, they were the ones who refused to follow but weren't sure what was going on. Oh and by the way Hermione Bill and Charlie are not dead they are just injured," said Neville quickly.

Dumbledore called Lupin, Tonks, and Mr. Weasley over who had been revived from a stunner a few minute before.

"Would you three follow Neville? He will lead you to a broom closet where he has gathered a group of student who shall be taken not to Azkaban but a contained area where I can later go a see fit to give them their punishments. Also Mr. Weasley I am aware that Molly does not know the news and someone will need to break it to her. Keep the students inside the room, but please rearrange it to a sleeping mode, so that they may rest. I will be down shortly after I tend to other duties," said Dumbledore calmly. Without hesitation everyone was off to do their assigned tasks, Neville walking bravely and proudly in the lead.

"So that's where he and Ron went, when they had came running back into the Great Hall," said Harry to Hermione.

"Yes, I told them to go look for the Slytherins, I had a feeling that they were up to something when not one of them had shown up for the battle," said Hermione.

Dumbledore had currently been distracted by the Minister who was gazing around at what was left of the Great Hall.

"I'm glad you didn't follow them," said Harry feeling the exhaustion from the day's events dawning down on him.

"I was, the only reason I didn't go was because I had a feeling that I wasn't supposed to leave, and I needed to be here, with Harmony," said Hermione knowingly.

"And you were right, I wouldn't have ever been able to do it without my princess," said Harry glancing down at his daughter. Instead of being greeted with emerald green eyes staring up at him, he was met with her breathing softly. She had fallen asleep in Hermione's arms.

Ginny suddenly appeared at Hermione's right and smiled painfully at her.

"This certainly was not what I had planned for today," she said jokingly.

"Ginny, I'm so sorry about Fred, I really am-"

"It's ok; it's not just him it's...it's everyone. There were bodies everywhere and...I don't understand how this time could have been worse than before," Ginny said truthfully. Now the bodies were all moved from the Great Hall and all that was left was the rush of people going in and out. Harry tried not to imagine what the Hospital Wing might look like; he was too tired and felt drained of life.

"Hello Harry," said the Minister anxiously. "Is there any chance that you would accept an award for Merit, First Class for what you have done. Your bravery and-"

“Frankly, I don’t want an award, and if you feel I should be given one, then you should give one to everyone who helped fight as well.” Harry felt a great wave of pride hit him. It was coming from Hermione.

“I cannot do that, but I can elect a select few whom I heard contributed greatly to this victory.”

“Do as you wish, Minister, but right now I have a group of very tired people. This will have to wait until morning.” Dumbledore did not wait for a reply but beckoned them forward to follow him.

Right before they got to the door on the way out, Hagrid came in. Harry felt relieved that he was alive and well.

“Hagrid I am going to go put these four to bed, I will be down shortly to help clean up the mess-”

“If you be wantin me to start, say no more,” said Hagrid rapidly. He smiled at all of them particularly Harry but when he reached for a hug, Dumbledore told him that later that would be appropriate. Harry was grateful, he was dead tired but he did not want to go to sleep knowing that there was much to be done and plenty of people injured in the Hospital Wing.

“Harry you not being selfish by resting a while, face it we all need it. If they requested that we stay and help, I would be one of the first to help, but we would probably get in the way or fall asleep on them. I think that with the Ministry Aurors and the Order along with the Medi wizards have all the help that they can get,” said Hermione reading Harry’s feelings.

“She’s right, you would only disturb them,” said Dumbledore with a pinch of teasing in his voice. “Harry-”

“Please, professor, don’t tell me anything about what I did or anything about my power that happened in the Great Hall,” said Harry cutting him off.

“I was going to ask you if it would be alright that you and Hermione share rooms, so that Ginny and Draco can have the other. This way

their sleep will not be interrupted and they can spend time with the new member of their family.”

“Oh...” said Harry feeling rather stupid for saying what he did before. “Yes of course they can, they can go in my room.”

Ginny had almost fallen over, she was falling asleep as they walked, but Draco had caught her.

“I think that it would be best if she went along to bed, any information that I disclose to Harry and Hermione will be repeated to her and you,” said Dumbledore to Draco. Draco nodded.

They headed towards the Head Boy and Girl common room and once Ginny and Draco were out of sight Dumbledore proceeded towards his office.

“You’re going to talk to us before we get to go to bed?” Harry asked reluctantly. He really was tired and in no mood to listen to anything at that moment.

“Not unless you want to go to sleep without first knowing the facts and the truth about the whole prophecy you won’t. It surprises me that you are not more eager, you usually want answers first and recollection later,” said Dumbledore waking up Harry’s senses.

He was now fully awake and deeply interested in what he had to say.

In his office, Harry sat down with Hermione sitting to his right.

“Alright you are free to ask questions,” said Dumbledore adjusting himself properly.

“Why did the Death Eaters come here tonight, specifically?” Harry asked while Hermione held his hand.

“They came to get Gabriel and try and take Harmony as well.” Harry opened his mouth to speak but Hermione squeezed it firmly, shutting him up. “This was because of that Prophecy.”

“About that do you think that by now that you do not need to keep things from me, or is there still another part of it that I’m not supposed to understand?”

“No Harry, now more than anything you deserve to understand and know the truth, recite the Prophecy to me.” Upon Dumbledore’s request, Harry opened his mouth to speak but Hermione beat him to it.

“In a year after the fall of the Dark Lord there shall raise a new power, one that can only be controlled by the fate of two. The ones who brought about his downfall shall face a new battle...Two born under the same night shall bear a destiny that will be mark by the choices made. If the one who twice defied does not do so a third...one will have to face the other and darkness may once again prevail. In both worlds, evil will consume plaguing the lands with diseases and death. Two made shall seal the fate and bring about a light or dark. Four pieces all have betrayed.” Harry’s eyebrows connected and Dumbledore looked amused.

“How did you-”

“That’s all I was thinking about when I was pregnant,” said Hermione shrugging.

“Oh...well yeah, that’s it, I get most of it but-” Dumbledore interrupted Harry.

“I’ll explain it to you, to make it a little clearer. In a year after the fall of the Dark Lord there shall raise a new power, one that can only be controlled by the fate of two, this is talking about the both of you and also refers to Gabriel and Harmony. Ginny and Draco do not ably because if you two would have never happened neither would they and thus Gabriel would have not been born,” said Dumbledore knowingly.

“That’s true because when Ginny found out about us she went ahead and did it as well,” said Hermione to Harry who was wondering how Dumbledore knew this bit of information.

“The ones who brought about his downfall shall face a new battle, hence the one that had just past and not to mention the struggle you two have had all year to be together. Two born under the same night is clearly talking about Harmony and Gabriel being born,” said Dumbledore plainly.

“Last time we talked about the Prophecy I was over here thinking it was someone with the same birthday as me,” said Harry laughing at his own self.

“Quite understandable to be confused on such a manner, it is a very complicated subject. I myself did not know the full content and meaning of the Prophecy until a while ago, but I had my suspicions,” said Dumbledore chuckling.

“I figured that one out when I was in Godric’s Hollow where you had hidden me, but of course I knew I was pregnant and I also knew Ginny was pregnant so it didn’t take long to put two and two together,” said Hermione with a low tone.

I would have too if I had known you were pregnant, thought Harry when she turned to look at him. He was playing with her to lighten the mood, and looking at her, he saw the side’s of her lips twitching wanting to give a small smile.

“The same part says that the two born under the same night will be marked by the choices made. Then it says if the one who twice defied does not do so a third...I will leave that part there to discuss what this part-”

“It’s talking about Draco, I figured that out when I was in the Great Hall and he was trying to leave. Draco betrayed his father to be with Ginny and then betray Ginny because of his father, which is twice. If he did not come back to our side one more time with Gabriel than something would have happened...” said Harry with his voice trailing off.

"That is correct, Draco played a key role in the Prophecy and he doesn't even know how much. If he had not come back to our side then like the Prophecy says, one will have to face the other, and darkness may once again prevail. In both worlds, evil will consume plaguing the lands with diseases and death. This part is something that you do not know, but through my long researching and pondering along with an earful of what our spies overheard, have figured out."

"Is the one will have to face the other, is that talking about Harry or is it talking about....Harmony," said Hermione suddenly.

"It is talking about Harmony. If Draco would have been allowed to leave the school with Gabriel then he would have been brought up to be just like they were, not only that but he would have a very powerful advantage over others."

"He would have been taught to be evil, possibly more sinister than Voldemort," said Harry comprehending what Dumbledore was now saying.

"Possibly but the outcome of how bad he would be or what would become of him is uncertain. Draco was raised all his life with the same characteristics, but he did not want to be what he became, thus the same thing might have happened with Gabriel. However the way the Prophecy says it, it sounds like you are right. Then he and Harmony, would have to one day, face each other with the chances high that Gabriel would be the one to bring Harmony down. They would have the fate of fighting and he would probably win, more than likely. If this was to happen then he would have helped the Death Eaters take over and darkness would have indeed prevailed. That itself is also a question," said Dumbledore tiredly.

"What kind of question?" Harry asked.

"Two made shall seal the fate and bring about a light or dark, it shows that there is even hope and chance that even if Draco would have left there would have been a small chance that something could be changed or the future would not happen and Harmony would be the

one to win. The four pieces all have betrayed was simple enough-" Hermione cut off Dumbledore but not rudely.

"Harry and I betray Ron, Ginny betrayed her parents by being with Draco, and Draco betrayed both his father and their side," said Hermione knowingly.

"Smart girl you have there," said Dumbledore to Harry.

"Yeah I know she is," said Harry proudly. Hermione blushed and did not look up from Harry.

"But if Lucius knew that Gabriel was so important why was he so bothered to have him being with her?" Harry questioned.

"This is because at the time that Lucius found out he didn't know that it was going to be his grandchild that he needed. At the time he had only enough information to know that a child would be born that might overthrow yours, but he didn't know which one, courtesy of me excluding this information from Snape."

"So he didn't know about Gabriel and he truly was mad, but how did you know about Snape I thought you told me that-"

"I cannot lie and say that I didn't doubt him and trusted him completely but I took precaution to only reveal so much to him, and then I figured out that he really was betraying me, and by then it was too late to turn back the clock and reverse what I had said," said Dumbledore.

"Who else knew of this?" Harry questioned.

"Few select people knew and not even all of the Order. Mr. Weasley was informed. He did not know about Ginny, until later on around the first time I talked to you, where I started suspecting she was with child that it all fit together. That is when he found out, and trust me he was not so pleased with the aspect of having his son betrayed by you Hermione. He was even more thrilled to hear that his only daughter was going to get pregnant by the son of the man he hated most. After I explained everything I knew he calmed down and realized that good

could come out of this. This is why he wasn't surprised when he found out Ginny was pregnant. Later on I found out more information, it came to my ears not by spies but by an old witch that currently lives deep within the Forbidden Forest."

"There is a witch in that lives inside the Forbidden Forest," Hermione said raising her eyebrows. Harry knew she was surprised at hearing a bit of information regarding the grounds of Hogwarts that she did not know about.

"Yes there is, she is extremely old, makes me look young, if I do say so myself. She is not what you would say has the gift of foresight, but the gift of the present," said Dumbledore fondly.

"The present, that-"

"It doesn't sound too grand, does it? Actually it is a very helpful thing to have; it is accurate and never wrong. She can tell you the events that are happening, or have happened that link it to the present time. I went to her when Ginny was pregnant so she told me how special this child was and how she was linked to the Prophecy. So as you can see this gift is even better than the gift of seeing the future," said Dumbledore amusingly.

"Wouldn't seeing the future be better, that way you would be better prepared," said Harry.

"Not necessarily, the future can always be changed. She is an insighter, this means that she can see the real things that are true and are non-changing around the world," said Hermione to Harry. He nodded to her in understanding.

"So is this why you wouldn't tell me in the beginning of the year when I found out about the Prophecy?" Harry questioned Dumbledore.

"The only thing I really knew at that time was that you and Hermione were going to get together and she would be with child soon after. If I would have told you the information I knew and what I thought the Prophecy was going to be about, do you think that you would have slept with Hermione. It is not as if you were going to agree, right then

and there, at a time you were unsure of what to do, to go impregnate your best friend. Even worse, at the time that you were pushing out your feeling because she was your best friend's girlfriend. What did you expect was going to happen, I couldn't very well throw you in a room and say, go have sex."

COUGH

Harry choked on the air he was inhaling; this kind of conversation was not one that he was used to having with Dumbledore.

"Your right I probably wouldn't have done it," said Harry awkwardly.

"I had to let what I call nature take its course. And wait for you two to come together after you gather your feeling for one another, and let it be. I first found out about this new Prophecy the day after you defeated Voldemort Harry, and I knew the best way to get you together, or to make it harder to be apart, was to make you Head Boy and Girl. However if I made it clear to Ron in any way to suspect you two, then he would have been more precautious and those guilty feelings I am sure you two have been having all year would have sprung out to early. Therefore, what I did was make him think that it was his choice to give up the Head Boy position, because I knew he would be expecting it. In turn you wouldn't have had Harmony."

"But I didn't get pregnant the first time we had...uh...it was more like the second time...when we got-"

"Drunk, oh yes I knew about that. It is all very complicated to say Hermione. Let's see, if you would not have slept with Harry, you would not have gotten your guilty feeling when you did, making him go to the Room of Requirement, then see him with another girl, making you leave and making him follow you, and you both would not have gone to the Water Rippler. Where you would not have gotten drunk and Harmony would not have been conceived that night," said Dumbledore quickly.

Hermione blushed and stared awkwardly at Harry, who fidgeted in his chair.

"You...uh...you knew about all of that?" Harry asked.

"I was closely monitoring your relationship because I was vitally crucial that you two get together, I knew everything that happened, some through the insighter witch in the forest, other through obvious things."

"So, Harmony would have never been born if none of that would have happened?"

"This is just an example of how unpredictable the future can be. Here's a brain twister, if you would have never heard the Prophecy, do you think that you would have been able to register that Draco needed to be on our side?" Dumbledore asked Harry.

"No I don't think I would have tried to make him come back if I hadn't remembered that part of the Prophecy."

"You see imagine what would have happened then like I told you."

"Wow, this has gotten complicated, but I'm glad that things happened the way that they did. But I do have one question thought, why when I asked you where Hermione was, you didn't tell me?"

Hermione choose to leave, and at the time knowing more about the situation than she did with the Death Eaters, I thought that it would be best to keep her hidden. I could not tell you where she was because then you would have wanted to talk to her-

"And I asked him not to tell you, because I wanted to tell you myself that I was pregnant, and not in some letter. When I left I thought that both of you hated me and I didn't know where to go, but he offered me a place to go, obviously it was to protect me," said Hermione in a low tone.

"Then we come to earlier today when you first found out Hermione's parents died..." At this sound of Dumbledore's words, Hermione grew tense and her lower lip started to tremble. "The events happened not in the morning but at night, so I had time to go see my insighter friend, she informed me what I suspected, that Hermione would give birth

that day as well as Ginny, but that was as far as she was able to go, nothing future remember. She only knew this because Ginny's body was marking that it was ready the time that I consulted with her. Naturally, I went to get Hermione and thus your child was born; it was then that I started to fear the worst and knew once Harmony and Gabriel were born, trouble would be close by. I exited without a struggle of anyone viewing my departure, it came to my attention that the Death Eaters were attacking and I had to act quickly, if I wanted to be ready for them. The insighter would not tell me the outcome of the battle for she could not but she did say one word to me...bond. I did not know exactly what she meant but my best guess was that you needed to bond for everything to overpass, this is why I didn't refuse Hermione and Ginny in the room during the fight," said Dumbledore placing his hand on his head as though he was suffering from an immense headache.

"Did you plan on me hearing the Prophecy?" Harry asked Dumbledore.

"I placed you in the position that you would hear it with Hermione, when it would be said, but not when I would be around for you to question me about it. Why did you think I gave you the wrong schedules, it was not all a coincidence, I planned that." Dumbledore looked quite pleased with himself.

"What would be the difference between having heard it now, and then?" Hermione asked.

"That now you were falling in love with each other and realized the other feelings. I also did not tell you all of this beforehand because I did not know everything either and I did not want to give you false information. I was wrong about a few things, and I also didn't want to disturb the order of the way things were going," said Dumbledore confidently.

"Are...are Harmony and Gabriel...I mean now he's going to be a different person from what the Prophecy predicted he might be...would they..." Hermione seemed unsure of how to ask this question.

"It is a very high possibility that they will get together, but only if there is not pressure or intruding involved," said Dumbledore looking at them as if they were going to try and intervene.

"Oh...but...are you sure?" Harry asked. He was already becoming protective of her, and thinking of her having a boyfriend was making him uneasy. Hermione nudged him in the ribs.

"No I'm not, but I guess that is the thing about the future, you just don't know," said Dumbledore knowingly.

"What about...she has a Phoenix scar on the palm of her hand," said Harry reaching over and turning it for Dumbledore to see.

Dumbledore fixed his glasses and stared at it amusingly. He made a few sounds with his mouth before sitting down and placing his two front fingers together.

"Every scar is unique and I doubt it will be just like yours with its powers and all. She will have to figure out what gifts her own scar has, on her own. I saw Gabriel's he has a scar too. It is the symbol of a crying phoenix, except it's on his left hand and not on his right like Harmony's."

"I didn't know he had one on his hand too, just imagine when they hold hands and..." Hermione stopped abruptly by the look on Harry's face.

"Well I don't think that they is anymore questions that you two have to ask me, but if there is something I have missed feel free to tell me two days from now, at the Graduation Ceremony," Dumbledore said getting to his feet.

"Graduation Ceremony, I completely forgot about that, what about-"

"You did enough spell and work in your time at Godric's Hollow to appoint you to graduate as well as an Outstanding in everything on your N.E.W.T.'s test, that you took," said Dumbledore to Hermione.

“Why are you saying two days from now, won’t we see you tomorrow?” Harry asked. He could not help but notice that it was probably already tomorrow and more than likely morning.

“You two, I’m sure have a lot to catch up on, you are not to be expected to leave your room until the ceremony which is in two days. Food will be brought to you, and I will see to it that your baby necessities are sent up with a House Elf right away.”

Harry noticed Hermione squish her nose up at the thought of a House Elf doing work like that for her.

“Sadly we are going to have to compress a funeral for those who have fallen today, the same day as the Graduation Ceremony, and tomorrow will be a hectic day for many. However, you two along with Draco, and Ginny have had enough to deal with, and have done enough for everyone. Thank you Harry and thank you Hermione for...” Dumbledore looked down to Harmony, and did not need to say anything else. He was saying thank you for giving birth to her, as if she really had a choice, or would have it any other way.

“We’ll be at the funeral, but right now, I’m exhausted,” said Harry yawning.

Hermione caught his yawn and Dumbledore chuckled. He motioned with his hands for them to depart, they did in a hurried pace.

AN: This chapter was defiantly needed to patch things up, your Harry and Hermione wish is coming in the next chapter, it will be mainly them together in the room by themselves sharing the moments they have missed out on. I hope you like it and I hope you liked this chapter. I think it is one more chapter and that is it, my story is coming to it’s end, but do not fear, I am already mingling the works of my second story and its plot in my head. Thank you. I have not had the time to pick out a selected person form all the reviews, I got so many and it was so hard to choose, this may sound cliché but I dedicate this chapter to all my readers and especially those who reviewed me.

Chapter Twenty Nine Ceremonies and Promises

Dedicated to Kristy a.k.a Wolfness, Marvybell, harryandhermione4eva18, Tina Turnpike, Robertk, Sannihun, Jc2121, Danfan4ever, bingbop02, faithful2thecall, spoonjosh, jhh, The Gryffindor Drummer, and imissdumbledore. I also want to thank everyone who reviewed and read my story if I have forgotten your name write it here.

The person I want to thank the most is Jesus Trevino Jr. my boyfriend who without I would not have finished this story. Thank you.

Hermione caught his yawn and Dumbledore chuckled. He motioned with his hands for them to depart, and they did in a hurried pace.

"That was a very confusing and informing conversation wasn't it," Hermione said entering her room.

"Yes it was, just thinking about it and how complicated it was gives me a headache, and the weird part about it is it actually makes sense," said Harry lying down flat on Hermione's bed.

"You might want to shower," Hermione said glancing at his blood stained robes. He looked down and smiled guiltily.

"Guess I should have thought of that before."

"It's not a problem; I'll go in and take a shower after you. I'm exhausted but I am not going to sleep like this," Hermione said laying Harmony down on the bed.

"You want to join me in the shower?"

“Harry...I don’t think that...even if I wanted to...I need to feed the baby,” Hermione stuttered.

“Feed her, feed her how?” Harry noticed the absence of bottles anywhere, and gave Hermione a confused expression. She blushed a little and Harry got the picture but it was too late.

“I’ll do it while you’re in the shower,” she said teasingly hurrying him off. He nodded his head in obedience but walked up to her and kissed her on the forehead before going into the bathroom.

He wanted to get out as fast as he could so he could spend time with Hermione but he also didn’t want to be unclean. He knew that he was messy and it took a few scrubs to get the feeling of dirt and blood off of himself.

This sudden break had him thinking about what happened outside. Why was he so nervous, and why had he been so stupid as to ask her if she wanted to join him.

When he felt her rush of insecurity he immediately had recognized his mistake. She had just had a baby and was not all too confident about her looks. He needed to give her time, and that was perfectly alright with him.

When he finished showering, he wrapped a towel around himself and went out to the room. He almost ran into Hermione who was holding Harmony in an upright position while she walked past the bathroom door.

“Sorry, I was trying to burp her,” Hermione said apologetically, at startling Harry.

“You don’t have to apologize; come on it’s just me. I’m still...Harry.” Hermione opened her mouth several times in an attempt to answer his statement, but didn’t know how.

“I know,” she said simply, but Harry felt differently. She was nervous, just like he was, though he was nervous for a completely different reason.

“Here let me take her. I know that you are tired and you can’t go to sleep if you don’t take a shower,” said Harry taking Harmony out of her hands.

“Thanks,” she said after a while of a pause. Harry sensed that there was so much more that she wanted to say to him, but couldn’t find the words at the time to say them. He smiled at hearing her mentally kicking herself for replying to him with a thank you.

“Hermione...I know...You don’t need to tell me,” said Harry softly. He kept eye contact with her, and leaned in slowly. Lifting one hand he placed it gently on Hermione cheek and pulled her closer to him. She inhaled deeply, but he didn’t see her exhale. Long before his lips even reached hers, she had already closed her eyes. Her heartbeat was going faster than his, and this in itself calmed him down. He could feel all the stress from the day pouring out into her, and she took it gladly, gratefully.

If he had to say what kiss they shared was most significant and beautiful with her, he would choose this one. It burned his inside with the devotion of being hers and hers alone. Songs could play, and enchanting melodies whispering in the background, yet it would not be out of place. A thousand screams would fill his ears when need be he depart from her grasp.

Air would be most crucial for her, in the essence that she was so entirely captivated that she lost the memory and the reflex to grasp in air. It was when he felt her weak from continuing this passionate and soul mending action that he made the retched choice of pulling away from Heaven.

She was startled to see the pair of green, emerald eyes she grew so fond of seeing, he could tell. Harry licked his lips and broke away from her absorbing gaze, long enough for her to register that her brain was crying out with necessity. It took her a while to regain her breathe but she didn’t move but a single thing, except her chest which rose up and down.

"See you when you get out," said Harry blushing at the moment that had passed them.

"Uh...see you." Apparently she was aware of the impact and seriousness the kiss turned out to be, and how it had took them a step further in their relationship. This was their first kiss that was not marked with guilt or remorse. It was their first true kiss.

She blushed but ran into the bathroom with a smile on her face. Harry was sure he even saw her bite her lip with glee. He was stunned to be left with nothing but a blank door to look at, but notice the shadows at the bottom. He got the impression that she was leaning against the door, trying to make sure she did not forget that moment for the rest of her life.

Harry reached his hand over to the door, and placed it cautiously on the wood surface that was now standing between him, and his world. He couldn't wait for her to come out of that bathroom again, just so he could be sure it was all real. That he was her holding his daughter in his hands, and that Hermione was his at last. He was unaware that Hermione held her hand up on the other side in the same place where his lay. He had already taken off his hand and she no longer felt a warm sensation where she once had, so she took of hers and proceeded to do her necessities.

"Oh, you are beautiful. I bet the boys are going to go crazy over you, but they are going to have to get through me first," said Harry talking to Harmony. He looked down on himself and found that he was not wearing anything but a towel. All his clothes were in the other room. He really didn't want to go disturb Draco and Ginny but all he needed was his sleep clothes.

He knocked on his door hard, but not to create a ruckus. Draco answered and he was holding Gabriel. Simultaneously Gabriel and Harmony's hands fell out of their places and reached for each other. They were the same hands that had their scars. They were too far to touch but Harry was still curious. He could clearly see that Gabriel indeed had a crying Phoenix.

COUGH

Harry jerked his head up to Draco who was still waiting for him to tell him why he was knocking at his door, half naked on top of that.

“Oh...I need some clothes,” said Harry feeling slightly foolish.

“Just try not to make too much noise, Ginny is asleep.”

Harry walked in and saw Ginny peacefully slumbering in his bed. If someone would have told him last year, that he would be where he was holding his and Hermione's child, while Draco held his Ginny's baby, he would have thought that, that person was insane. Now it was something he was going to have to get used to, and was more real than magic to him.

He quickly made his way to his dresser and fumbled with the second drawer. His clothes were right at the top, but what stopped him dead in his tracks was the box he had hidden in it. He had thought about doing this all day today, and now the chance was gleaming at him straight in the face. Without Draco noticing he pulled the box, and wrapped it in-between his clothes. He was out in a flash because his heart was beating a mile a minute.

Once back in the bedroom he rushed his clothes on and hid the box in a place only he would find. If he was going to do it, he wanted to do it right, and not right now when Hermione was exhausted. He could feel her getting sleepy by the warmth of the water that was falling and transferring into him.

Harmony gave a wide yawn, showing all of her toothless gums. Her little eyes scrunched tightly closes as she inhaled all the air her lungs could take.

Harry figured she was sleepy so he laid her down with him to wait for Hermione to get out. He was staring at Harmony one minute and the next his eyelids closed shut on him.

Hermione came out after a thirty minute long shower that she needed. She couldn't wait to be back in the room with Harry, so she threw a towel over herself and hurried out the bathroom.

Smiling widely she was met with a scene that was both a surprise and melted her heart. Harry was asleep on the bed, with Harmony. He was lying on his back, while Harmony was asleep at his chest. His right arm had been extended out, almost giving room for Hermione to join when she came out.

She walked forward silently trying not to wake them up and stood there admiring them. Her hand flew over her mouth unconsciously and she felt the swell of tears wanting to leak out from her eyes. They looked so happy and it didn't seem like neither of them had a care in the world.

Quietly she got dressed and towel-dried her hair as best as she could, before climbing in and joining them. She curled herself right next to Harry, and his free arm that had been outstretched for her. He stirred awake but when he found out the source of his disturbance he smiled. Harry kissed Hermione on the forehead and with his other free hand made sure that Harmony was securely in place. The three of them drifted off into a very restful and pleasant sleep.

Harry had woken up only twice in the time he was sleeping, and it was only because he no longer felt warmth.

Harmony had somehow rolled off of him and found her way closer to Hermione. The first time this happened he jerked himself awake; because he was afraid that in that position that they were going to hurt her. The second time he figured that Harmony must really want to be with the both of them so allowed her to stay, but was extra cautious the rest of the night.

When Hermione awoke, which had to be around nighttime again, considering that they had fallen asleep during the day, she found that Harry was already awake. He did not notice that she had woken up

because he was by the window holding Harmony up to it. He was talking to her, and showing her the stars.

“You see those stars, they are all your. Just tell me which one you want and I will bring it down. Personally I would pick the biggest and brightest star but you know that one is already reserve for your mother,” said Harry though it was clear Harmony couldn’t understand a word he was saying. The gesture was sweet, in Hermione’s opinion. “It looks like your going to be even more beautiful than your mother, but let’s just keep that between you and me, she might get jealous.”

Hermione resisted a laugh and tried to block Harry so he wouldn’t know that she was there. From what she could tell as she gently got out of bed, Harmony was being very attentive to Harry.

He reached out his hand and pointed it to the sky. At first, while standing behind Harry, Hermione could not tell what he was doing. When his hand suddenly appeared to glow and sparkle he brought it down towards Harmony. Hermione figured he was trying to do the impression that he had brought down a star, when it looked like sparkling dust to her. It glittered and glistened around his hand and pranced around not once dropping on Harmony. She gazed up at it intensively, amazed by the color and the light that was coming from his hands.

“There is your star,” said Harry placing it in her scar hand. She didn’t have very good control over her fingers but for a baby had amazing strength to throw it upwards to the air. Both Hermione and Harry jump at this, because it was the last thing that they were expecting. The shower of light, like bits of harmless fire fell only around them.

“What are you teaching her?”

Harry spun around, and got a guilty stricken look on his face.

“Nothing...I was just trying to show her...she did that on her own,” said Harry. He was talking as if he was trying to give an excuse to Professor McGonagall.

"I know you weren't," said Hermione confessing. Harry shook his head and laughed.

"I'm going to go freshen up," said Harry handing Hermione Harmony.

When he came out she went in and did the same, at which time a knock had come across the door.

Since Harry was closer he got to it first, but it only ended up being Dobby with breakfast.

"Hello Dobby how have you been?"

"Fine sir, Dobby has had lots of cleaning to do. Dumbledore came to me and said that you would be needing food. I told him Dobby would do, Dobby would be happy to do it," the house elf said eagerly.

Harry let him in and he set a tray with food and basket on the side.

"Is this Harry Potter's daughter, the one being held by the kind girl?" Harry tried not to laugh while Hermione blushed and nodded.

"Yes it is," said Harry proudly. Hermione lowered herself to Dobby's height so he could view Harmony.

"Why miss, it looks just like you. But it has Harry Potter's hair and eyes."

"It is my daughter as well. I'm Harry's...g-girlfriend," said Hermione uncertainly.

"Lucky he is to have you, I must be going sir, and kinds miss. There is still much more to clean around Hogwarts," said Dobby departing with a smile.

"Bye," Harry and Hermione said in unison.

"Why did you stutter when you said you were my girlfriend?" Harry question Hermione innocently.

"I don't know...maybe because I'm not used to saying it. It is the first time I actually said it out loud. I also didn't know if it was true or not."

"Of course you're my girlfriend, I've wanted you to be that for the past year, if I didn't I wouldn't have fought so hard for you. I love you."

Hermione's face lit up with those words as if she had been waiting to hear them for so long.

"I love you too," she responded.

"Sit down," he said. Harry had a way of speaking that it wasn't giving a command but more of a request. She sat down and he placed a table in front of her. At first she was going to ask where he got the table from, but ignored it. He placed all the breakfast on the table including fixing up her plate. The basket had come with assorted baby items including formula, bottle, and pampers.

"Accio bottle," said Hermione flicking her wand. She sent a flying bottle at her opened hand proceeded to summon the formula.

"I can feed her if you want, you eat first I'm not that hungry," said Harry picking Harmony up before Hermione could respond.

"Ok, but....oh hold her head up that way...no just a little bit higher so she doesn't choke." Hermione was digging her hands into cheeks. She was clearly nervous at Harry doing this for the first time. He was too and he wasn't going to be an expert at it like he as sure that she was by now. He could already picture her reading during all the time that she was hiding, all these books about motherhood. That was his Hermione and he wouldn't have her any other way.

"Like this, am I doing it right?" Harry asked watching Harmony gulping down her milk. She had a big appetite, or maybe it was because she hadn't eaten in so long.

"Yeah, that's fine. Did Harmony wake up at all last night, because I heard that babies didn't sleep all night, or in this case day," said Hermione while placing bits of strawberry in her mouth.

"Heard, or read? No the only time she woke me up was when she rolled off of me to be closer to you. By the way, you look like an angel when you sleep."

"Huh...it was both..." Hermione seemed to have a lot of blood in her because she just kept blushing around Harry.

"Did you hear what I said?"

"Uh...yeah. How do you know anyways," said Hermione trying get off the subject.

"The second time Harmony rolled over I noticed you, and I couldn't stop staring. I think I was looking at you for about an hour before Harmony woke up and started wiggling around.

Does he know how to make me feel great or what, thought Hermione to herself.

I try, Harry responded back to her.

Harry, it's not polite to penetrate people's thoughts, especially if they are about you, Hermione thought smiling playfully at him.

When Hermione finished eating she changed Harmony, which Harry wanted to leave to room for that. But once she was done it was Harry's turn to eat. He started eating so fast that you could have said someone told him he wouldn't eat for the rest of the week.

"Not that hungry," said Hermione accusingly.

"What...I am now," said Harry when he swallowed his food.

There was another knock at the door. Harry and Hermione exchanged glances, who could it be this time.

Harry was the one who got up to answer it. He creaked the door open insignificantly to see Draco standing next to Ginny, with Gabriel in her arms.

"Shhh...we wanted to see how the engagement was going," said Ginny excitedly.

Harry's eyes widened and he glanced around desperately towards Hermione to see if she had heard. She was staring at the door, but did not give any sign of overhearing.

"How did you know about that?"

"I saw you get the box out of your drawer, I'm not stupid. I told Ginny and she couldn't resist coming over here," said Draco shrugging as if it was not big deal.

"I haven't done it yet, and frankly I don't know how the bloody hell I am...you guys are making it worse," Harry whispered frantically.

"I was hoping you would say that, I could take Harmony so you two could have your privacy and find the right time to do it," Ginny said ecstatically.

It sounded like a perfect idea, but what if it was a trick to get Harmony.

"I know what you are thinking already, and trust me when I tell you that I am here to stay. I wouldn't dream of messing up what I have here," Draco said referring to Ginny. Harry stood there for a minute to think about it.

"Well you had better be right because if you are not I will come after you," said Harry. He gave a laid back tone but every word he spoke was true.

"Who was it?" Hermione asked Harry as he closed the door behind him.

"Ginny, she wants to take care of Harmony, for us. I told her it would be alright. Don't worry I already spoke to Draco," said Harry. He added that last bit on account that Hermione was about to protest.

"Al-alright," said Hermione reluctantly. Harry handed the baby to Ginny, and closed the door.

She laid down on the bed with a frown written across her face. Harry laid down next to her.

"She's going to be alright beautifully, nothing to worry your pretty little head about," said Harry receiving a slap on the shoulder.

"Don't talk to me like I'm one of those air headed, easily manipulated, wenches that are at this school." Harry snorted loudly, but tried to make it sound like a cough. Hermione caught it.

"I know you're not one of those girls. You're intelligent, beautiful, and in my eyes perfection," said Harry moving strands of hair out of her face. His fingertips got caught at the ends, with the curls, so he left his hand there to play with her hair.

"Yet it took you so long to see my...perfection and beauty."

"It's not like that. You were always in front of my eyes and I never saw it before, until I took a good look and I saw how blind I had been for seven years. The difference between you and other girls is that they have it straight on the surface, everybody gets to view that and that...gives it less value. You have a natural and unique beauty that you don't have to look for but you have to know it's there, and when you see it it's...the most captivating thing you have ever seen in your life. This way it preserves it all for me, and doesn't wear it out. I wouldn't have you any other way, and I like you the way you are," said Harry unaware that he had started crying.

"Harry, why...oh." Hermione lifted up her hand and cleared away the tears that were now falling down his face.

"Sorry."

"Don't apologize I hate it when people think that boys crying is not macho. I don't need you to always be strong for me; I need you to always be there for me." Harry smile back at her happy that for once his life had gone the way that it had, he felt guilty for sharing such a wonderful moment with Hermione, when others were probably mourning.

"Harry you more than anyone deserves this right now...we deserve it." Harry grabbed Hermione's hand and kissed it softly. She pulled his hand closer to her and started to makes circles in the center of his palm.

"Hermione, I have something I want to tell you," said Harry seriously. He proceeded by shutting her out so he alone could say what he wanted.

"Stand over here by the window real quick please," said Harry hopefully. Hermione looked at him questionably but obeyed. When she turned to get off the bed he summoned the box over to his hand and hid it in his pocket.

"Right here?"

"Yes, here is perfect. Look I..." Harry gulped and his brain suddenly went blank.

"Harry, are you alright you're shaking," said Hermione grabbing his hands.

"I-I-I know." Harry didn't want to do anything fancy this time. He wanted to go through with it, and do it like any normal person. His nervousness and lack of speech was killing him though.

"Harry if you have something to say than just say it," said Hermione crossing her arms.

"No give me your hands. I'm sorry this is just so hard to say for me," said Harry truthfully.

“Oh...then take your time then,” said Hermione hopefully. Harry got the impression that she knew what was coming and that only made the situation worse.

Harry nodded and wished there was somehow he could do to stop Hermione from gazing so deeply at him. That gave him idea on how to make this easier for him. He flicked his hands and all the lights turned off, leaving only a piece of the crescent moon to shine in through the window where they were standing.

“I can’t see a thing-”

Harry clasped Hermione’s hands tightly and pulled them up in between them. She was cut off because she got startled by the sudden glowing that their hands were doing. This wasn’t like the time that Harry was playing with the sparkling dust. Their hands were really glowing, but Hermione got the suspicion that it was coming more from Harry’s hands.

It was bright enough for them to see each other, but just each other, and nothing else.

“Hermione, we have been through so much...no I mean I have known you for seven years now and...no that’s not right uh let me start over.” Harry shut his eyes and took a deep breath.

“I have been in your life for seven years, and in that time I have felt something for you that I couldn’t explain until now,” Hermione said startling Harry. He didn’t realize what she did was helping him talk with more ease. He had a poem in mind that he had written for her and now was as good a time as ever to recite it.

Could the heart have known in these years time what one was too blinded to see before,

Would my soul have ached in the absence of your presence yet I would feel it burn most when I had lost you to another.

If it be your eyes that entrance me and take me to a different world, one even heaven could not match.

Here I take your hand in guidance and I thrust my words forward to meet you, in hopes that you will listen and agree with what I seek of you.

Always you have been there never faltering in your loyalty, a true friend you had always been, even greater than the best.

Belief is what you gave me when I needed it most and when I didn't,

Forever a part of you I have become as I in you and you in I,

Sought me in my time of need and guided me into the right direction even when I wouldn't listen.

Always and forever our love will last, never diverting from its fated path.

I ask of you now to answer my question if you would do me the honor of letting me be your husband.

Will you marry me and be my wife, and together start a brand new life.

Right in front of Hermione Harry got down on one knee, and broke his hands away from her. As he went to his pocket to retrieve the ring he had, her hand went flying over her mouth.

He made sure the light was bright enough to see her face, and she could see his too. She had not taken her eyes off of his, not even to glance at the now open box which held the ring inside. Harry took it out of the box and had it float up to her, only then did she avert her stare.

He stood up to meet her and see her face to face. She still had not replied but he saw traces of tears being leaked out from watery eyes.

He snatched the ring from midair and gestured it forward. Quite suddenly she thrust herself forward and pulled him into a massive hug.

“YES!” She screamed out excitedly, while she clenched on to him tighter than before. At once Harry’s spirits soared. “YES I WILL MARRY YOU!”

Now she was defiantly crying and Harry wanted to cry too, because he was so happy. He pulled her down and held her face, with his thumb he wiped away all the traces of her tears.

“Always,” she whispered to him. He held her close to him, at his chest.

“And forever,” he said to her, slipping on the ring, that was a perfect fit.

“I can’t believe we’re going to get married,” Hermione said letting herself be burrowing into him.

“I can’t believe it either; I am the luckiest person ever. I have you and you gave me a beautiful daughter. Now you’re going to be my wife, I couldn’t have asked for anything better.”

TAP TAP

Something was flapping outside the window, it was Fawkes.

“What is he doing here,” said Hermione being startled by his sudden presence.

“Oh...uh...hold on,” said Harry opening the window. Hermione distinctly heard Harry say the word yes to Fawkes but she couldn’t be sure.

Fawkes seemed to understand his words and started singing. He circled around Hogwarts and his song could be heard all around.

“How did he...know?” Hermione asked Harry.

“Oh...I told him. I told Dumbledore while you were asleep because I was having trouble finding a speech and he helped me out a little bit. But I swear what I said was my own words, just was enhanced a little to help me get it out on paper and then memorize it, trust me it’s hard

when you only have less than an hour, that is why I was by the window when you found me,” said Harry guiltily.

“Well it still means a lot to me, come on let go get our daughter.”

“I still can’t get used to that,” said Harry.

“Get used to what.”

“That we have a daughter,” said Harry walking while he held Hermione’s hip.

Harry had attacked Hermione with small tiny kisses as they walked out the door, with her in his arms. They were met with pleasant but startling surprise.

“CONGATULATIONS!” There was a crowd full of people that had shouted at the same time. Everyone broke into applause. Harry and Hermione pulled away from each other embarrassed.

Did you know about this, Hermione thought to Harry.

No did you, Harry said casting her a sincere look. He really didn’t know that there was going to be a room full of people there greeting them and to congratulate them.

Ginny was one of the first people to run up to Hermione. The first thing she asked was to see the ring, while all the guys went and patted Harry on the back.

Ron walked up awkwardly and everyone stopped talking at once.

“Um...congratulations,” said Ron softly. Luna came in laughing at his side hysterically, unaware that there was supposed to be a silence.

“Thanks, it means a lot coming from you,” said Harry truthfully.

There was no party, food, or presents but the mere fact that Harry's friends were there made everything worthwhile.

Mrs. Weasley came up and hugged both of them before she broke out into tears.

"It's good to see that some good has come out of this week, and that it wasn't all a tragic..." Her voice trailed off and she turned to face other things that would take her mind off of Fred.

"Harry, everyone wants to know when the wedding is going to be. I honestly didn't know what to tell them," said Hermione after thirty minutes of mingling.

"This summer on my birthday, does that sound alright to you?"

"This summer," said Hermione raising her eyebrows. "So soon?"

"Yeah why not, I've waited long enough to be with you...unless you don't want to so early-"

"Don't be silly, of course I do."

"Then it's settled. Go on and tell everyone the news," said Harry excitedly.

Hermione didn't waste time, or more Ginny didn't. As soon as she heard she made the announcement to everyone.

Hermione went over and gave him a kiss that everyone was demanding to see. Her face was beaming brightly, Harry could not say that he had ever seen her happier.

She ran off and came back with Harmony. He took her out of her arms; he didn't realize how much he missed being apart from her. Harmony didn't like all the attention that she was getting, much like him.

Harry and Hermione departed a little from the crowd so they could admire Harmony on their own. She was quite content with that, and

when Harry wiggled his hands in front of her, she jerked her hand up and caught his finger.

"I don't think that she has very good control yet, but it looks like we have a little seeker on our hands," said Hermione grinning widely.

He conjured up a stuffed animal and placed it near her. She only seemed to respond when Harry played with her.

"You were never fond of stuffed animals either," said Lupin with Tonks coming next to him. She said her congratulations and was dragged away with Ginny and Hermione to talk about wedding plans.

"I see you made it out of this mess alright," said Harry guiltily for not checking on him earlier.

"A few scratches, but I have been used to those since I was ten," said Lupin.

"Everyone else get out alright?"

"I think that tomorrow should be a time to deal on those things, today is a happy day and you should be celebrating," a voice said from behind Harry.

Dumbledore appeared out of nowhere and laid a hand on Harry's shoulder.

"You are a great man, Harry and you have grown into someone, anyone would be proud of. I am content to see that your problem earlier was solved and you are now taking a step even further into your future. It is looking very bright from where I am standing."

"Thank you, and please do me a favor, I don't want to be rude or anything but...don't do a speech for me tomorrow. I want to graduate and say goodbye to my friends just the same as everyone else," said Harry. Dumbledore agreed and walked off smiling while Seamus took his spot.

Mostly everyone Harry saw was in a good state. Hagrid would have made the party but apparently he was out on a date of his own. McGonagall was still in the hospital wing, and the crowd of people suddenly was missing many students.

He had thought that it was packed but looking at it correctly now, he saw that there were many of his fellow classmates he did not see. Not waiting to count the number and remember the fighting, he was steered towards Ron who was telling Luna about what they would do after school.

It was an hour of going around and talking to people that Harry and Hermione bid their goodbyes and headed off to bed.

"That was very nice of them to do, I mean it wasn't fancy, but the thought was great wasn't it," said Hermione flushed.

"Yes it was, come here," said Harry pulling her closer into his arms.

Harry pulled Hermione into a hug and kissed her before they set off to bed. They slept in the same manner as before with Harmony in the middle, and the night was quickly fading.

This time when Harry woke Hermione was already up and getting ready.

"What are up so early for," said Harry blinking out the sun.

"I take longer to get ready than you do, by the way you should be getting up now if you don't want to be late."

"Late to what?" Harry asked Hermione.

"To graduation, it starts in an hour."

"Why didn't you wake me up earlier," said Harry jumping out of bed.

"Ha, I did try you would get up."

Harry came up from behind her while she was fixing her hair in the mirror. He placed his head next to hers and stared at their reflection.

"You're not a morning person," said Hermione laughing at his hair that was ten times messier than usual.

"And you look fantastic in the morning," said Harry kissing her on her cheek and running off to take a shower.

Harmony was dressed with a red and gold outfit to match Harry and Hermione's robes.

"Doesn't she look adorable, we made that," said Hermione playing with Harmony on the bed.

"I think you could have put a little bit more of me in there," said Harry teasingly while he put on his tie. Hermione smiled but crossed her arms.

"I think that there is plenty of you in Harmony. She takes up for you in almost everything. Physically she has your hair and your eyes, what more do you want," said Hermione playfully.

"I'm pleased with how she came out, she looks just like you, therefore she is beautiful," said Harry pulling Hermione into a quick kiss before they set off for the Great Hall.

They entered the Great Hall holding hands and with Hermione holding Harmony. The first thing that they noticed was that the Great Hall had been completely transformed and was now holding the assorted colors of all the houses. Just outside the window Harry could see the funeral being set up.

"Don't look over there Harry, well go after the ceremony, cheer up," said Hermione reading Harry's emotions. Harry nodded and tried to keep his mind up, even when he felt Hermione's keep wondering back to it.

There were many students who gasped and pointed when they entered, but he ignored them. They seated themselves in the seats closest to the staff table as was accustomed.

Ginny and Draco came in five minute later with Ginny holding Gabriel in her arms. She did not get as much attention but people were impolite by pointing anyways.

They sat down next to them and Ron and Luna came in just as they touched their seats. Draco stayed with Ginny even tough his robes were green because there wasn't that many Slytherins who were graduating today anyway. Ginny wasn't graduating today either but she sat with them with her regular robes anyway. Luna with her blue robes would depart from them as well when the ceremony would start.

Many people came over to see the babies or congratulate Harry and Hermione. Neville had a small bandage that was attached to the bridge of his nose; he said a spell had hit him that the Healers could not fix rapidly.

Susan came in chatted a while with them before leaving to join her table.

"So are you and Draco going to get married?" she asked Ginny.

"Oh...we never-"

"Talked about it, but thank you for making us feel awkward," said Draco coldly cutting Ginny off. She slapped him in the arm and apologized to Susan.

"No it's ok; he's probably planning to ask you. They usually get like that when their plans have been discovered," said Susan whispering and winking at her.

Ginny grew hopeful and smiled.

Wouldn't be wonderful if he did ask her, we could do a double wedding, Hermione thought.

Having babies on the same day isn't enough, Harry thought teasingly.

Hermione laughed and everyone looked around at her suspiciously. Harry smile back at her, and now the people at the table were eyeing each other.

"Ok you guys have to tell me what is going on. The two of you have been doing that thing for the longest, where you don't say a word to each other yet one of you ends up laughing or getting mad," said Ron. He got many agreeing calls, and Harry and Hermione were put on the spotlight.

Should we tell them, Hermione thought to Harry.

I don't see why we shouldn't, unless you want this to be a secret between you and me, thought Harry.

"Sorry we can't tell you, you're going to have to figure that one out on your own," said Hermione bravely.

"Awwwww," Ron cried out.

"Your baby is very pretty, and so it yours Ginny," Susan said touching Harmony on the nose. She sneezed violently but it made the cutest squeaking sound.

"Thank you," said Hermione and Ginny in unison.

"So Ron are you going to get married anytime soon?" Susan asked him.

Luna went pink and Ron went red, they appeared to have not talked about it either.

"It would be fun, you could have like a triple wedding," said Susan. Many people busted out with laughter but Harry and Hermione didn't. They thought the idea sounded great, but obviously the others needed time to register that.

“What! You two can’t tell me that you think that we should,” said Ron glancing nervously to Luna.

“We’ll see, after today let’s all meet up at your house Ron and we can discuss any further plans,” said Hermione. Ron was deep in pondering while Ginny was nodding her head in acceptance.

“You want to,” she said excitedly to Draco. He opened his mouth several times but finally gave a slight nod.

“Well there goes my plan for proposing.” When Draco said those words Ginny jumped into his arms and almost dropped Gabriel.

“Seriously!”

Draco nodded and the congratulations was now being past to Ginny. Their table was the center of attention, if not from the noise than the people who were in it. Susan and Luna went back to their seats and the ceremony began. Dumbledore gave his speech but Harry was too busy talking to Hermione in his head and whispering love phrases to her to listen.

There was applause for all the graduating class and the feast was big and assorted.

Harry was in such a happy mood as they walked around greeting each other and then when it was over they made their way down the grounds to bid their friends goodbye.

There were rows and rows of seats but the rows Harry was focused on were the coffins. Each one of them held a picture of the fallen hero and a parchment where everyone could go sign saying what they loved best about them. It magically extended so there was never need for more. When everyone went around, Harry and Hermione did their crying together they sat down and listened to Dumbledore talk about each individual and what made them unique.

To say that Harry wasn’t paying attention would be wrong, he was but it was so hard for him to listen and to see all those bodies that he just numbed himself out. Fawks came soaring by and dropping snow over

everyone's head and over a monument that was placed in honor of that day. It was placed right next to the one that was made the day after Voldemort had come. Harry hoped that it would be the last to ever have to be built on these grounds again. The ceremony ended quickly even though it was really hours long, but it soared by, in Harry's mind.

With Hermione standing by his side and everyone to follow, they set off back into the Great Hall.

"Hey, I wanted to ask you something," said Ron leaving Luna behind.

"Go ahead."

"Well if...say I were to agree with the wedding thing, who would be your best man?" Ron asked growing red.

"You would, except you'll just be wearing a robe just as fancy as mine," said Harry playfully.

"Harry..."

"Yeah,"

"You're a great friend," said Ron smiling at him.

"So are you," said Harry in reply. They shook hands and went their separate way with a promise to see each other later on at night to depart.

"I loved sleeping with you," Hermione said to him while they were packing their belongings.

Harry raised his eyebrows and stopped folding a shirt.

"I don't mean it like that; I mean sleeping...waking up next to you makes me feel like we live together. I actually quite liked how you look in the morning, messy hair and all," said Hermione blushing.

"Well you're welcome to come join me, I don't reckon you have a place to stay at now," said Harry without thinking.

"No I guess I don't, now that my parents died."

"Oh baby I didn't mean it like that," Harry said embracing her and letting her cry on him.

"I was thinking about them all through the funeral, and you are right, I don't have a place to go, but I do have to go pick up some stuff," said Hermione pulling away.

"We'll go, and if it is any consolation I'm an idiot. Ron is usually the one who says stuff like that, I'm sorry," said Harry apologetically.

"Apology accepted only if you kiss me," said Hermione smiling mischievously.

Harry kissed her feverishly before she finally made him stop and pack. They took as much time as they could, they were going to leave early so they could go to The Burrow the next day.

They were downstairs heaving their trunks and leavening them at the designated spot with the rest of the luggage. Ron, Luna, Ginny, and Draco met up with them a short while after.

He hated to say that things were going to fast for his liking, but with Hermione with him, it didn't matter how fast things were going as long as they were doing it together.

"What do you think there will be to eat when we get home, Ginny," said Ron already hungry again.

"I don't know, hey look everyone came to see us off...or to see Harry off," said Ginny turning to see a crowd of students in the stairs.

"No they came to see us off," said Harry correcting Ginny. Dumbledore came walking down the steps and looked wiser, but older at the same time. The battle was showing that it really was taking a toll on him.

“My dear students, how time has past and how you have grown. I am sad to say only one of you will be joining me in returning for another year. I cannot tell you how proud I am to have had such wonderful students who were taught here at my school. Know that you depart from here to start another life; thought a life has already been started for you. Know that you are off to make important decisions that no one else can decide for you, thought you have already made many that changed the course of time. Know that wherever you go, this is a home you can always return to, though you leave its doors to a different world. Know that here you were taught more than magic, when true magic was created even when you didn't know it.” Dumbledore looked specifically at Harmony and Gabriel. “Lastly know that you should always trust your heart, wherever it may lead you, even though it may not be the path you intended to ride with in the begging. Unite within each other, and nothing will be able to stop you.”

Dumbledore gave a short bow before tuning and walking away. Harry watched his Headmaster, climb back up the stairs and only turn when he reached the top. He waved causing a ripple of students to do the same. Professor McGonagall and Hagrid appeared and waved him off from the top as well.

Harry knew he was saying goodbye to the school but not these people. He would be back, possibly tomorrow, or even the next day. This would always be his home, because so many memories resided in it. For now though he needed to take the first step in leaving it, before he could continue.

He turned around and walked away with the others to follow him. Behind him there was applause and in front of him tears that were being shred including his.

“What do you reckon is really out there?” Harry asked to no one in particular.

“Who knows, but if it's anything like our school days it's going to be some adventure,” said Ron hugging Luna.

"I'm glad that I get to return, because this seems to hard for me to really do," said Ginny walking forward with her son in her arms.

"Whatever it is, and whatever we will face, I don't care as long as you with me," said Harry to Hermione.

"I will be with you, just like I have been these past seven years," said Hermione mingling her hand within his. She held Harmony forward and they carried her together.

Harry had everything he needed and wanted heading out the doors, and for that he could honestly say that for once in his life, he was truly happy.

"We will all be there for each other, and that's a promise we will all have to keep," said Ron pushing the doors open.

"Always and forever," said Hermione stepping down the steps.

"Always and forever," Harry repeated to her.

The End

AN: Ahhhhhhhh. It's the end of my story. The next story I am working on will not be a sequel but watch out for my name to see when it comes out. I hope you liked my story and I hope you liked the ending. Please do not forget to tell me your favorite part, and please review this last chapter, if not to say what you thought of it, then to say of what you thought of the whole story. Thank you to all who have reviewed me in the past and who took the time to read my creation. Thank you to everyone who kept me going, I couldn't have done it without you. Until next time. Bye.

Chapter Thirty The Wedding

"Can you make this thing around my neck any tighter?" Harry asked Ron, who was trying to help him put on his dress robes.

"It's not tight, you're just nervous," Ron said standing back to admire his work. He lifted up one of his eyebrows.

"Is it that bad?" Harry asked him. Draco came out from the bathroom looking well dressed and without apparent problems getting dressed. When he saw the state of Harry's get together, and Ron's lame attempt to get ready, he snorted and continued on his way to the mirror.

"Not all of us, have gone to fancy balls all their life, and therefore have the proper experience to dress ourselves the right way," Ron replied to Draco's laughing stare.

"We need to get a girl in here, to help us out," Harry said making a futile attempt at fixing his disaster.

"Our future wives should be the ones doing this. Sucks for you Harry, it's your birthday and you haven't seen Hermione all day," Ron said huffing.

"You're both pathetic, if you think that you need a woman to do your dressing," Draco said, now combing his sleek blond hair back.

"The reason I haven't seen Hermione all day is because it is muggle tradition that you aren't supposed to see the bride before the wedding," Harry told Ron. "Don't give me that look, you might not want to follow it because you grew up being a wizard but me and Hermione prefer to do things our way."

"Stop, stop, I'll help you out. This is after all my wedding too, so I don't want you two going out there looking like clowns. How did you ever get dressed for the Yule Ball?" Draco asked helping Harry out.

"I figured it out eventually. Back then I wasn't shaking so that bit helped loads," Harry said clearing away sweaty palms.

"It didn't matter if I had put my robes on right, I still looked stupid, so then it didn't matter," Ron said wishing to forget that day.

"There you go Harry," Draco said finishing him up. "I say you actually look decent in your dress robes, when their on properly. The only thing fucking it all up, is that hair of yours."

Harry groaned and started patting his hair down, while he saw his reflection in the mirror.

"There, what would you two do without me," Draco said sighing, as he finished helping Ron out. He was as good and ready as he would ever be.

"Be having a double wedding instead of a triple, and go out with lopsided arrangements on our robes. Why they have to make these fancy things, so complicated to put on, I don't know. Regular robes just need to be slipped on and hooked in the front, but no, go and put all this crap to make a poor guy more nervous," Harry said brushing his hair down. The only thing he ended up doing was making his hair fluffy and stick out even more.

"Here try this," Draco said placing a bottle in front of Harry. Harry eyed it suspiciously and picked it up to read the label.

"It won't turn your hair green or anything. I told you this is my wedding as much as it yours and I don't want it screwed up. Especially by you two nervous oafs," Draco said ducking under Ron playful punch.

"Just be glad that my sister loves you, or I'd have chucked you out by now," Ron said trying to ease his tension.

Harry had taken the bottle and applied a fair amount to his hair. Miraculously in seconds, he saw that is hair was cooperating and settled down. Then looking at it for the first time lying flat, he knew it didn't suit him. Tossing his hair up a little with his fingers, and giving it a tad more volume fixed it perfectly.

"Now hold on, who said you can look better than me Potter," Draco said smirking.

"Yeah, thanks," Ron said, now finding that he had no idea what he was going to do with his hair.

"Sorry Weasel King, you cannot top my charms, much less Harry's. Of course that not what Luna was screaming out last night but hey, whatever works for her," Draco said innocently. Harry burst out laughing with the look on Ron's face when Draco said that and how he was trying not to shade his face with red embarrassment.

"His charms are in the right place from what I heard next door. Word of advice Ron, it's called a Silencing Charm. You should learn how to use it," Harry said joining in on the teasing.

They had all spent the night at the Burrow the night before the wedding, due to the rehearsal dinner, and tradition in the Weasley family. Harry being considered a member of that family was also invited to stay, but he found Hermione and Harmony were not there to greet him in the morning when he woke up.

"Take your own advice. You think that I didn't hear you two last month when we had that party. The just-because party that was really disguised as the celebration that your girls were able to now get it on with you two. Not so fond of the whole image of my sister doing I don't want to know what hanging upside down. I'm still cleaning out my ears," Ron retorted back. Harry and Draco eyed each other, and started chuckling. They really didn't think any one was going to figure the true reasons behind that party out, much less Ron.

"The only reason you heard us, was because we were supposed to be able to take them to our homes, but a certain devil by the name of Ginerva Weasley poured some Firewhiskey in the punch bowl, and we were too pissed to Floo or Apparate anywhere. What choice were we going to have but to stay at your place," Draco said defensively.

"Speaking of the girls, I wonder if they are having as much luck as us getting ready," Harry said feeling that he was all good to go.

“Yeah, I wouldn’t count on it. I’ll use any excuse of a tradition not to see them right now. Trust me it is better to wait until they are walking down the aisle to get your first glimpse, at least then it will be a memorable one,” Draco commented.

“Where are my shoes? Has anyone seen my shoes? Hermione you’re not wearing my shoes are you?” Ginny asked trying to walk around the two other girls on their flowing white dresses. There were so many women in the room. Half of them she didn’t know, and most of them not doing their job of helping them get ready.

“Ginny dear, you left them at the house, but I brought them in and placed them on the counter,” Mrs. Weasley said not paying much attention. She was trying to get one of the younger girls ready and do all the things the brides weren’t able to.

“What counter, there are three of them,” Ginny said flying past her station and on to Hermione’s and Luna’s. There were no sign of her shoes anywhere.

“Yours,” Molly said impatiently. She finished with the young girl and was moving back to Hermione, like she was supposed to.

A baby’s cry filtered the air, Hermione and Ginny instinctively turned to see which baby it was.

Both Gabriel and Harmony were already dressed and ready to go, with self-cleaning spells placed on their clothes. They always got messy when they were eating, or when someone picked them up. This time it was Gabriel who had started crying. Harmony was fast asleep in Fleur’s arms, not startled in the least by the commotion.

Just like her father, only wakes when she feels like it, Hermione thought. She was making sure that today, there was going to be no exchanging of thoughts with Harry. She wanted it to be special, and not with the mess of her getting ready for the big day.

"It's ok sweetheart, don't cry," Ginny said walking over to Gabriel and taking him out of Aunt Tessie's hands. She began to rock him back and fourth soothing his wailing cries.

"Ginny, your never going to get ready if you don't put that baby down. Better hope that he doesn't throw up on you, he just ate," Molly said messing with Luna's hair.

Ginny reluctantly placed Gabriel down, who did not like the prospect of being apart from him mother. In the long mirror that was beside Hermione's counter, she noticed a small girl wearing shoes that were too big for her.

"Ginny, I think that Lucy has your shoes on," Hermione told the frantic Ginny. Twirling around, Ginny marched right up to the little girl and demanded to get the shoes from her. After Lucy refused and began to walk of, Ginny picked her up and let the shoes fall from her feet.

Blocking out the crying that was coming from not only Lucy but Gabriel too, Hermione tried to steady her glass tiara that held her veil.

She had spent the last hour applying potions and what not to her hair, making half of her hair bounce elegantly down on her shoulders. The other half of her hair was done up, and with the help of five other girl she managed to have light curls coming out and playing on her face.

"You look lovely," Petunia Dursley said from behind Hermione. Harry had invited her, not only to come to the wedding, but be a part of it. She wasn't thrilled about the idea that she was going to be surrounded by magical people, Hermione could tell. She was uncomfortable but she wanted to help. She was bearing past the fact that this was a magical wedding, and there was plenty of magic involved.

"Thank you," Hermione responded. Petunia helped her to try to finish getting ready.

"I don't wear make-up, do you have any idea what is in that stuff. Their main ingredient is fish sperm, there is no way you are putting that on my lips," Luna said trying to refuse the lipstick Molly was

putting on her. Hermione laughed at her. She couldn't help it. Hermione played more the natural look with the make-up she wore today. It was all magical so that it wouldn't come off. Her eyes were shaded to bring out her eyes that she had lined with eyeliner.

She looked at herself in the mirror, smiling within her for the job well done that she felt she had accomplished. She was not perfect, she had lost her original earrings, her hair might have been better, but she was happy. Today she was going to marry Harry and become Mrs. Hermione Potter.

Ginny in her attempt to place her tiara on top of her head had messed up her hair and was throwing a fit. Luna was dashing in all direction avoiding a very persistent Molly. Hermione was starting to get a bad case of nerves working her. All of that topped with someone yelling that everyone was in their seats and there was ten minutes to go until the ceremony started, made it all worse.

"At least one of you is going to wed a virgin," one of Ginny's Aunts said. To everyone's surprise, she went and hugged Ginny. Everyone stood silently choking back all forms of laughter since they knew it would be terribly inappropriate.

"Right," Ginny said awkwardly hugging her aunt back.

"Ginny, you mind taking your boy, back. I need to go help get everyone seated," Ginny's other Aunt Tessie, who had no clue what was going on, said. Without waiting for her to respond, she handed Gabriel to her, and strode off in a hurry.

Ginny was left in a very awkward position where she stood perfectly still not knowing what to say.

"Luna here is the one you meant to greet, isn't she, Bertha," Molly said intervening. "She's the one marring my Ronald."

Aunt bertha started to laugh and took Gabriel from Ginny's hands, assuring her she didn't mean to make the confusion. On the other hand, Ginny and Hermione were eyeing each other; they knew perfectly well that Luna was no virgin.

“Ok, places everyone, places. Please take your assorted Portkey that is handed to you, and proceed like we have instructed,” said the wedding coordinator, Lisa. After making sure that she was indeed ready, Hermione stood in the middle of both Ginny and Luna awaiting their time to start heading off.

There was a sudden accent in the tension and excitement while everyone awaited their duties. All Hermione was doing was thinking about the man she was going to head towards, in a matter of minutes.

Harmony had been taken to the front. She was going to go first with Petunia, as the flower girl, even though Petunia was going to do all of the throwing. Gabriel was going to be taken by Molly as the ring bearer. Divulging herself from the line, Hermione ran forward to give Harmony a quick kiss and came sprinting back, with her dress flowing in all directions. That girl, however much she looked like her, still reminded Hermione of Harry.

“If that is all, and everyone is in line and set, we are going to begin filing out in five seconds.” Petunia was handed a pink bouquet that she stared at, not sure of what to do with it. She must not have known that it was a Portkey taking her straight to the designated location where the wedding was to take place. She disappeared, and the next Portkey was given to the next person that was supposed to be in the line.

This was it. The line was getting shorter and shorter, and soon it was going to be their turn. Never in her life, had Hermione ever felt this way. She was surprised she hadn’t fainted yet. Before she was ready, the last person in front of them disappeared right in front of her eyes.

“Now for the bells of the ball. It is your turn. Ginny you will go first, because the guys are lined up, each awaiting your hand singly for you to have your own spotlight when you go down to meet them. Then it’s Luna and Hermione you are last, is that alright with you three, if not I need to know now so I can communicate with my assistant to switch the guys around,” Lisa said briskly.

No one had a problem, so off Ginny went, excited and in more of a hurry than Hermione was.

“I wonder what Ronald is doing,” Luna said dreamily. Hermione wished she was able to be so dreamy, she was dead frightened on what Harry was going to be thinking.

Was she going to be what he expected? What if he changes his mind and runs away in the middle of the ceremony?

Harry would never do that. Never say never. Oh hush up, you’re just nervous Hermione Jane soon-to-be Potter, Hermione thought making sure Harry didn’t hear her.

While she was lost in thought, she had not noticed that Luna had already disappeared and that it was now her turn to go. Lisa’s voice brought her back down to earth.

“Here you go, remember to breath,” Lisa told her. Hermione let out the breathe that she hadn’t known she was holding. Any minute now she was going to, oh no, there it goes.

She was feeling the familiar pull of the Portkey, but it wasn’t as intense as it should have been. Nice modifications had been placed to actually land the people safely on their two feet, with their hair and dress as perfectly intact as when they left.

Harry had endured waiting so that Ginny and Luna walked down the aisle to their men. All Harry was worried about was Hermione. Looking down at his feet, he kicked the bits of cloud that were dancing at his shoes.

The wedding was taking place in the sky. There were rows and rows of people all sitting on a cloud. Below them, Harry was able to make out a mountaintop. It was breathtaking and beautiful, of course not if you’re afraid of heights. The whole ceremony was magically protected so no muggle could see, and no one would fall off. The only way to get there was by specified Portkey’s because most of the

Wizarding world wanted to come. Even if Harry's budget would allow it combined with Draco's he didn't fancy having an open invitation for deranged fans and lunatic girls.

Hermione had almost been attacked one time on her way home, due to an angry mob of females. He thought it was funny until he learned that Harmony almost got hurt, and then he stopped laughing completely.

The aisles had been decorated with flowers and a bunch of laces and colors. Harry sure was glad that he was a guy and didn't have to come up with every single detail of this wedding. Hermione always asked him if he liked it, and he agreed. Every so often rose petals were thrown in the air into the crowd.

Harry was standing at the stage where he was still waiting on Hermione. Any second and she was going to be arriving. He wondered if the hair products that Draco had given him were still working. Every eye was either on him or at the spot where Hermione was going to come in. Harmony was being held by Petunia. Harry waved at her, and she began to wiggle her arms frantically in an attempt to reach him. Harry chuckled to himself, knowing that there was a glint in his eyes.

His heart jumped when Hermione had appeared at the end of the aisle. Golden doves were released, and Harry didn't stop himself from praying they didn't poop on the crowd. He was not able to see Hermione's face, because her veil was covering it, but he imagined that she looked gorgeous, like she always did.

She was wearing her white gown, that hugged her upper body and flowed of silk the rest of the way down. She had a train following her, and her sleeves were made with patterns of flowers and see-through material. Remarkably, it took Hermione a month to get back to her original shape, but with slightly more curves, to Harry's pleasure.

Fully aware that he was playing a silly grin on his face, Harry calmed his racing heart down to a manageable speed and swallowed the dry lump that was stuck on his throat. Here she was, the woman he loved, the mother of his child, marrying him.

She reached him and he unveiled her. She played a small smile on her face and her eyes blinked and fell on the floor. She blushed to add to the overwhelming amazement that Harry was presented with. If today she was not the most beautiful that he had ever seen her, then he was the luckiest man alive.

Locking her eyes back up with his, she walked forward to align with the others, while Harry couldn't keep his eyes off her. Dumbledore was going to marry them today, and even as he was speaking, Hermione was aware that Harry had not taken his vision of her face.

To say that he wasn't paying attention was an understatement, half the time he didn't know what to say, and it had to be repeated to him several times. Hermione was happier than he had ever seen her, but she even managed not to tangle up her words. Why was he the exception? Her lips were parted softly whispering her vows when it came their turn, yet all Harry wanted to do was keep looking at her forever. She slipped on his ring and now it was his turn.

The only good thing that came out of having so many butterflies in his stomach was that he completely forgot that there were hundreds of people staring at him. He stumbled with his words, but knowing that he meant every single one of them, he repeated the lines that he was supposed to follow, being passed a ring to place on her finger.

Dumbledore didn't have a chance to say that it was time to kiss the bride, because Harry had attacked Hermione's lips before he finished the sentence.

Perhaps she had been all he wanted, and more. She was no idiot, half the time he was too busy staring at her that she had to mentally kick him to pay attention on his turn. It was either nerves or extreme happiness. Either way it was a good sign and she was happier than ever before.

Everything is perfect, she thought as she was kissing him, with cheers and hollers in the background.

“I now pronounce you husband and wife, all of you,” Dumbledore said joining in the applause. It was about time that something good happened to this boy, after so many years of hardships.

A loud echoing tumbling sound suddenly filled the air. All around the crowd looked to see what was going on, but Harry and Hermione knew. They hugged each other and enjoyed the show.

At a distance what looked like an avalanche was speeding its way towards the crowd. People started screaming and were frightened, but it wasn't really what Harry and Hermione intended.

Instead of hitting them, the huge mounds of snow, split in two and circled them. Then it shot into the air like fireworks and snowed on everyone lightly. After realizing that no one was in immediate danger everyone calmed down and caught snowflakes in their hands. It was warm, unlike what snow really should feel like.

The three couples went running down the aisle, as six Phoenixes soared across the sky and lit it on fire, making all the remaining snow go away.

Hermione couldn't believe it. She had married him. She was now officially Mrs. Hermione Potter. She was running hand in hand with him, as people threw flowers into the air for them. Once they reached the end of the row, and having no place to go, they all turned around.

Fawkes let out fire that resembled a ball and it fell down into the ground. It was a Portkey, because as soon as it hit, everyone that had been at the ceremony had been transferred to the reception hall.

Now the real party was going to begin.

The music started going instantly, and poor Molly was hovering over plates of food to get everyone dinner.

“Harry you have to hurry up and dance soon, because I want next dips on taking your new wife out to the dance floor,” Seamus said to him.

“What a perfect idea,” Harry said holding out his hand for Hermione to take.

“Harry, you don’t dance,” she reminded him. He smiled mischievously and took her hand anyways practically dragging her out to the dance floor. “I’m coming, I’m coming, but let me lead because I think you going to-oh!”

Harry had encircled her waist with his hand and twirled her around as the music started playing. Unlike him at all, he moved her and himself with ease and without his usual clumsiness.

“Harry, is there something you wanted to share with me?” Hermione asked, as she was being led around the dance floor. With his eyes sparkling and tender smile on his face he laughed softly.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” Harry said continuing to sway with the music. He didn’t care that all the guest were staring at their fiasco on the dance floor. Nor did he mind that they were the only ones dancing. This is how he preferred it, him and his ‘Mione.

“You learned to dance,” Hermione told him.

“Did not, what makes you say that,” Harry said playing along.

“Because you’re not stepping on my feet, and you’re leading, the right way,” Hermione said accusingly.

“I wanted to surprise you,” Harry said, noticing that Ron, Luna, Ginny, and Draco had joined them to dance.

“You did, and it was a nice surprise. It’s just not you,” Hermione said truthfully.

“No, it’s not me, but you deserve the best on this day. I don’t want anything to ruin it. Not even my bad dancing,” Harry said spinning her around. By now, Harry should have known not to speak too soon.

The doors to the reception ceremony burst open and revealed hundreds of people swarming in on all the party quests at once. Harry

instinctively grabbed Hermione and placed her behind him. His eyes then sought Harmony but he saw that Draco had already beaten him to covering up the children.

“Harry,” Hermione cried out to him. She sounded both upset and worried.

“You are not allowed in here,” Harry said infuriated. Regretfully he wished he hadn’t spoken. The mop of people then directed their attention on him. He was about to use his magic to push them back, when he felt Hermione stop him.

They not Death Eaters Harry, you can hurt them, she thought to him. Feeling she was right he stopped himself just as they encircled him.

“Mr. Potter how does it feel to be married?” asked one obvious reporter.

“This is a private ceremony, how did you get in here?” Harry asked trying to figure the answer out. He himself had made sure that the area had been impenetrable.

“Now that you have defeated all threats of evil what do you plan on doing with your life?” asked another reporter. It became clear that these people were nothing but the media. Harry refused to answer any more questions; he just wanted them to leave. He felt that his world was becoming smaller and smaller as he held Hermione closer. They both were trying to get out of the circle, and slowly with a little bit of pushing were succeeding.

“Hermione, was it Harry’s fame that led you to marry so young?” someone else asked.

“Excuse me?” Hermione replied.

“Is it true that you had an affair with Harry and that is how your son came to be?” Harry knew this question was going to sting her pride, and he motioned his hand for them to move, but Hermione stood her ground.

“That is none of your business, and just so you have your facts right, we had a daughter,” Hermione said trying to storm off.

Harry was really starting to hate the anti-apparition wards he had placed all over the ballroom. He was able to see that Ron was being hounded by a million questions too, and so were Ginny and Draco on their attempt to get off the dance floor, and out of the media’s hands.

“Mr. Potter is it true that you only married Hermione to do the right thing after she had your child unexpectedly?”

“I married her because I loved her,” Harry responded back, making sure that he had a firm grip on Hermione’s hand trying to pull her out with him.

There were hundreds of flashes being shot in all direction, and hurtful questions being thrown at them at once. All Harry and Hermione were worried about was getting to Harmony and finding a way to Apparate out of there.

“Harry were you aware that Hermione still talks to Victor Krum, International Quidditch sensation?”

Harry sought her eyes and asked her silently.

Oh Harry do you actually believe that rubbish, they’re lying, Hermione reassured him.

“She does no such thing,” Harry responded, finally reaching their daughter. Petunia had sealed her lips and refused to speak one word to the media about Harry’s private life, so they weren’t too pleased with her at the moment. Hermione reached over and took a crying Harmony out of Petunia’s hands.

“Don’t worry about me, go,” Petunia assured Harry. He hated leaving her in all this mess, with her own means to find a way home, but this ceremony was over.

“Hermione is it true that your daughter is not Harry’s but he is covering up for you and your mistakes?”

Harry was about to answer that along with punch the reporter who said it but Hermione placed a hand on his chest.

"Take a look for yourself and tell me this is not Harry's daughter," she said flaming. The lights started going off and Harmony was blinded, but so was everybody else.

Harry felt a rough hand placed around his collar. He was about to hit whoever was holding on to him like that but he saw it was Ron.

"The Burrow," he said pointing to a table arrangement. "Portkey."

Harry understood. Ron was busy with his own mess to get by so he was pulled out further from him.

In the rush Harry attempted to use his magic and made a clearing but Hermione was stuck.

"My dress!" she cried out to him. Harry took Harmony out of her hands to give her enough time to grab the train of her wedding gown and run down the closing trail Harry had set up for them.

Not hesitating in the least, Harry reached out and took hold of the Portkey.

They landed at the backyard of the Burrow, with a few people waiting for them to get there. While Hermione managed to hush up their frightened daughter, Molly made her way over.

It was the first time Harry noticed that Hermione had been crying. It broke his heart to see her in such pain as she rocked Harmony at her chest.

"I'll take her. You two need a time out, go on inside. I said go," Molly said sternly. Molly had just lifted Harmony off Hermione's arms, when she bolted inside.

Ron and Luna had just arrived looking wild and annoyed.

“That was the craziest-”

Harry tossed his hand up and ran inside to follow his bride. She was hurting, and it wasn't physical.

In all her times here, Hermione always went to Ginny's room. So he cautiously made his way there and knocked on the door before hearing a faint, “Come in.”

There she was sitting on the bed, crying her eyes out on the pillow.

“Hermione...I'm sorry,” Harry said, going and sitting next to her.

“What for, it's not your fault,” she said laying her head to one side.

“Maybe if I wasn't who I was, then we might have had a normal wedding-”

“But your not, you can't change that. Just because your Harry Potter doesn't mean it gives people the right...to ruin our wedding. That's not an excuse for being arses. It's not your fault and don't you dare blame yourself,” she said vigorously.

He still did blame himself but he wasn't going to tell her that. He pulled her over to him, to allow her to cry on him. It really wasn't fair. She didn't do anything wrong, to be treated that way by the media. They stayed like that, with her crying and him soothing her, until Luna came up to check on them.

“The cake has been saved, so we're going to cut it soon,” she told the couple. Harry nodded and she left.

“That's great, you see, not all is lost. They were able to save our cake. Let's go down, cut it, and get on our way to our Honeymoon,” Harry said suggestively. Hermione smiled at the thought of it, and brought herself out of the bed. She quickly replied some make-up to cover up the obvious signs that she had been crying.

“Puffy eyes and runny nose, your still beautiful,” Harry told her, getting a roll of eyes.

“That’s your favorite word huh.”

“It’s the only one I know to describe how you look sometimes. Find me another word that means you’re the most stunning person I’ve laid eyes on that means more than beautiful. It’s like trying to find another way of saying I love you. The word fits,” Harry said pulling her into a kiss.

“Mmmm I like kissing you,” Hermione said then deepening the action further.

“Yes...but...we should save that...for later,” Harry said in between mouthfuls of her tongue. She pulled away from him.

“You’re right, now where’s my cake,” Hermione said running downstairs, with Harry hot on her tail.

Everyone was polite enough to wait for them and smart enough not to mention what had happened at the reception. The three couples cut the cake at the same time and each had their slices first. Hermione got hers, took a bite and then smashed it right into Harry’s surprised face.

He licked his lips and nodded.

“Ok, I see how you want to be,” Harry said getting a handful of icing and smearing it all on Hermione’s face. When Luna saw this, she mimicked Harry’s actions on Ron.

Everyone started to follow putting cake on each other’s faces. Hermione even put a tiny amount on Harmony’s nose.

“I think cake looks good on her,” Hermione said admiring her.

“I think cake looks good on you...good enough to eat,” Harry said making her face him. Hermione was attacked by Harry’s tongue, who started to try to lick all the icing off.

"I'm going to watch over the children for tonight and tomorrow all day, so you two can have your Honeymoon. This doesn't mean that you can start having it early, here," Molly said teasingly.

"Sorry," Harry apologized.

"She's just being silly," Arthur said coming to their rescue. "I think this party it just about through. Not everyone made it here, but I'm sure the ones who did are very tired. I know I am."

"Tired? It just got started dad," Ron complained.

"Weasel King, remember that advice I told you earlier, about the charm," Draco said clearing off cake from his face. Ron went red and nodded. "You can go try it, now."

After it had occurred to Ron that it was an excuse so he was able to leave, he did so in haste. Harry and Hermione said goodbye to everyone including their daughter and Apparated to their hotel room.

It was located in Hawaii, and it had a huge balcony that overlooked the ocean. The room had been especially decorated for new Honeymooners, with a very large bed.

"Finally I have you all to myself," Harry said kissing her and starting to kick off his shoes. Hermione giggled, and did a quick spell to transform her wedding gown into a night one.

It was red, Harry's favorite color to see on her. He paused to admire her, but it only made him want her more.

Kissing her with force, he backed her up against the bed, and fell on top of her. Not that he was complaining but a baby didn't leave much to privacy so it was hard to get many nights alone with Hermione.

She could feel his desire for her, and only made it simpler for him to get it. She got in the middle of the bed motioning for him to follow. He did, attacking her with kisses and letting his hands wonder over every part of her body.

If he hated his robes before, he hated them even more now. They were so complicated to unbutton and he didn't want to stop kissing Hermione to figure it out. Finally getting frustrated he used his wandless magic to make all his clothes disappear.

Hermione's however, he wanted to take off, piece by piece. She just had to wear silk, knowing that it drives him crazy when he feels it up against him.

Sucking on her neck and feeling her arms wrap around him, he pulled off all the articles of clothing she had on. Now that she was completely naked in front of him, he couldn't control himself. She pleaded for him to enter her, so he did gratefully.

She locked her feet around him and urging him to go forward. Every little whispering plea she gave he followed. She cried out faster so he did, then she cried out harder and he did. Soon she was just screaming out his name, so he did both until he felt her tighten around him and had made sure he sent her over a wave of ecstasy. Knowing that she was having an orgasm under him, and after hearing her say his name like she did took him over the edge. He came inside of her not a second after she had, both reliving stress with each other.

He laid there on top of her until he caught his breathe and did the thing he hated, pulled out. Rolling off in the sheets, he pulled her into his arms.

"I love you," he whispered to her gently.

"So nice of you to say after sex."

"Then I won't say it again," Harry said pretending to be serious.

"I was only joking."

"So was I," Harry said throwing her a mischievous grin.

"Harry!" She smacked him on his chest. "I love you too. I'll always love you."

“Always and forever. Now what do you say we continue with our Honeymoon, because it’s not over,” Harry said rolling back on top of her.

“What do you plan to do Mr. Potter?” Hermione asked kissing him on the lips.

“Make love to you all night long, until your begging me to stop Mrs. Potter,” Harry said kissing down her neck.

“I like the sound of that,” Hermione said happily.

Morning came and the couple was just catching up on their rest, unaware that the Daily Prophet’s headline read news of their wedding on the front cover.

Harry Potter boy- who-lived marries best friend.

It was written in bold letters, being currently crumbled into Bellatrix’s hands.

“You can have your happiness, for now,” she said madly. “Your daughter will be the one to suffer.”

She laughed menacingly in the echoing halls of her Azkaban cell where there was no one to listen. No one paid any attention to the muttering witch who was use to dementors sucking her happy thoughts away. She had her revenge in mind, and even if it took time, it was going to happen.

“You took my master’s life and now you’ve taken mine. Now I’ll take your daughter’s,” she said to the paper of the happy couple with their child in their hands.

She had to go on trial to await her fate. She knew she was going to get the dementors kiss, but by the time they gave it to her, it would be too late, because her plan was already in motion.

She ripped up the newspaper, howling with insanity, and no one to pay her any mind.

AN: This is really the end. I wanted to do the wedding in this story as appose to in the other. Yes this means that a sequel is in the works. I hope you like it, and I hope you liked this last chapter. Will update with new story soon. Thank you.